51

POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST OCTOBER 10 · 1964 25c

Beginning: An intimate biography of

JOSEPH P. KENNEDY

How he raised his children to govern America

REVOLT IN CANADA

Is the queen safe?

In color:

OUR OLYMPIC STARS IN ACTION

U.S. pentathlon hope, Pat Winslow

A new Paris strangler / Will Humphrey lose the South? / Ageless Peggy Lee

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POST

OCTOBER 10, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 35

Articles

Let's pull out of the Olympics (*Speaking Out*) . . . . . *Roger Kahn* 8
The city-cage (*Affairs of State*) . . . . . *Stewart Alsop* 14

An angry welcome for a Queen . . . . . *Robert Sherrod* 19

French Canadians in the province of Quebec want nothing to do with the British Commonwealth. Cut adrift from parent France and isolated in a ghettolike environment for two centuries, they have developed a fierce nationalism. The most extreme separatists among them preach secession from Canada, plant terror throughout the province, and threaten the life of the Queen of England, who expects to arrive in the city of Quebec this week. Post editor-at-large Robert Sherrod gives a comprehensive report on a revolt that threatens to tear a nation apart.

The timeless charm of Peggy Lee . . . . . *Thomas C. Wheeler* 24
Joseph P. Kennedy: A profile in power (Part 1 of 2) . . . *Richard J. Whalen* 26
Lonely champions quest for Olympic gold . . . . . *Robert Daley* 66
'I am the strangler! You must believe me!' . . . . . *Edward Behr* 74
The happy town where hearts stay healthy . . . . . *Robert K. Massie* 76
Hubert Humphrey: "Politics is my life" . . . . . *Pete Hamill* 82

Fiction

The bonfire . . . . . *John O'Hara* 46
John Sobieski runs . . . . . *James Buechler* 54

Departments

Letters 4
Post scripts 64
Hazel 80
Editorial 86

The authors. To study intensively the French revolt in Canada, editor-at-large **Robert Sherrod,** who was a war correspondent during World War II, spent a year following the developments in the province of Quebec. He had three interviews with Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson and communicated frequently with members of the Canadian government and leaders of the separatist movement. . . . **Richard J. Whalen,** a former newspaper and magazine reporter, says his biography of Joseph P. Kennedy grew out of "an impossible" magazine assignment and "represents two years of work." A native of New York City, he is a graduate of Queens College. . . . *New York Times* sportswriter **Robert Daley** has covered some 60 different sports in Europe and the United States and has written four books. His most recent, published last year, was *The Cruel Sport,* a study of Grand Prix car racing, with text and 130 photographs by the author. . . . Contributing writer **Robert K. Massie** had to eat his way through piles of spaghetti, ravioli, cheeses and sausages in the course of researching his article on the town that has only half as many heart attacks as any other town in America. An *aficionado* of Italian food, Massie rated the cooking of Roseto, Pa., as "tops—first rate!" . . . Another contributing writer with a food problem was **Pete Hamill,** who spent a week flying along Hubert Humphrey's campaign trail. Like Humphrey, Hamill had to eat on the run, grabbing a sandwich here, an olive or a radish there, and was able to eat only one sit-down meal during the trip. Humphrey has been steadily losing weight, yet Hamill somehow managed to gain two pounds.

The cover photograph of U.S. Olympic hopeful Pat Winslow was taken by **Lawrence J. Schiller.**

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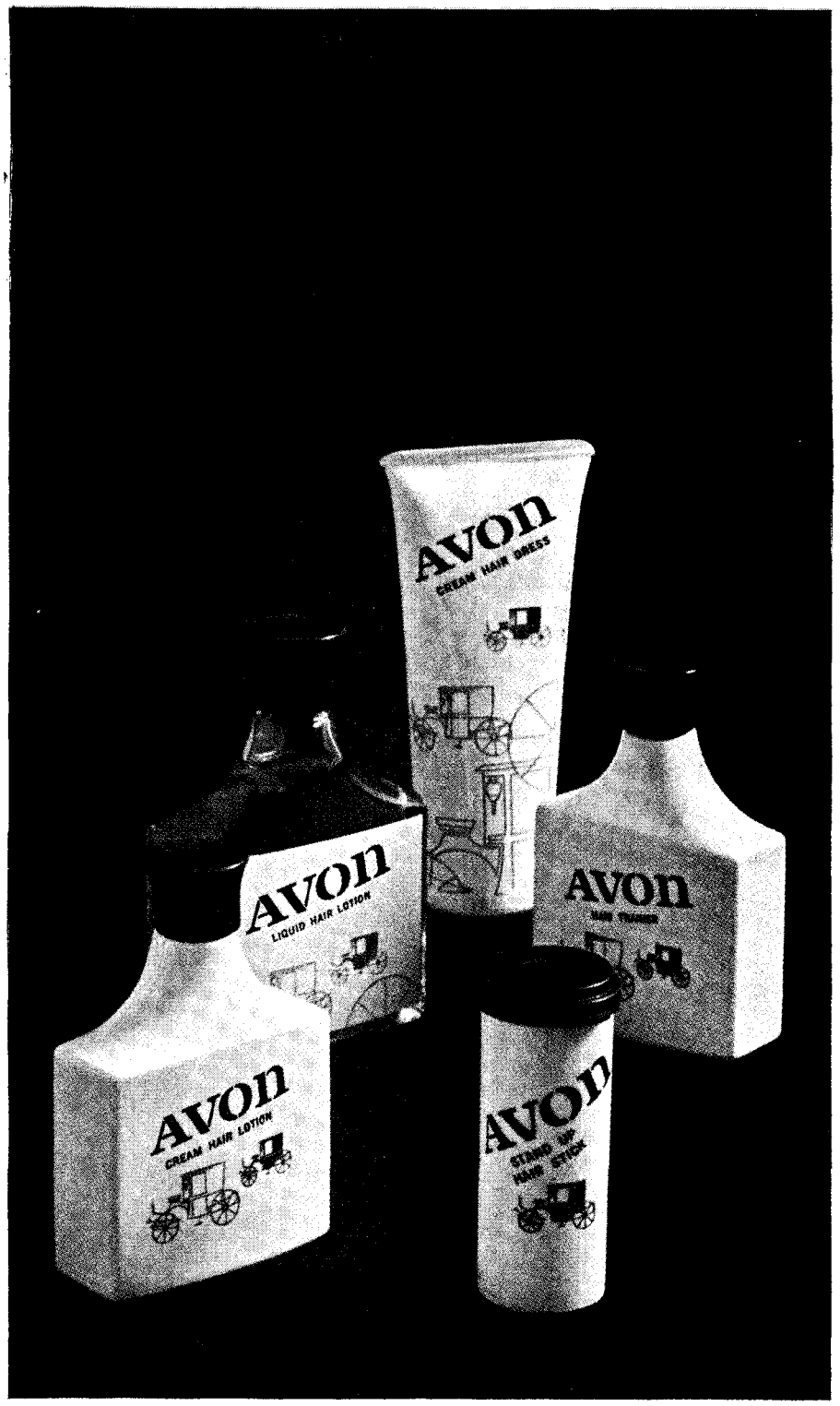

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Letters

The grand debate

May I congratulate you on the most forceful, clear-cut and persuasive statement on the election that has come to my attention. WHY LYNDON JOHNSON MUST BE ELECTED [September 19].

I have known Senator Goldwater for twelve years, and I agree completely with your analysis of his qualifications.

SEN. J. W. FULBRIGHT
Washington, D.C.

• You spoke with forceful eloquence for every American whose thought processes reside above his breastbone. Senator Goldwater's nomination by a major party was unthinkable; the consequences of his election are unimaginable. He is an aberration not only from the mainstream of American thinking, but from civilized thinking as we know it. This, far more than megatonnage or Medicare, is the issue of the 1964 elections.

DONALD C. FREEMAN
Storrs, Conn.

• Mr. Goldwater has the courage to speak out against the violence that is being done to individual freedom—and thereby to the very principles on which this country was founded—and to suggest remedial measures. He sees the dangerous and corrupt trends into which this country is slipping. It is not the eyes of Barry Goldwater which are closed—it is the eyes of the American people.

JOSEPHINE HAMILTON
Philadelphia, Pa.

• Every Republican in the country should be grateful to you for your steadfast opposition to the man with one eye on the nineteenth century and the other on an atomic bomb of "moderate" size.

JASON A. SPENALZO
Hamilton, N.Y.

• Your editorial of September 19 is a model for all editorial writers—on any subject, at any time. It had strength, directness, wisdom, wit. It had honesty and courage written all over it. I would have given anything to have written an editorial like that.

NORMAN COUSINS
Editor, Saturday Review
New York, N.Y.

• The calculated venom and the irrational hatred of the *Post* editorial attacking Goldwater and his supporters is the very extremism the *Post* seeks to condemn.

RICHARD J. ZOTT
Willingboro, N.J.

• Responsible and thoughtful persons in this nation, and throughout the world, must join in congratulating you on your editorial WHY LYNDON JOHNSON MUST BE ELECTED. In this momentous and revolutionary decade, the *Post* has not failed to evolve. You have articulated the true "conscience of a conservative."

JEROME BIXBY
Crestline, Calif.

• Never in my eight years of political elective experience have I seen a more *extreme* editorial attack than your recent one censuring Senator Goldwater and each of his political supporters.

This outrageous attack deliberately labels as bugs crawling out of the woodwork all senators, congressmen, governors and American citizens who support Senator Goldwater's candidacy, and you have impugned their motives, their responsibility, their idealism and their intelligence. Among millions, this vitriolic diatribe seems to include Senator Dirksen of Illinois, who nominated Senator Goldwater; Senator Tower of Texas, former Congresswoman and Ambassador Clare Boothe Luce of Connecticut and New York, former Senator Knowland of California and Congressman Halleck of Indiana, each of whom seconded the nomination.

One of the problems which currently face this country is to persuade responsible leaders to run for elective office. By your unprincipled attack, you have increased this problem immeasurably, and by your intellectual arrogance you have besmirched millions of Americans who believe that people, not government, have creative productivity.

Senator Goldwater's stand for morality in office, law, order and justice in the land; individual responsibility; and revision of our foreign policy to protect the Free World from encroaching Communism should be applauded, not ridiculed, whether or not you happen to agree with the means by which the proposals would be executed.

SEN. PETER H. DOMINICK
Washington, D.C.

• Our junior senator ought to be retired to pursuits more in line with his interests and intelligence—tinkering with his radio, perhaps, or photographing the Colorado River.

J. J. LAMBERTS
Tempe, Ariz.

• We're waiting for your next humorous editorial depicting Johnson supporters slithering back into their quicksand.

LUTHER STEARNS
Storrs, Conn.

• With such men as Scranton, Stevenson, Rockefeller, Humphrey, etc., it's tough to settle for second best. And it's going to be even tougher to explain to my children the story of the Birds and the Baines.

RAYMOND E. WERNER
Buffalo, N.Y.

• All your flood of words can't wash that man Baker out of L.B.J.'s hair.

KING BOYER
Kansas City, Mo.

• The clarity of thought expressed in your editorial and the case histories cited combined with the logic of your reasoning, make it, in my judgment, one of the most outstanding and important commentaries I have read regarding not only the Presidency but also the future of the nation.

My congratulations upon the forthrightness of your editorial and the courage it took to publish it.

AUGUST A. BUSCH JR.
St. Louis, Mo.

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Health Care for the Elderly? Yes ☑

Let's look at the facts about the proposed Medicare Tax... and a medical care program for the aged that already exists!

What's the hurry here? The supporters of the proposed Medicare Tax would have you believe that passage of this controversial bill is urgent . . . that persons over 65 are deprived of needed medical care because they can't pay for it.

Nothing could be further from the truth. The Kerr-Mills Law, passed by Congress in 1960—and other state and local programs—enable individual states to guarantee to every elderly person who needs help the health care he or she requires.

We call this health program . . . Health Opportunity Program for the Elderly. Thousands of people every day are being helped by its generous benefits. And, unlike Medicare, which would substantially increase your Social Security Tax payroll deductions, existing programs are being paid for now by a part of your present tax dollar!

Medicare? No. Health Care for the Elderly? Yes! For more information on this program, ask your doctor or call your local medical society.

HEALTH OPPORTUNITY PROGRAM FOR THE ELDERLY

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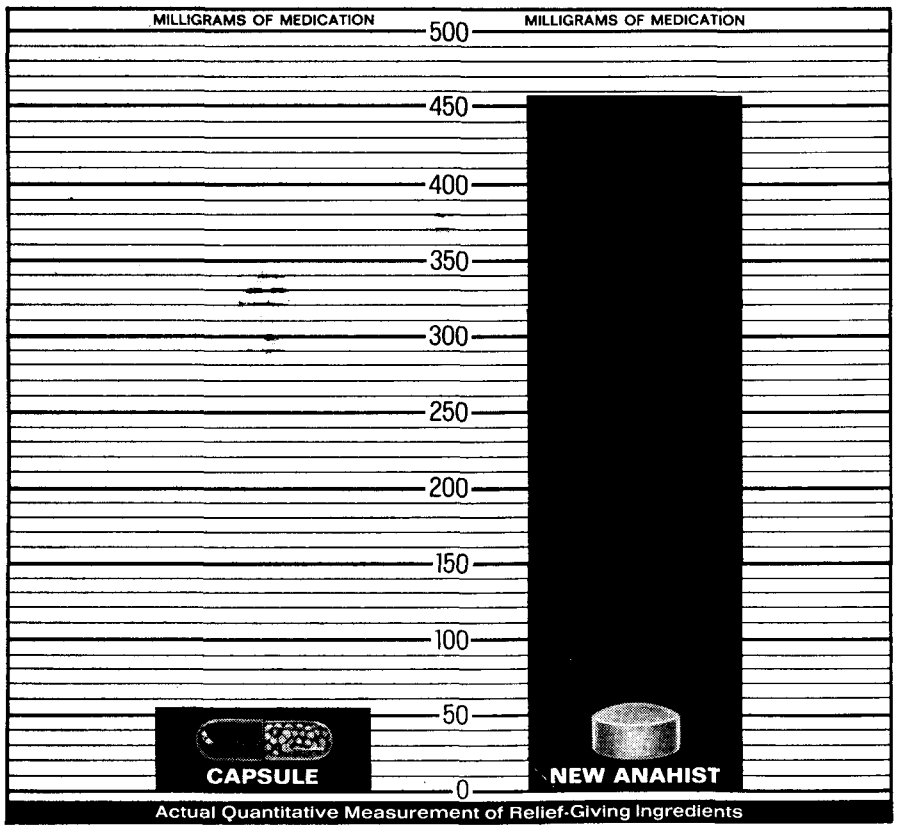

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Letters

Are you listening?

You have scored another first. Thanks very much for printing such an informative and superb article from Malcolm X's autobiography I'M TALKING TO YOU, WHITE MAN [September 12]. After all, doesn't Mr. X have the privilege to serve the God he chooses?

OLLIE DANIELS
Jacksonville, Fla.

• Thank you for publishing *The Autobiography of Malcolm X.* It reveals him for what he is. Fortunately, the article is unimpeachable, as it is Mr. X who condemns himself.

MARY SHRIVER
Riverside, N.J.

• I am appalled at your article on Malcolm X, especially the editorial treatment of it, the length of the article and splashing him all over the front cover as though he were a military hero, statesman, scientist, humanitarian or one who has contributed something of worth to his country. Negro youngsters will probably think he is quite a hero.

MARY A. LIEB
St. Petersburg, Fla.

• Being a Negro, I found the life of Malcolm X more than just sad. My own life story is no bed of roses, but I take no pride in putting it into print, nor do I feel that reading about the many problems the Negro encounters in struggling to adulthood will make the concern that will improve the future generation.

Malcolm X is right about one thing—there will be worse riots if some understanding between the races does not come soon.

I am a peaceful man, as is my family. I do not believe in violence unless necessary to protect myself and family. The Negroes that feel as I do are in the majority, but we are the most frustrated of all—the militant Negroes relieve their frustrations in their acts of violence, whereas we can only find relief through legislation which gives us equal rights and the enforcement of these rights.

J. JEFFERS JR.
Cobleskill, N.Y.

• Your editorial THE LESSON OF MALCOLM X has to be one of the finest pieces of editorial writing in journalism history. It is one of the most responsible pieces of reason I have read anywhere.

DAVID C. MCNAIR
New York, N.Y.

Bear facts

There I was, going about my business of preventing forest fires, when all of a sudden I saw where Mr. Franklin's magazine was telling people that I would eat them up if they didn't look out [BEWARE OF SMOKEY THE BEAR by Howard Bloomfield, September 12]. Please, I'm one of the good bears. If you see me out in the forest in my ranger hat and blue jeans, you can come right up and shake hands.

SMOKEY
Smokey Bear Headquarters
Washington, D.C.

COMING SOON... in The Post

A special Post survey:

WILL RACISM SWING THE ELECTION?

Continuing: The biography of

Joseph P. Kennedy

How he helped his son gain the White House

ROBERT PRESTON as
Benjamin Franklin in Paris

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR. speaks out:

WE FORCE OUR POLITICIANS TO BE HYPOCRITES

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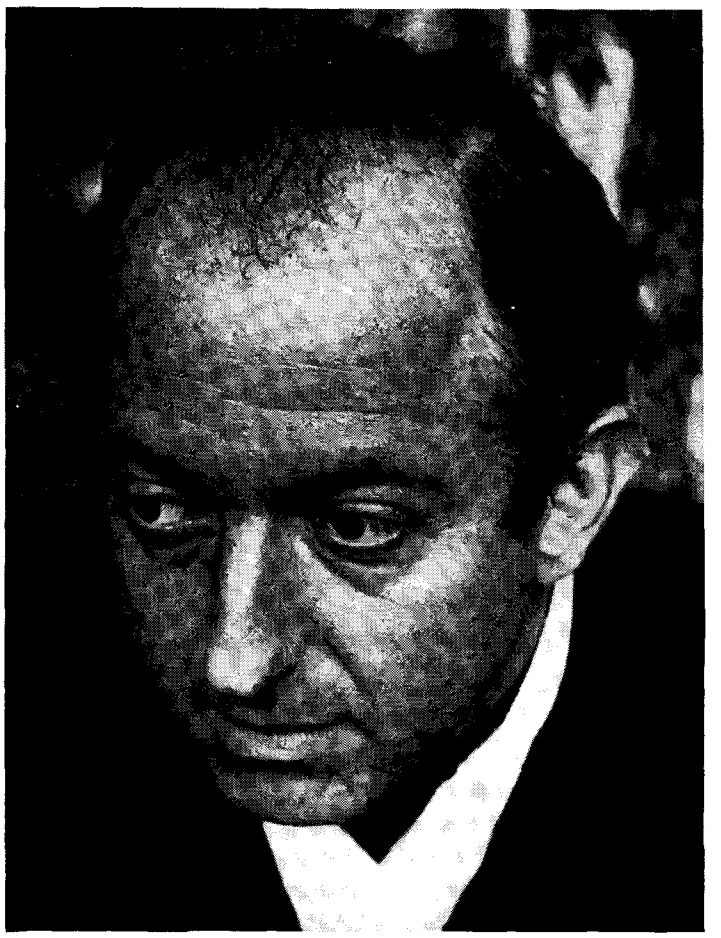
SPEAKING OUT

LET'S PULL OUT OF THE OLYMPICS

VAUNTED FOR THEIR "PURITY," THE GAMES SERVE THE DICTATORS, THE PROPAGANDISTS, THE MANIPULATORS, BUT NOT THE U.S.



A Post *editor-at-large, Roger Kahn first established his reputation as a writer with his perceptive commentary on sports, written for publications ranging from* The American Scholar *to* Sports Illustrated.

By Roger Kahn

It is the theory of certain somber sportsmen that World War III will begin at an Olympiad. This is not so much hysterical as extreme. The brutal quality of Olympic events brings out the worst in most nations and the combative in all, but the games have been with us, on and off, since 776 B.C., and all that happens in the end is that everybody goes home sullen. We should quit this corruptive mess, this sweaty hypocrisy, before the damage to our spirit becomes irremediable.

History teaches that civilization and Tokyo will both survive the forthcoming Olympics. It also indicates that these games, like so many in the past, will be ludicrous, wasteful, filled with petty feuding, small cruelties, and overlaid with a patina of pomposity.

"The Olympic ideal." We shall have to hear that phrase, played and replayed as if it were a chord from heaven, even though the original Olympic ideal involved pagan worship, commercialism and the casual murder of women. (Only men were allowed to observe the ancient games. Intruding women were hurled over a nearby cliff.)

Realistically, rather than idealistically, here are some of the things that lie ahead in Tokyo:

A Hungarian water-polo player will attempt to drown a Russian.

A Russian wrestler will thumb a Hungarian's eye.

A Romanian 800-meter runner will slam his elbow into a Yugoslav's ribs, hiss "deviationist," lose his breath and drop out of the race.

A Russian woman shot-putter will say she owes her strength to wheat from the Ukraine, milk from collective cows and faith in the Theory of Surplus Value.

An Indian neutralist will make a speech about sports transcending politics.

A Polish girl gymnast will defect, announcing that she has always wanted to work for the CIA.

A Soviet "assistant coach," attempting to kidnap the Polish gymnast, will suffer a ruptured disc in the scuffle.

An American distance runner, new to saki, will stand in the middle of the Ginza, Tokyo's main street, and sing, "Let's Remember Pearl Harbor (as we go to meet the foe)."

Tokyo officials will issue a statement denying police brutality.

The Japanese cabinet will sputter, totter and finally right itself as Americans get back to the business of following football (not an Olympic sport).

In Tokyo there will also be footraces, fencing, fistfights, pistol shoots, weight throws and the marathon. Why a marathon?

It seems that in 490 B.C. a Greek runner sprinted about 26 miles from the plain of Marathon to the Athenian marketplace with word of victory over invading Persians. "Rejoice, we conquer," cried the runner. He then died, apparently of a coronary occlusion.

I would say that once is enough. That Greek runner demonstrated beyond argument that a 26-mile run can kill a seemingly well-conditioned man. But Olympic officials disagree. Thus at Tokyo a large field of marathon runners will set forth, followed in automobiles by cardiologists taking notes and officials reminiscing about the courage of the ill-fated runner of the first "marathon."

If the Olympics were merely ludicrous, merely anachronistic, there would be no point in urging American withdrawal. It is the right of every American to be as ludicrous and anachronistic as he wants, provided that he violates no laws. But the Olympics ultimately are something more. Inevitably they become a political tool.

In antiquity, Nero crashed the Olympics of 66 A.D., accompanied by 5,000 personal bodyguards. Oddly enough, whatever event the emperor entered, he won. As the bodyguards cheered, Nero was acclaimed best singer, best musician, best herald and winner of the chariot race. This was simply crude. Refined manipulation of the Olympic Games was splendidly demonstrated in 1936.

Then, as you may remember, the barbarity called Nazism was generally recognized. So to whom were the 1936 games awarded by the International Olympic Committee? Why, to that dandy little sportsman from Austria, wearing brown shirt and black moustache, the crowd-pleasing Adolf Hitler.

Did freedom-loving Olympians protest? The president of the American Olympic Committee stated: "Certain Jews must now realize that they cannot use these games as a weapon in their boycott against the Nazis." Placards advocating murder of Jews were banned in Berlin while the Olympic Games were going on. But at the very least, the games sanctioned Hitler as a member of the civilized community, which he was not.

The years since World War II have been filled with competition for so-called uncommitted nations and struggles for international prestige. Who has found Olympic fields a perfect stage for propaganda? The North and South Koreans, the East and West Germans, the Formosan and mainland Chinese, and that gentleman from Georgia, Josef Stalin and, later, the ubiquitous butterball from the Ukraine, Nikita Khrushchev.

Soviet invasion of the Olympics began in 1952 at Helsinki. By 1956 in Melbourne, Red athletes were suddenly as good as Americans. By 1960 in Rome,

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How come 44,000,000 people are insured by Metropolitan Life –more than by any other company in the world?

Mostly it's because our customers like the way we treat them–and their money. Big as Metropolitan is, we've never lost the personal touch.

With 31,000 field representatives across the continent–a staff of 64,000 in all–Metropolitan always has someone nearby to give personal attention to every claim or question.

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For example, take a simple Metropolitan income rider. This can make a $10,000 policy pay off as much as $50,000 to your wife and kids. Something to look into.

Also, be sure to ask how you can start collecting from Metropolitan while you're still around. One way is an ingenious plan that lets you turn an ordinary policy into a retirement fund any time you feel like it.

These are a few of the facts and figures that explain why Metropolitan advisers are asked to give thousands of Family Security Check-Ups every day. And why one out of every five people in the U.S. and Canada is insured by Metropolitan. And also why one out of every two Metropolitan life policies bought, is bought by one of our present policyholders.

Now–here are some other reasons why more people choose Metropolitan:

• We pay policyholders and beneficiaries an average of a million dollars an hour every business day. Last year, that added up to over $2 billion. And two-thirds went to living policyholders.

• Metropolitan offers an unusually wide range of life and health plans and annuities. This permits your Metropolitan adviser to tailor a program specifically to your needs. We can insure you for any amount from $500 to a cool $5 million–or even more.

• Nearly half the 100 largest U.S. industrial corporations (plus 42,000 other companies large and small) insure their employees with Metropolitan.

• Metropolitan has more life insurance in force than any other company–more than $107 billion.

• A pioneer in health education, Metropolitan has given away 1.8 billion pieces of health and safety literature.

• Metropolitan invests an average of $8 million every business day in U.S. and Canadian communities–spurring new ventures such as jet aviation and modern housing–stimulating jobs for millions–and getting a good return for our policyholders at the same time.

Remember, after the three basic necessities, food, clothing and shelter, the Fourth Necessity is enough life insurance. And the company you get it from can make a difference–a very big difference in the security you provide for your family.

Why not call your local Metropolitan adviser? There's no obligation... *except to those you love.*

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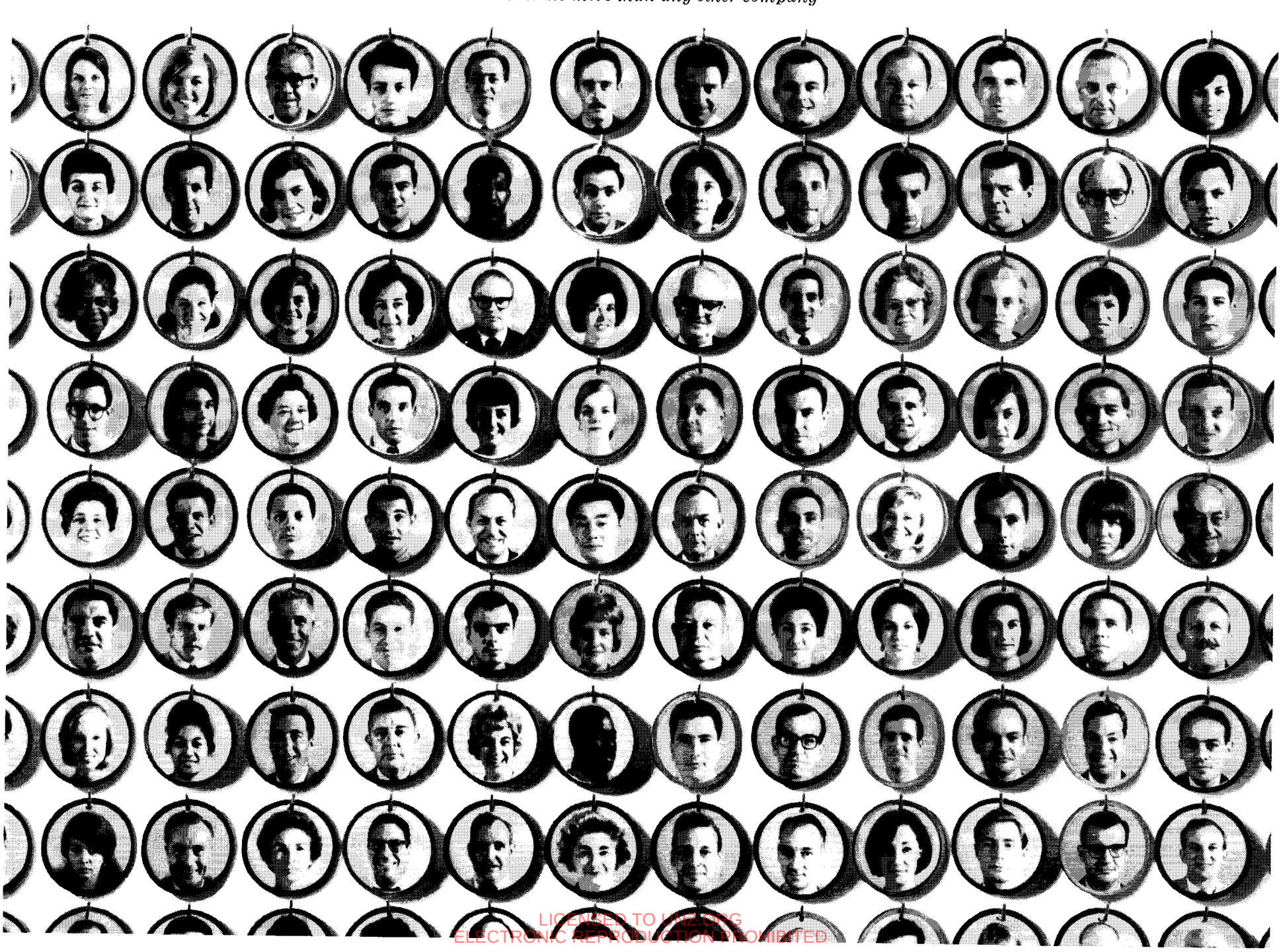
millions more than any other company



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they were better. In all, the Russians, with no Olympic tradition whatsoever, have won more than 100 gold medals in the last three Olympiads.

Two reactions are possible. One can call the Russians a dirty bunch of Communists, who don't understand amateurism, sportsmanship and the Olympic ideal. Or one can grow up.

By definition, the Olympic Games are for amateur athletes only. That is incomplete. It next requires a definition of amateurism. Generally, I would say that an amateur athlete is one who does not accept checks.

A southwestern football player who signs a contract with a university, receives thousands of dollars in academic aid and a fraudulent job from a prosperous alumnus is an amateur in America. A hockey player who earns less than a specified sum is an amateur in Canada. And everybody is an amateur in the Soviet Union because, Soviet spokesmen explain patiently, "No such thing as professional in a People's State."

It is difficult to find two Americans who agree precisely on what constitutes an amateur. Is it likely, or even possible, that Americans will agree with Australians, Koreans and Russians? In the Soviet state there is no confusion at all. Anyone who might possibly win an Olympic medal at anything is an amateur. Nikolai Sologubov, the Russian hockey captain in 1960, was an army officer who had one military duty: "Play hockey." He followed orders so well he was made a captain. Igor Ter-Ovanesyan, their best broad-jumper, has been attending a Moscow physical-fitness institute on what sounds like one of the best athletic scholarships in history, as good as anything a Big Ten quarterback enjoys. It includes an apartment and a car; he is a hero of his country and he is getting an advanced university degree for his ability to broad-jump. Understandably, many Americans are outraged at such things. But their fury takes a marathon route to absurdity. Let's make the Russians toe the mark, they say. If we could, it might make sense to begin with something other than sports—say, nuclear disarmament. But we cannot. Obviously we can't get the Russians to adopt our economy at large. But further, we cannot get them to accept what we mean by amateurism when we ourselves don't know what we mean.

I am an amateur softball player. I love to play and I have never accepted a cent for my services, primarily because I have never had an offer. You may be a perfect amateur at golf or tennis. But when someone unlike us reaches an exalted level of competence in America, others become willing to pay "expenses" to watch him play. Did you ever try to explain an expense account to a Marxist?

The Russians are not merely nonunderstanding. Someone high up in the Soviet state decided 15 years ago that it was time for Russians to show the world their muscles. Result: Muscles became the property of The State. Additional result: Valery Brumel, the greatest high-jumper in the world.

Now, say, Americans, between bickerings about the meaning of amateurism, why can't we do that? The answer is simple. We have a free society. American muscles, like American minds, are the property of the individual. Any candidate advocating a change would make Alf Landon look like a big winner.

We have, as European borrowers bemoan, a materialistic society. We also have, as no other vast, free nation, a natural inclination to participate in sports. We did not need a president with a bad back to remind us to keep fit. For all the visible flabbiness, Americans from coast to coast are deeply involved in squash and bowling and golf and tennis, and softball games where grown men, wearing shorts, slide home. The brutal sport, boxing, is dying. Without benefit of Olympic nonsense, we are doing fine.

Consider our best athletes. There's Mickey Mantle, who can hit a baseball higher, harder, farther than an ordinary man will with two swings. Mick is not eligible for the Olympics. Baseball, where many of our great athletes go, is not an Olympic sport. Besides, Mantle commits the sin of earning $100,000. He is thus un-Olympic and corrupt.

Jimmy Brown can certainly run with more determination than anyone else. He plays for the Cleveland Browns, who pay him well. Thus he is not allowed to participate in the Olympics.

Have you ever seen Bill Russell leap to clear a backboard? Russell, the best basketball player in the world, is kept out of the Olympic basketball tournament because Olympic tradition argues that any athlete using his gifts to feed his children is impure. Have you ever seen Willie Mays overtake a twisting line drive, 410 feet from home plate? It is a truly thrilling moment in sport. Have you ever watched Arnold Palmer crash a fairway wood on a rising line dead toward the hole? Or seen Pancho Gonzalez slam an ace into a corner of the service box? Mays, Palmer and Gonzalez are three of our finest athletes. At their sports, they are clearly the best in the world. But do they get to compete? Not on your life; instead we have kayak rowing, Greco-Roman wrestling, you name it. We may defeat the Russians at Tokyo, as we defeated the Nazis at Berlin 28 years ago. But if so, what do we achieve? Hitler charged that the Berlin victory, footwork of such Negro stars as Jesse Owens, showed only that the United States employed Black Auxiliaries. To this a Nazi pamphlet added: "Among inferior races, Jews have done nothing in the athletic sphere. They are surpassed even by the lowest Negro tribes." Thus victory was polluted and turned worthless. If we put the Reds to rout in Tokyo—which is not likely—we can expect similar libels, and we'll cry "professionalism" if they win.

To what purpose, then, do we continue to compete? Unlike Communist society, we have a free and vibrant literature, complex art, unsubsidized music. These things are functions of the human spirit brave and free. Muscle? Any anemic elephant can lift more than a half dozen men. Marathons? My money would be on stampeding buffalo.

In 393 A.D. the Roman emperor Theodosius considered the ancient Olympic mess briefly. "Unchristian," remarked the emperor, a newcomer to the faith, and ordered the games abolished. Presently earthquakes and floods all but abolished the Olympic site in Greece. Zeus was on the wane but he still got across a message from which we can profit.

Roger Kahn

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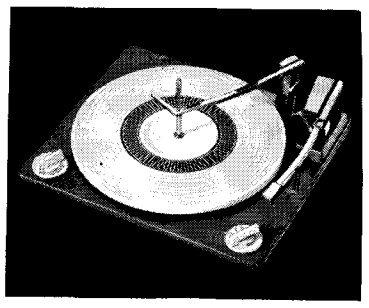
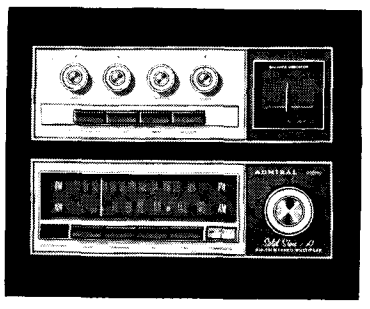
The Cumberland, Y8601, complete with solid state FM/AM, FM stereo multiplex radio. Handcrafted cabinet 75 inches long. Genuine walnut veneers and hardwoods, Danish Modern lowboy styling.

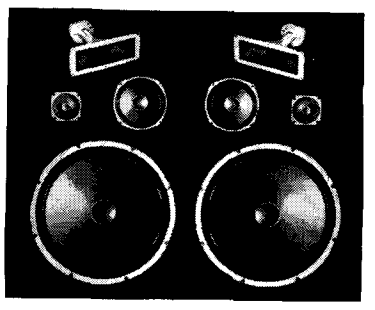
New Admiral solid state stereo has no tubes. Guaranteed 5 years*...most realistic sound ever!



Custom Eleven Record Changer. Floating turntable virtually eliminates rumble, flutter and wow. All-new, professional-quality, low-mass Vari-Gram tone arm. Adjust stylus pressure from 0 to 5 grams . . . you use the least pressure needed for maximum fidelity. Your records last *virtually a lifetime!*



Pushbutton Dual Master Control Center. Press button, sound comes alive instantly—no waiting for warm-up! Stereo Sentry light flashes on whenever a stereo FM program is tuned. AFC, separate balance, treble, bass, loudness controls. Stereo balance indicator and radio tuning indicator.



Eight Admiral professional quality speakers. New Air Spring sealed enclosures give fullest, resounding bass. Two exponential horns, two 3½-inch tweeters, two 6-inch mid-range, two 15-inch woofers. Phantom "3rd channel" speaker system blends channels so you hear another in center!

Admiral solid-state stereo delivers 250 watts of peak power, for big-as-life stereo sound. No tubes to distort sound, heat up, wear out or waste power. And now Admiral brings the new Modular System—self-contained, studio-quality components—to the beautiful console cabinetry you want. Together they're a professional music system giving the richest sound possible. Completely transistorized, including FM/AM, FM stereo multiplex radio—so reliable, it's guaranteed five years*! *There's nothing finer at any price!*

Admiral
MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

***5-year warranty:** Admiral warrants each new solid state stereophonic instrument to be free from defects in factory workmanship or material under normal use for 90 days after date of sale to consumer; the FM/AM stereo multiplex radio tuner, pre-amplifier and amplifier are so warranted for five years. Admiral obligation is limited to supplying suitable replacement parts. The warranty is effective only if the instrument is registered with Admiral within 10 days after date of sale to consumer. Specifications subject to change without notice. Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ontario.

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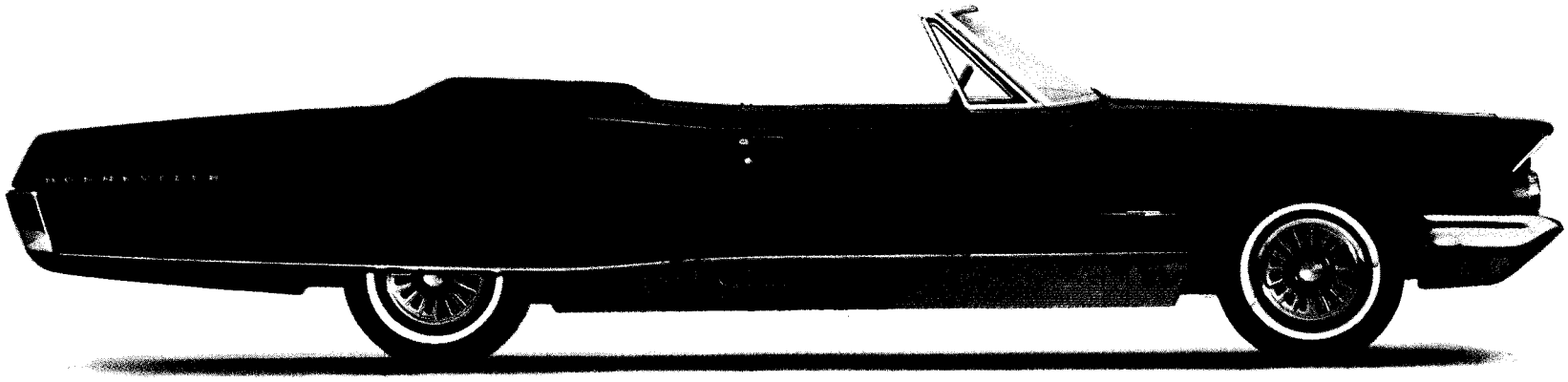
How could Pontiac become even more of a Pontiac?



Here's your answer: The '65 Pontiac Pontiac.

We started fresh with a bold new Pontiac look, as you can see, and plush new interiors, which you can just imagine for now. It's a quick car, even for a Pontiac, because our Trophy V-8s come on stronger than ever. You want Pontiac performance and economy, too? You want new Turbo Hydra-Matic and our exclusive low-ratio rear axle to wring extra mileage from gasoline and save and save and save. The '65 Pontiac is other ways new, too, with self-adjusting steering gear and bigger, better brakes. It's smoother riding (if you can fancy *that*) since we redesigned the suspension system around our curve-uncurving Wide-Track. (The inch-longer-than-last-year wheelbase also helps.) How could you become even more enthu siastic about Pontiac for 1965? Drive one at your Pontiac dealer's

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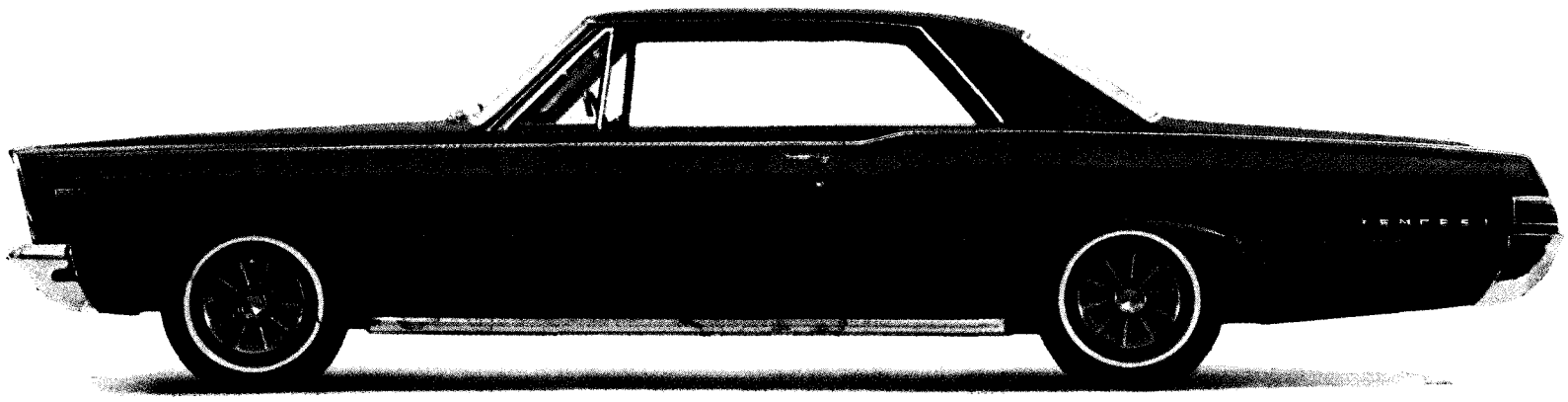
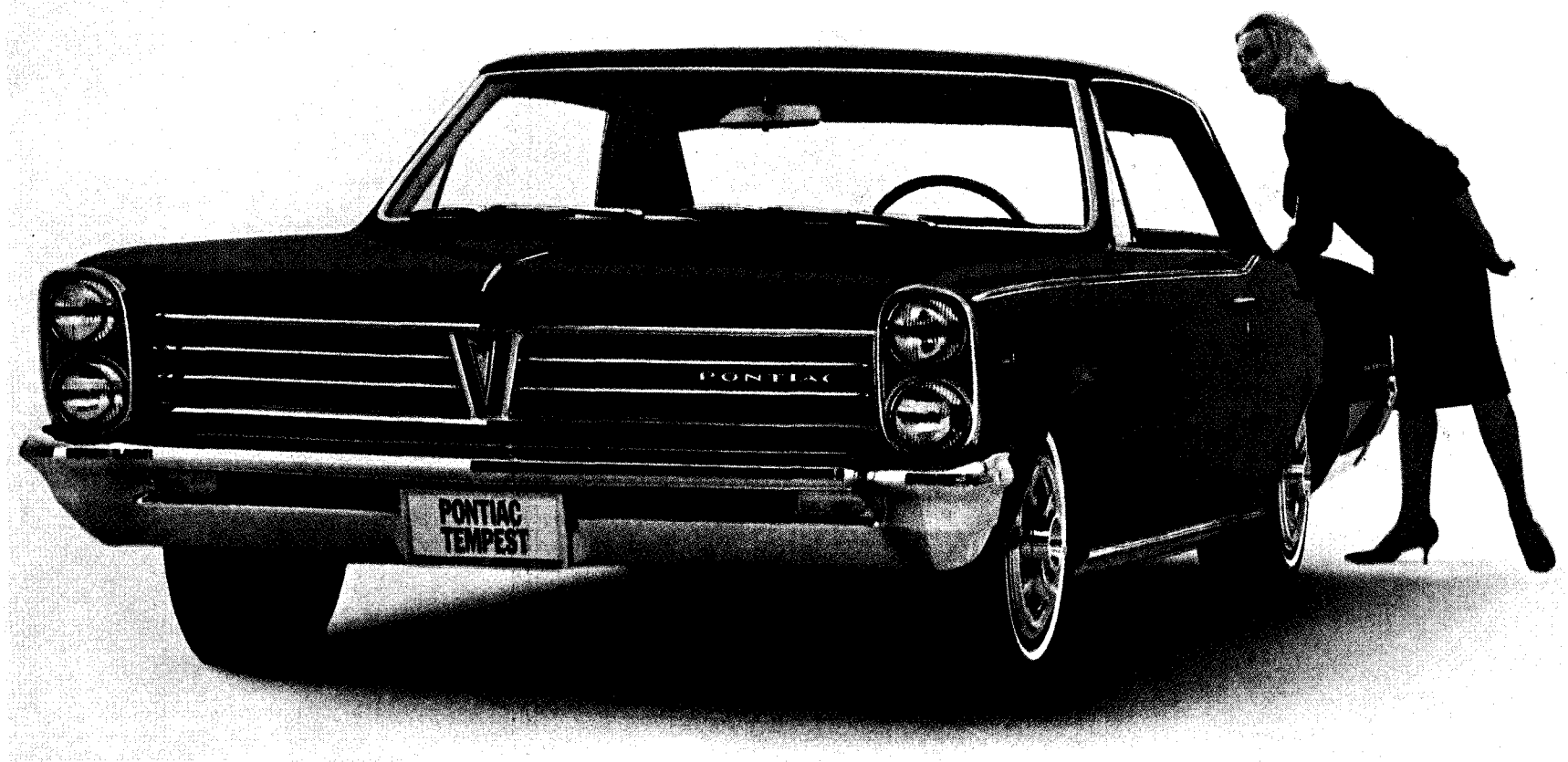
How could Tempest become even more of a Pontiac?



Pontiac Motor Division · General Motors Corporation



Here's your answer: The '65 Pontiac Tempest.

could look even more like a Pontiac and it does: stacked head-
ghts and split grille and big, bright wraparound tail lamps. It could
e longer and it is, by a handspan. Tempest certainly rides like a
ontiac on Wide-Track and its all-coil suspension. And Tempest
urely goes like a Pontiac, whether you take the gas-saving 140-hp
x, or order up a quick V-8: 250 hp on regular fuel, 285 hp on pre-
mium. We spoil you in the '65 Tempest with newly styled interiors,
tempt you with 12 handsome models, including a new Custom
Hardtop Coupe. With Tempest looking and acting so Pontiac for
1965, don't forget it's still priced with the other low-priced cars.

1965: The year of the Quick Wide-Tracks

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The city-cage

14?

LOS ANGELES: "The question is whether the Negro population is going to be trapped for all time in the cities, like an angry animal in a cage. That's the real meaning of Proposition Fourteen."

The speaker was Robert Rowan, a staunch Republican with important real-estate holdings in Los Angeles. He is one of the leaders in the increasingly bitter fight in this state over Proposition Fourteen, a proposed amendment to the California Constitution which will be on the California ballot on November 3. The outcome of the fight could have as much nationwide significance as the parallel battle between President Johnson and Senator Goldwater for the crucial 40 electoral votes of this, the biggest state in the Union.

Proposition Fourteen would repeal the year-old Rumford Fair Housing Act, which is based on the thesis that a Negro's money is as good as a white's in buying real estate, and all other California fair-housing legislation. Since, if passed, the proposition would be enshrined in the state constitution, it would place the whole subject of fair housing forever out of bounds for the state legislature.

At the moment, Proposition Fourteen seems likely to pass. Gov. Pat Brown currently estimates the chances of defeating it as "the short end of four to five." It is worded in such a way that it invites a "yes" answer. It proposes that neither the state nor any other body can limit "the right of any person . . . to decline to sell, lease, or rent . . . as he, in his absolute discretion, chooses." Handed the proposition in a preliminary poll, 59 percent of the Negroes themselves gave it a "yes" vote, and the proportion of approving whites was of course much higher.

The basic issue involved in Proposition Fourteen goes to the heart of the racial crisis with which this country is now seized. The proposition has the all-out backing of the powerful Washington-based lobby, the National Association of Real Estate Boards. In California an alliance between the state real-estate association, the pro-Goldwater California Republican Assembly, and various right-wing groups, like the California branch of the White Citizens' Council, is pushing the amendment.

Already similar alliances have killed fair-housing legislation in such cities as Tacoma, Seattle, and Detroit. But Proposition Fourteen is the first really big gun in a nationwide campaign to kill all fair-housing legislation. If the campaign succeeds here, it is entirely likely to succeed elsewhere across the nation.

To explain what he means by the "real meaning" of Proposition Fourteen, real-estate man Rowan points to the statistical history of Pasadena, a California city of about 125,000. Between the 1950 and 1960 census the non-white population of Pasadena increased by 84 percent, and it is now estimated in the neighborhood of 20,000. Meanwhile, in the suburbs which ring Pasadena, the Negro population has actually decreased, from 470 in 1950, to 350—out of a population of 450,000.

"In another ten years or so," Rowan says, "Pasadena will be a little Harlem, entirely surrounded by white suburbs, from which Negroes are excluded." Aside from the frightening moral, political, and social implications of this American version of *apartheid*, Rowan points out that the economic impact—on the tax base, on real-estate holdings, on business interests of all kinds in the city—would be disastrous.

The Pasadena story is only an example of what is happening all over the United States. Between the 1950 and 1960 census, the Negro population of New York increased 46 percent, of Chicago 65 percent, of Detroit 61 percent, of Los Angeles 96 percent. The figures would certainly be much higher today.

At the same time, all these cities except Los Angeles lost total population, as the whites moved out to the suburbs. In some areas there has been a very slow trickle of Negroes into the suburbs. But by and large, the suburbs are forbidden territory for the Negroes, partly for economic reasons, but also because of various tricks and subterfuges which prevent Negroes from buying houses outside the cities. Thus, all over the nation, the city limits have become increasingly a sort of invisible but impregnable Chinese Wall, trapping the Negroes in the core-city.

Fair-housing legislation like the Rumford Act would not tear down the wall. In the less than a year that it has been law, there have been only about 150 legal actions under the Rumford Act in this huge state. But such legislation at least makes it legally and practically possible for Negroes, as they move up on the economic scale, to escape from their city-cages. Legislation like Proposition Fourteen would have the practical effect of making the cage permanent, strengthening its bars.

In California, what the Negroes themselves like to call the "white power structure" has been enlisted to fight Proposition Fourteen. Labor, the churches, farsighted Republican businessmen like Rowan, the Hollywood community, and the whole Democratic leadership from Gov. Pat Brown down have joined in a massive counterpropaganda campaign against Proposition Fourteen. But as one of the leaders in the campaign sadly remarked, "We've got everybody on our side but the voters."

Because it affects the pocketbook, housing is an issue which cuts very deep. "Take a guy with an $18,000 house—that represents his whole capital. He thinks—he's wrong, but he believes it—that if Negroes move in he'll lose most of his investment. It's hard to be liberal in a situation like that."

If the proposition passes easily, Goldwater logically ought to be helped—although he has not taken a public stand on it, virtually all the Goldwaterites in the state are for it. But Brown and other Democrats are not at all sure that Goldwater will be helped. The high feelings generated by the proposition will bring out a big, anti-Goldwater Negro and liberal vote. Moreover, says Governor Brown, "the guy who votes for the Proposition as a pocketbook issue may vote for Johnson to salve his conscience."

Whatever its effect on the presidential contest, "the real meaning of Proposition Fourteen" remains, and it is national in scope. Either the Negro will be admitted to full citizenship, with the right to buy whatever he has the money to pay for, or there is much worse trouble to come. Any human being, confined for too long in too small a space, tends to become neurotic, to alternate between apathy and frustrated rage—as recent experience in the streets of our cities has all too vividly demonstrated.

Stewart Alsop

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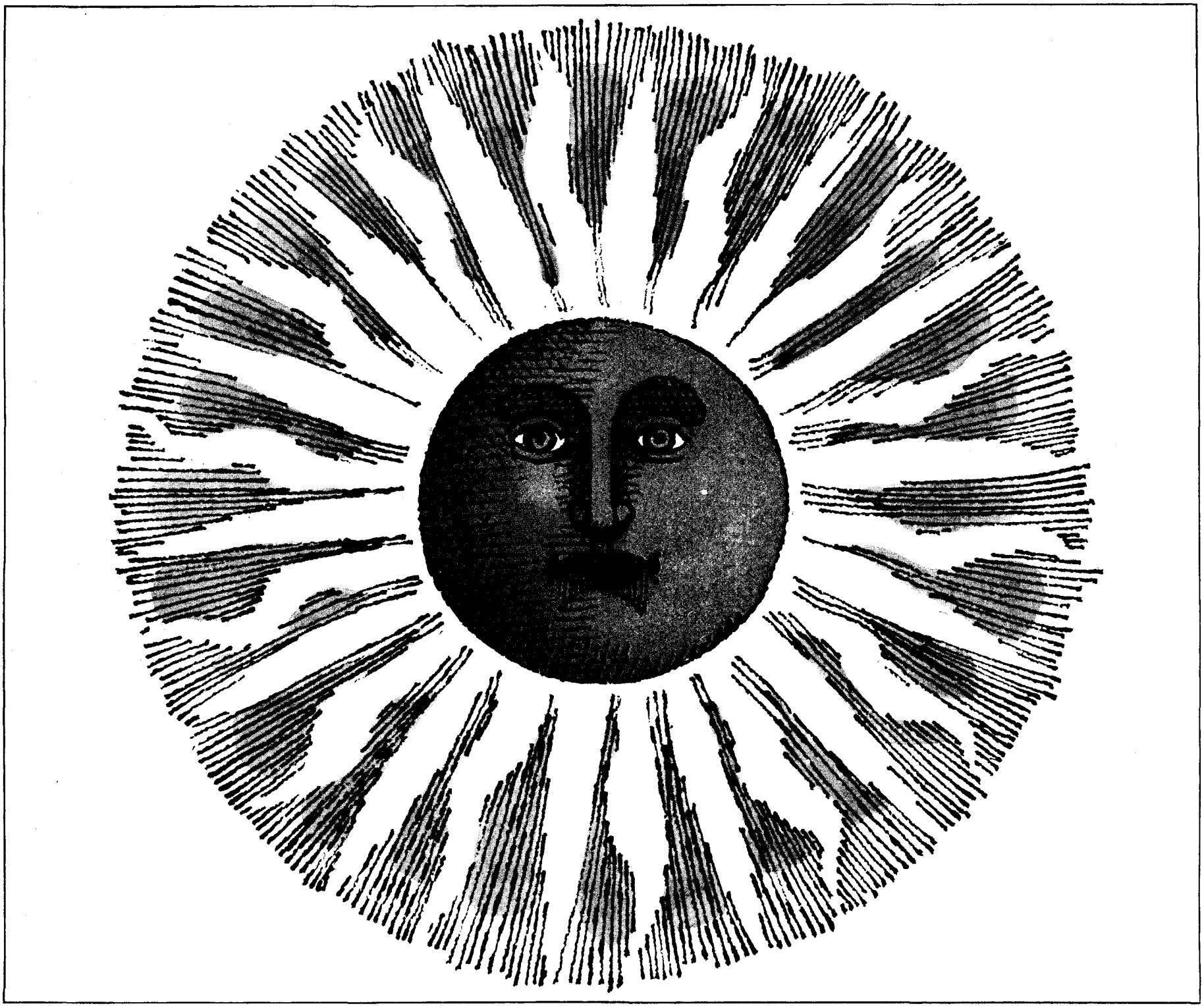
LIGHT



At GT&E, we're casting new light on light itself. With some illuminating results. Our Sylvania subsidiary has developed light panels that "write" electronically; a fluorescent light that stimulates the growth of plants; metallic vapor lamps that approach the naturalness of sunlight; new phosphors that brighten color TV pictures. And from Research comes a liquid laser light that may one day provide more communications channels than man can ever hope to use. ■ More reason for the brilliant growth of GT&E.

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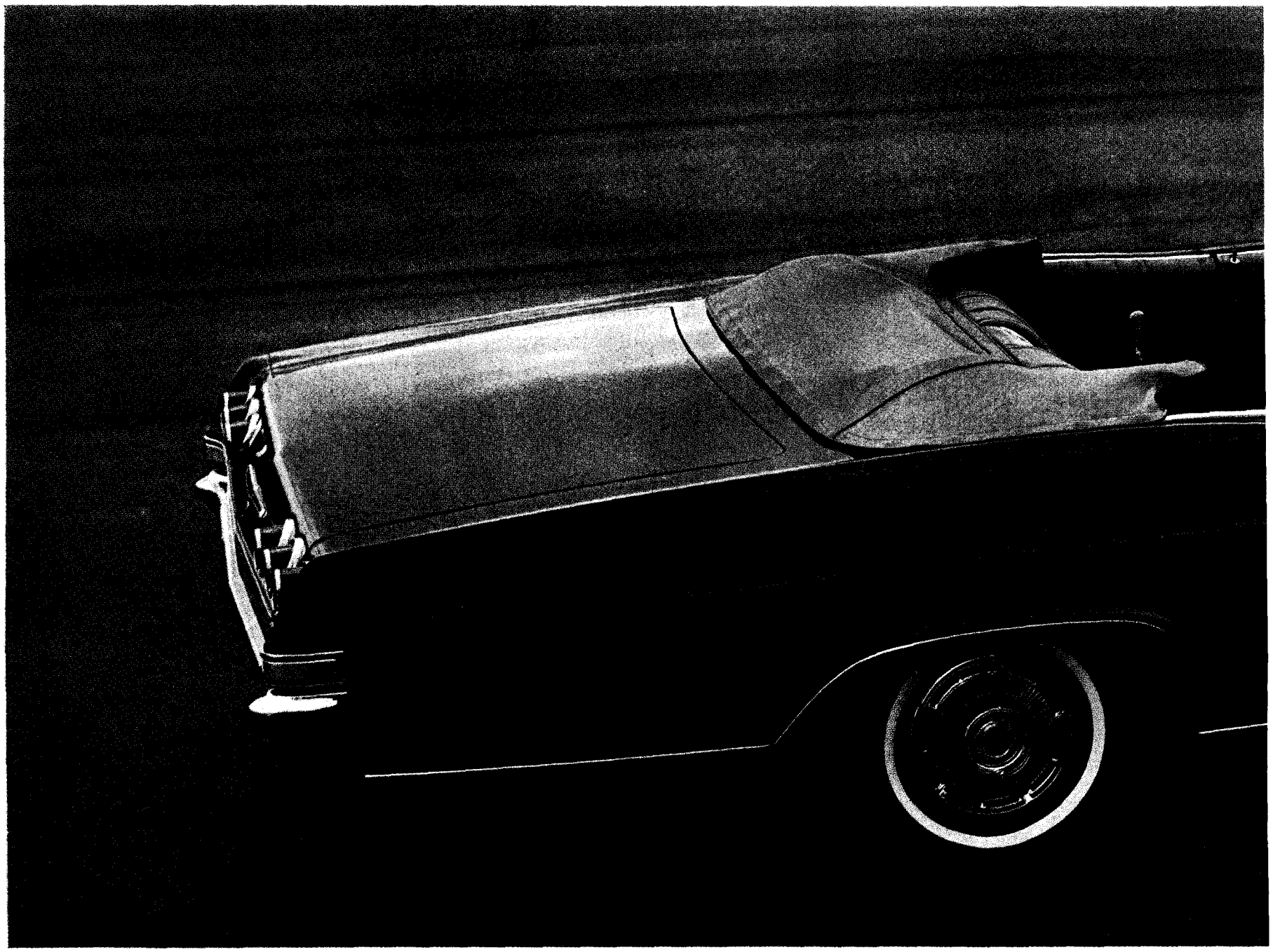

'65 CHEVROLET–In a moment this car

For the next few paragraphs we'd like to skip the superlatives, stay with the facts, and take you through what we hope will be your next automobile.

Now that you've seen the outside, kick off your shoes and come on in. Let your toes be the first to know that those high-priced luxury cars are in for a real battle this year.

Carpeting from looms of luxury

We've always done a lot of bragging about our ¼-inch-thick deep-twist carpeting – and for good reason. Every color-keyed inch of it takes to toes like expensive slippers. It wears the same way, too. Even the stowage compartment in the Super Sport floor console is carpet-lined. Your sunglasses never had it so good.

Electric clocks and Stereo

We played it straight with the instrument panel. It runs neatly, without a jog, from one end of the new flush-mounted (no-rubber-showing-anywhere) windshield to the other.

Within the newly designed recessed instrument cluster itself, there's an electric clock with a sweep second hand in all Impala models. The clock, along with radio and heater controls, is centrally located for both you and your passengers. The entire area you're look ing at now is subtly two-toned in your choic of seven new interior colors. And, for the firs time ever, you can order a pushbutton AM-FM Stereo radio with multiple rear speakers tha are strictly high-toned.

Below all this, there's a sporty full-widt panel decorated with simulated walnut.

16 yards of pure unadulterated comfort

There're about 16 sq. yards of vinyl inside thi Impala convertible. That's enough material, i

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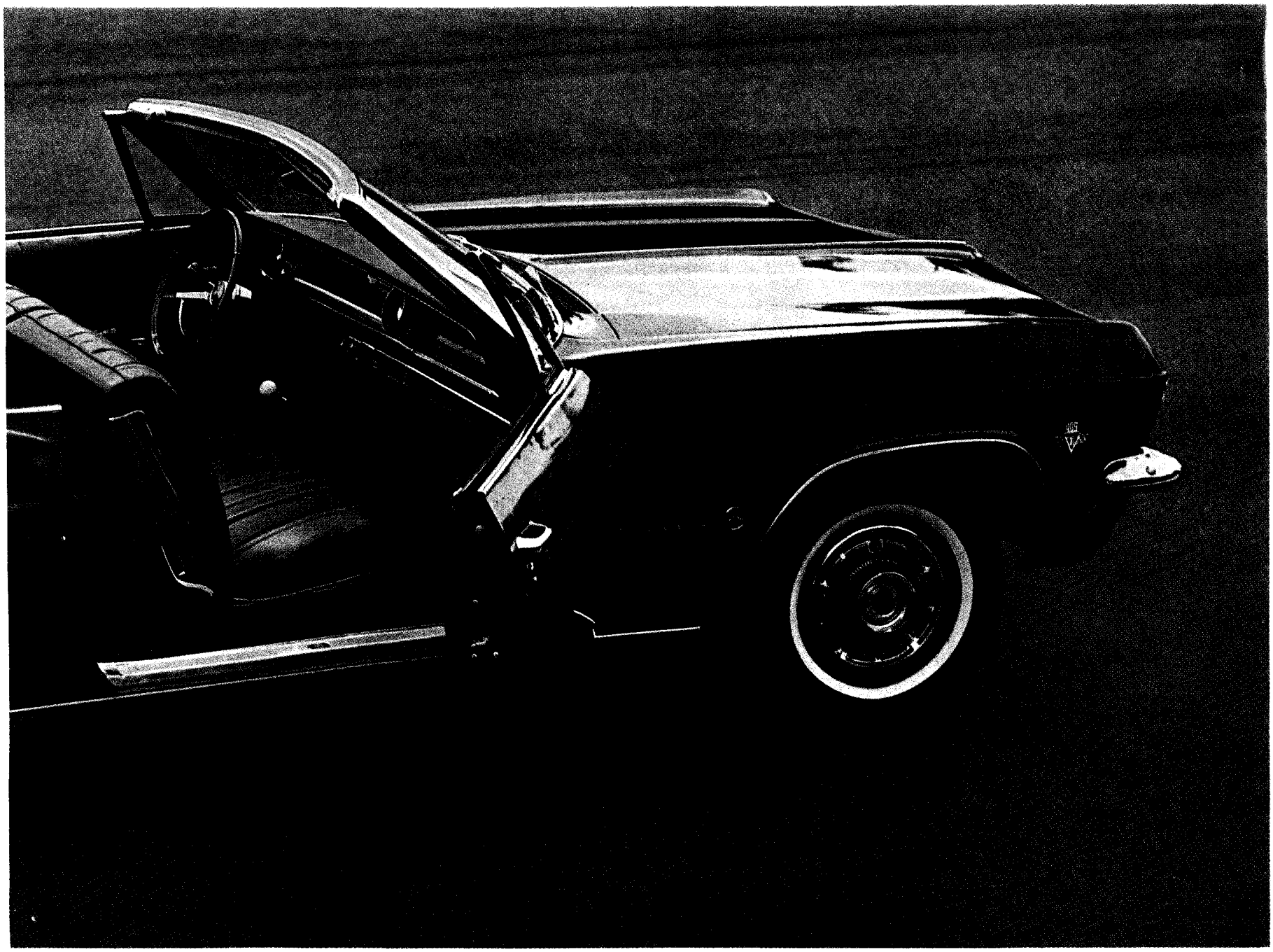
'65 Impala Convertible. Your next automobile?



will face its most critical inspector. You.

se you're interested, to make up to ten omen's sheath dresses. Underneath your seat ere are nearly two inches of extra-thick foam shioning and a set of springs that would the easiest of easy chairs proud.

Put all that on top of a new Full Coil suspension system and over 700 shock and sound sorbers and you're not just sitting in luxy, you're practically floating in it.

More room, too

here're over 3 more inches of shoulder room in the front of this car. More in the back, too.

There's more "stretch-out" space. Our engineers, realizing that not too many people were getting any shorter, moved the engine forward (which is no lightweight) and designed a rugged new full-width frame. This all helped to shrink the forward and rear floor tunnels by up to 25 and 27% respectively. Now that's a lot of work for a couple of inches, but we thought you were worth it.

You'll also notice that in the rear there's now a tempered *glass* convertible window. It replaces plastic and pretty well sums up our story on the '65 Chevrolet.

We think it's the *best* we've ever built. And we hope you'll allow us that *one* superlative.

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

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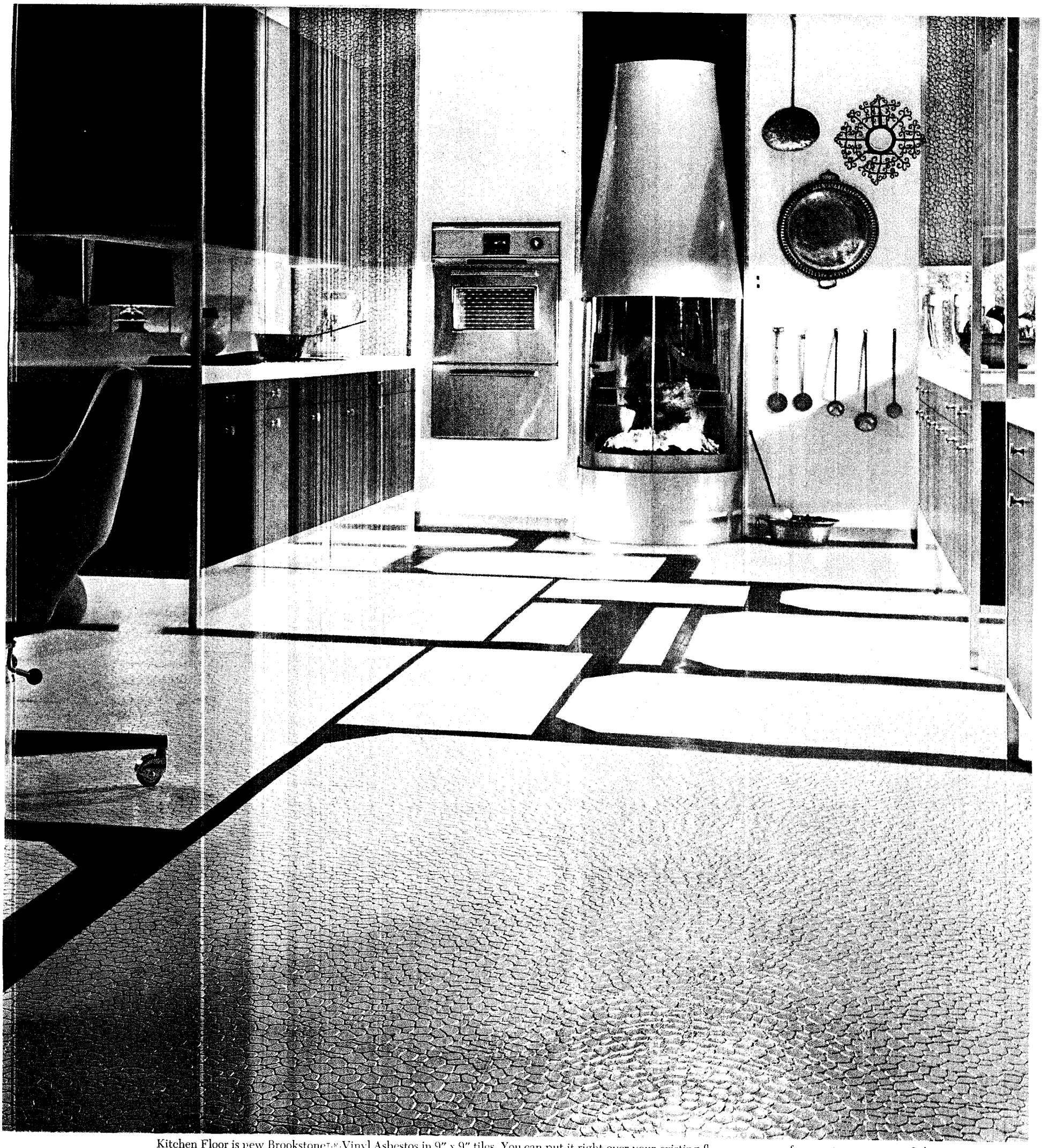

Kitchen Floor is new Brookstone™ Vinyl Asbestos in 9" x 9" tiles. You can put it right over your existing floor, even one of concrete or terrazzo. Color: Scoharie White. Accent Color: Spring Green. Wall Base: Beige KenCove® Vinyl. Floor design and interior by Marvin Culbreth, A.I.D.

KENTILE
VINYL FLOORS

New Vinyl Floor from Kentile! It's Brookstone—a textured vinyl tile with all the "nubby" character of authentic riverbed stones. Because Brookstone is gently textured, it helps conceal underfloor irregularities, even spiked-heel dents. Comfortable underfoot—and perfect for any room in your home. For about $60, you can install this easy-to-clean, greaseproof floor in any 12′ x 15′ area. Your Kentile® Dealer? See the Yellow Pages under "Floors."

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AN ANGRY WELCOME FOR A QUEEN

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Ben Franklin

By ROBERT SHERROD

Blocking traffic on Montreal's Dorchester Boulevard, young separatists stage a sit-down to draw public attention to their demands for an independent Quebec.

THE FRENCH REVOLT THAT THREATENS CANADA

This week Elizabeth II plants her size-five shoe upon North American soil for the first time since 1959, when she joined President Eisenhower in opening the St. Lawrence Seaway. On her annual overseas tours the British sovereign usually risks nothing more serious than boredom as she moves from the opening of a parliament to lawn parties to sheepshearing contests. As she prepared to leave for Canada, however, the prestigious London *Times* suggested that her life might be much safer if she canceled her visit. When she docks at the ancient city of Quebec next Saturday, the Queen will be protected by a $100,000 armored car and she will be shielded by more than 3,000 police, including the red-jacketed Mounties, the regular provincial police and a special anti-terrorist squad sent up from Montreal.

What has happened to Canada since Elizabeth was last there? Especially what has happened in Quebec, where nearly a third of Canada's 19 million people live in an area twice as big as Texas?

The name of the trouble is *séparatisme*. Vast numbers of French Canadians—Quebec is more than 80 percent French-speaking—passionately believe that they can never exercise their birthright unless Quebec becomes a nation independent of the rest of Canada. Although only a minority of Quebecers support full independence (13 percent in a 1963 poll), the vigorous separatist movement in Quebec attracts the young and the intellectual, who realize that revolutions are usually fought by a minority that needs only passive consent from the masses. The movement also attracts crackpot elements that are taken quite seriously by the anti-terrorist squad charged with protecting the Queen from any French-speaking Lee Harvey Oswald who might be along the route.

French Canadians who oppose violence are also outspoken in their hostility to the Queen's visit. Guy Pouliot, former president of the separatist *Rassemblement pour l'Indépendance Nationale* (RIN), accused the federal government of "using the Queen for political goals at the risk of an attempt on her life, or of grave incidents in which Quebecers might be injured or killed." Although lawyer Pouliot has recently taken a less active role, the RIN flourishes under the presidency of Pierre Bourgault, a 30-year-old former actor and Montreal newspaper reporter who has made 500 spellbinding speeches for the separatist cause. Bourgault claims 7,000 members, twice as many as a year ago, which makes the RIN much the largest of the many separatist groups.

Bourgault, a pink-faced young man who usually wears a corduroy jacket, led 250 of his members on a march in the St. Jean-Baptiste Day parade last June. They defiantly carried the Quebec flag and refused to salute the Queen's Governor General, Georges Vanier (himself a French Canadian). As they marched, they chanted "*Québec Libre!*" and "*Le Québec pour Québécois!*" and then staged a sit-down. It made big headlines. So did a later demonstration near the spot where bulldozers are churning the mud for Montreal's 1967 World's Fair. There 93 members managed to get themselves jailed briefly.

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ONE BY ONE THE MAILBOXES STARTED TO EXPLODE.

Revolt in Canada

Bourgault has been beating the tom-toms for a big rally in Quebec City's Centre du Rocher on Friday evening, when he will announce his plans for the next day's demonstration against the Queen—if the police permit one. Although several officers of the RIN have recently resigned, charging that the party is being led "on an irreversible road toward revolution," Bourgault insists, "Our group is not dangerous to the Queen—undisciplined individuals are." As the Queen's arrival neared, the RIN printed 100,000 handbills that said:

> The Queen of England will come to Quebec AT OUR EXPENSE. We cannot accept a foreign sovereign who comes to celebrate the birth of the Canadian confederation in which the rights of the people of Quebec are no more respected today than they were one hundred years ago.

Caught in the middle of his country's "cursed heritage of race" is the 67-year-old Prime Minister of Canada, Lester Bowles Pearson, a Methodist minister's son who may be the only man who can hold the nation together. "Mike" Pearson is a firm believer in compromise, for he has spent much of his life in the diplomatic service, where compromise is an everyday business.

As a diplomat, Pearson became Canada's popular ambassador to Washington, sat on the U.N. cease-fire committee in Korea, and won the Nobel Peace Prize for contriving the Arab-Israeli Truce of 1956. He never thought of entering politics until he was 51, when Liberal Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent wanted him in his cabinet as secretary for external affairs—which meant he had to get elected to Parliament. He became Prime Minister a year and a half ago, replacing Conservative John Diefenbaker, an old-fashioned politician from Saskatchewan who belongs to the sledgehammer school of diplomacy. "Pearson never hated anybody in his life," it is said in Ottawa, "but he sure doesn't like Diefenbaker very much."

"In diplomatic work," Pearson says, "my whole métier was finding solutions and getting something done. I have a weakness for seeing the other fellow's point of view." According to Pearson's opponents in the Conservative Party, all the "other fellows" seem to be French Canadians. The list of Pearson's concessions is long indeed: He appointed nine French Canadians, a record number, to his 26-member cabinet, and these include the powerful ministers for justice and external affairs. Pearson increased Quebec's rebate from federal taxes well above the national average. ("Quebec in a very real sense is not a province like the others," the prime minister said.) To please the French, Pearson changed the name of Trans-Canada Air Lines to Air Canada—which sounds like Air France—and he allowed the army to announce that bilingualism would become a factor in promotion (an advantage to the French because more of them are bilingual).

But such conciliatory measures have had little impact on the young separatist firebrands who gather every night at a Montreal nightclub called *Le Cochon Borgne* (The One-Eyed Pig). The Pig is a smoky, second-story joint on Ste. Catherine Street that is decorated with way-out murals and Quebec flags. On a recent Friday evening it was packed with about 250 bearded young men and sloppily dressed young women. The Pig is very Parisian, echoing with tunes that may be heard in a hundred similar establishments in Montmartre: French patriotic airs, World War I marching songs and old Edith Piaf numbers.

It is the words that make the songs different. One of the most popular is sung to the tune of *Lili Marlene:*

> *Hang the federalists to the lamp post,*
> *Yes, we shall win, we shall win, we shall win,*
> *For too long the obscene English*
> *Have smothered us with their Queen and their taxes.*

The evening I was there the least talented singer brought down the house. He is a 20-year-old boy named Richard Bizier who is a hero to the separatists because he Served Time for The Cause.

Last year Bizier and a score of other restless comrades, fed up with the moderation of the RIN, formed an activist organization called *Le Front de Libération Québécois* (FLQ). The FLQ opened hostilities the night of March 8, when they tossed Molotov cocktails into three Montreal armories, causing minor damage. Six weeks later 150 demonstrators burned a Canadian flag in front of Montreal's Royal Canadian Mounted Police headquarters and set off a bomb behind the garage (nobody was near).

Just before midnight the next day Wilfred Vincent O'Neil, night watchman, reported for duty at the army recruiting center on Montreal's Sherbrooke Street. At 65 he had only four weeks to go before retiring with his wife to their cottage on the Gaspé Peninsula. As O'Neil approached a trash box, a time bomb exploded. Windows on the fourth floor shattered from the blast. O'Neil, hurled into the air, died instantly. O'Neil was not, as one FLQ member dismissed him, "only an Englishman." Both his mother and his wife were French Canadians.

A month after O'Neil's death the FLQ struck again. Between 3 and 10:45 A.M. on May 17, horrified residents of Montreal's English-speaking suburb of Westmount heard the corner mailboxes exploding. Fragments flew higher than a two-story house, but miraculously no passerby was injured. Some residents undoubtedly owe their lives to 42-year-old Walter Leja, who dismantled a package containing four sticks of dynamite wired to a $1.50 watch. With hundreds watching from a distance, he grabbed another loudly ticking package and shoved it behind a thick tree. On his third gamble, as he lifted another bomb from a mailbox, Leja's luck ran out. The explosion blew off his arm.

Eleven terrorists were caught—the FLQ had been infiltrated by the police—and after an emotional trial, were sentenced to terms as long as 12 years. Bizier, the off-key singer, drew only six months because his own bomb, deposited at an RCAF depot, failed to go off. As he was led away, Bizier shouted (in French, of course), "It is not for Her Majesty that I go to jail, but for the independence of French Canada."

Early this year a new underground group, modeled after the Irish Republican Army, began operations. Called *L'Armée de Libération Québécois* (ALQ), the terrorists raided government armories throughout the province. A few minutes after 7:30 on a January morning 15 young revolutionaries drove their truck into a Montreal armory and loaded it with 57 semi-automatic rifles, 30 machine guns, four 60-mm. mortars, three rocket launchers, 11 walkie-talkies and 17,000 rounds of ammunition. Another armory raid at Shawinigan, not far from Quebec City, yielded more weapons.

Since revolutions require cash as well as guns, bank robberies soon broke out in Montreal and Mont Rolland, in Ste. Rose and Inverness. In each case the bandits were young men who brandished machine guns or army rifles.

After the Mont Rolland stickup a police road block stopped a white sedan.

In a Montreal nightclub known as The One-Eyed Pig, a favorite meeting place for French Canadians demanding independence, audience joins performers in a "freedom song."

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Inside were three youths, aged 17 to 26, who said they were headed for a vacation in the Laurentian Mountains. But when a search turned up a cleaning kit for a semiautomatic rifle, the "vacationers" led the way to a garage stacked with weapons. A month later police found most of the loot from the great Montreal arsenal robbery in another garage, and a September 17 raid on a Montreal rooming house turned up 15 machine guns—said to be the last of the stolen arms.

"But," said a young separatist at The One-Eyed Pig, "the police haven't found all of our guns." And terrorists in Quebec have recently been stealing guns from hardware stores and filching dynamite from construction sites. Only six weeks ago five separatists held up a Montreal firearms store, killing one employee.

Shootings, dynamitings and robberies are the violent outbreak of French-Canadian resentment that has smoldered for years. "Our history has been made by others," says André d'Allemagne, 35, an advertising copywriter who founded the RIN in 1960. D'Allemagne's blond, 23-year-old wife Lysiane, a newspaper reporter who is the dedicated secretary of the RIN executive committee, expresses another reason for the revolt. "I hate to speak English," she says in perfect English, "—it spoils my French. But one has to learn it to get a decent job in Montreal"—where half the French speak English but only five percent of the haughty English find it necessary to learn French.

"We are like Negroes," RIN President Pierre Bourgault says bitterly, "but we don't have the advantage of being black. Our standard of living in Quebec is 28 percent lower than Ontario's, 50 percent lower than the United States'."

Second-class status for French Canadians really began when the English general Wolfe defeated the French army under Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham in 1759. Quebec's 60,000 French were cut adrift by Paris, which shrugged off the loss of "a few acres of snow." At the time, almost all of the nearly two million English colonists in America lived in what is now the United States; it was only during the American Revolution that English Canada came into being as Tories loyal to the crown pushed northward. The Catholic French, left floating in a sea of Protestant North America, avoided their conquerors as much as possible, clinging to their peasant ways, and remaining under the domination of a medieval priesthood. Because the French educated their young men in the law, medicine and the priesthood, management of industry fell into the hands of the go-getting English Canadians. "Among white and Christian people," says Canadian historian A. R. M. Lower, "no more complete opposites could have been found than the French and English as they grew up in North America."

For the French Catholic peasants in Quebec, says Lower, "Life is more than livelihood. It is a series of ritual acts such as being born, becoming of age, marrying, begetting, dying, each of which, properly performed, brings its satisfactions and its reward." On the other hand, the Englishman in the rich new world "is in a hurry. He wants to get things done. He has ends to gain. He has an

Peering into a mailbox, explosives expert Walter Leja reaches for a bomb planted in a predominantly English Montreal suburb.

Seconds later the time bomb blew off Leja's arm. To the terrorists, the victim of a similar bombing was "just another Englishman."

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IS MERGER WITH U.S. INEVITABLE?

Prime Minister Pearson seeks compromise.

Revolt in Canada

object in life . . . a new God, Mammon . . . a new way of life which had already appropriated for itself a theology by which its conduct was justified and rationalized."

By 1960, after decades of mismanagement by their own corrupt politicians who connived with the enterprising English, French Canadians owned only about 10 percent of Quebec's economic resources; the rest was controlled by the English Canadians and investment-seeking Americans. In that year an honest man, Jean Lesage, was elected premier of Quebec on a Liberal Party platform that sought to propel the French Canadians into the twentieth century.

The man who plays Robert E. Lee to Lesage's Jefferson Davis is a former television commentator, René Lévesque, a short, fiery-eyed intellectual of 43 with influence extending far beyond the natural resources department he heads. His principal material achievement was the nationalization last year of Quebec's hydroelectric plants, bought from private Toronto interests with $300 million borrowed in New York.

Lévesque relishes his role as the most controversial figure in Canada today. To the English Canadians he represents the separatist movement at its worst, although he says he is no separatist. "But if I thought about it very long," he says, "I'm afraid I'd wind up one. I do think of myself as a Quebecer, not a Canadian. So do my friends, and they're not the lunatic fringe that goes around blowing up mailboxes."

Always the gadfly, Lévesque recently needled the English Canadians by declaring that they had "a Kenya mentality toward Quebec." He shocked them by proposing that Quebec be an "associate state" with the rest of Canada. "The French-Canadian nation is and shall be, and no cooperative federalism shall prevail against it," Lévesque said last month. He didn't spell out exactly what he meant but it sounded ominously like separatism to some English-speaking politicians, who shudder at a Quebec having full control of its own money, taxes, passports, immigration, exports and imports.

Lévesque has also said, "There are some young guys behind me who make me feel nervous." Among those solidly behind him is RIN President Bourgault, who shares the sentiments of thousands of well-educated French Canadians when he says reverently, "Lévesque is the greatest man in Quebec." Premier Lesage, in Bourgault's estimation, is hopelessly soft on the English.

Most English Canadians, on the other hand, regard Lesage as a rather radical fellow himself. He is always demanding special treatment for Quebec from the federal government—a bigger allotment of federal funds, his own provincial pension plan run independently of the federal government, almost everything except outright independence.

In the rest of Canada, where few French are ever seen, resistance to such demands has piled up like December snow in Saskatchewan. Told that he ought to have a program of bilingualism, British Columbia Premier W.A.C. Bennett said that because his province has more Chinese than French, perhaps Chinese should be taught as a second language. Sen. Donald Cameron of Banff, Alberta, observes that "Lots and lots of people are saying, 'Okay, if that's the way Quebec wants it, we'll keep a ten-mile corridor on both sides of the St. Lawrence and let them wither on the vine.' The Prairies are getting fed up with all this whining and regional pressure."

Yet the pressure for special treatment will continue—or Quebec will get complete independence—for the simple reason that the province's five million French Canadians are all separatists in greater or lesser degree. A leading lawyer of Quebec City says, "If I had to give up my religion, my language, or my French culture, I'd become a separatist in a minute."

Of the many issues which may eventually separate the French from the English Canadians, none has received more recent attention than the flag. "Isn't it wonderful?" asked a Western diplomat in Ottawa one day last August. "Here it is the second half of the twentieth century and Parliament can afford to spend weeks debating about a flag."

During his election campaign in 1963 Prime Minister Pearson promised to produce a flag that was Canada's own; the nation has always flown an "unofficial" Red Ensign with the British Union Jack in the upper left-hand corner. To the French Canadians the Union Jack means British colonialism, and they probably would have voted to let Mike Pearson play Betsy Ross even if he produced only a white piece of cloth labeled FLAG on one side and DRAPEAU on the other.

The new flag, suddenly trotted out last summer, proved to be three maple leaves on a white field, with blue bars at either side to indicate that Canada extended from sea to sea. It seemed all right in Quebec, where a poll showed only three percent against it. But no English-speaking province polled a majority for "that beer-can label." Everybody had an idea about the kind of flag Canada ought to have, but Pearson stood firm all summer. Opposition leader John Diefenbaker ordered his Conservative supporters to filibuster, and the 22-day debate dragged into September. Finally, Pearson agreed to submit the issue to a 15-man parliamentary committee consisting of seven of Pearson's Liberals, five of Diefenbaker's Conservatives and one each from the smaller parties. This committee is charged with producing a new Canadian flag—and perhaps a new debate—later this month.

But Mike Pearson sails through the stormiest political seas with a clear conscience and a sunny good nature. He can discard his worries along with his shoes as he settles in front of a TV set to watch hockey or baseball. Almost certainly he is the only holder of honorary doctorates from 44 universities, including Oxford, Harvard, Yale and Princeton, who is a fairly regular viewer of *Gunsmoke* and *The Beverly Hillbillies*.

What happens if equanimity and his mastery of compromise are not enough for Pearson—or the next prime minister—to hold French Canada? There definitely won't be civil war because almost nobody disputes Quebec's right to withdraw if it chooses. Suppose Quebec does secede, what then?

The answer given by Maurice Lamontagne, Pearson's secretary of state (i.e., cultural-affairs minister), is this: "Annexation to the United States would follow eventually both for Quebec and the rest of Canada. . . . The Atlantic Provinces would be cut off from the rest of the country (and) British Columbia, the Prairie provinces and eventually Ontario itself would, I believe, be driven into the American melting pot."

Although few Americans realize it, the question of joining the United States crops up constantly in Canada. Most Canadians—62 percent, according to a *Maclean's* magazine poll last summer—are against joining, but many thoughtful Canadians believe merger is inevitable, Quebec or no Quebec. Canada is larger than the United States, but most of it is frozen wasteland, and three quarters of the population lives within 200 miles of the border, reading James Reston, Ann Landers and Peanuts, and following the progress of the Yankees and Phillies as closely as people do in Dubuque.

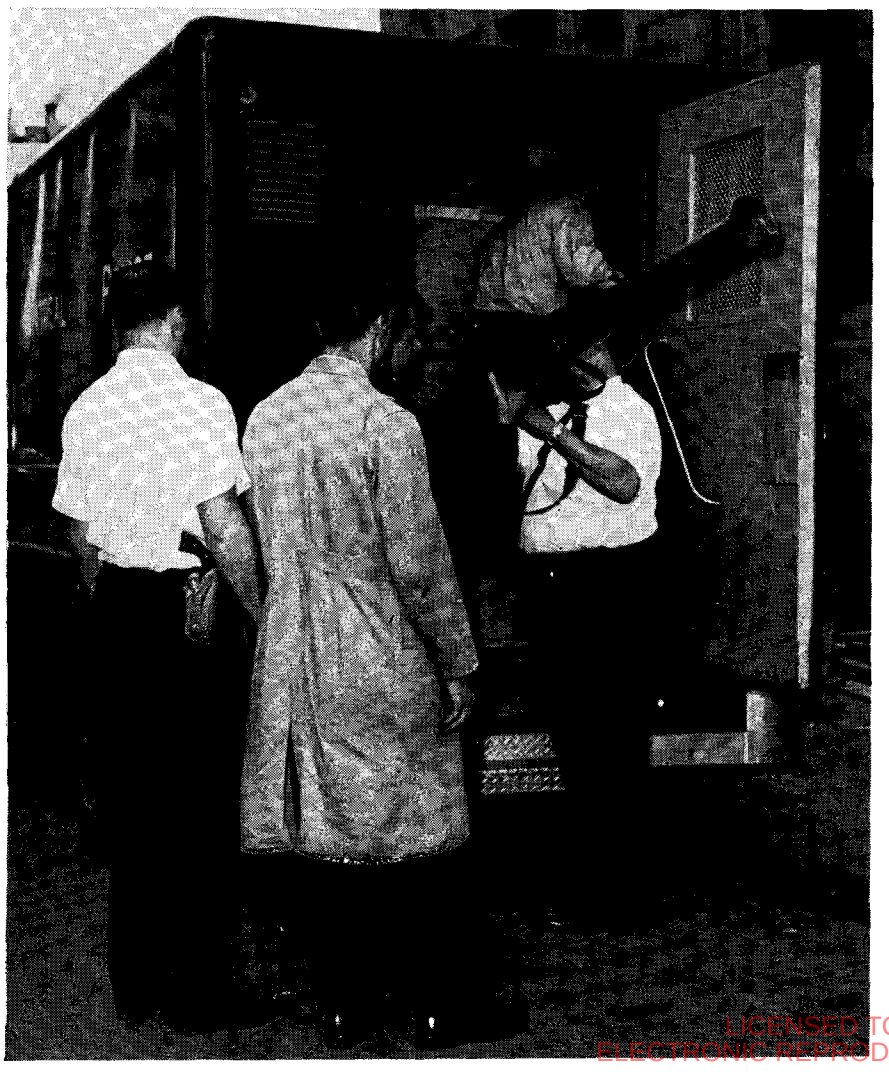
"You already own the country, so we might as well join," says a Canadian journalist, pointing out that two thirds of Canadian industry is controlled by Americans, who have invested nearly 20 billion dollars north of the border. It is this capital input that has enabled Canada to raise its living standard until it stands at 70 percent of the American level, which makes it third highest in the world (Sweden ranks second).

Even though all Canadians might someday become American citizens without ever leaving home, about 35,000 Canadians emigrate to the United States each year. Among those who have come are Cyrus Eaton, Mary Pickford, Glenn Ford, Walter Pidgeon, Guy Lombardo and John Kenneth Galbraith. Indeed Prime Minister Pearson, who once worked eighteen months as a clerk in Chicago, might himself have become an American, as did his brother Marmaduke.

"We send you our best people, and you don't thank us for the gift," said one Canadian editor. "Hell, you aren't even conscious of it." He cited the official estimate: 3,250,000 Canadians, including their children, now live in the United States. Canadian historian Lower observes: "The restless or enterprising spirits going to the U.S. . . . heightened the spirit and daring of that country," whereas Canada's bloodletting "lowered its temperature, made people more set in their ways, less imaginative, less creative."

In this case, wouldn't merger of the United States and Canada make sense? Would the chain reaction, if set off by Quebec's secession, be such a bad thing? To these questions Pierre Bourgault and his eager young revolutionaries have a standard reply, "Give Quebec its independence and then we'll decide what to do. We might want to apply for admission to the United States—or even to Canada. Just give us our freedom and see what happens." THE END

Montreal police recapture a rocket launcher which terrorists had stolen from armory.



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Gesturing as he presides over political meeting, separatist leader Pierre Bourgault shapes his plans for demonstrations against the Queen's visit to Quebec.

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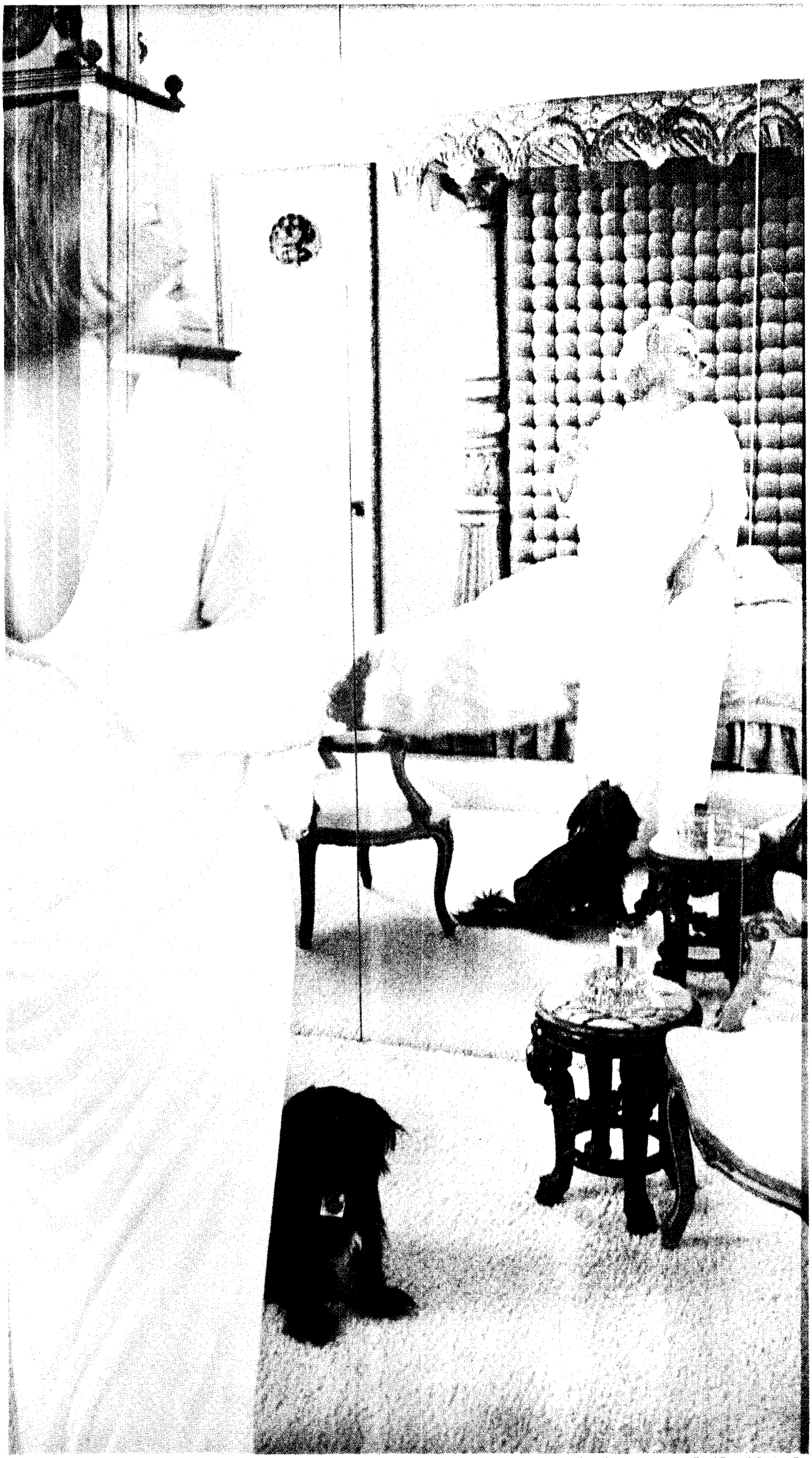

Peggy Lee stands in front of floor-to-ceiling mirror. It is one of the stand-out attractions of her new penthouse apartment off Sunset Boulevard (Rent: a cool $1,400 a month).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE J. SCHILLER

After two decades of stardom, thi

Peggy Lee has the sturdy figure of a North Dakota farm girl, which she originally was. But when she sweeps onto the nightclub stage, her platinum-blond hair shining and her hazel eyes glittering, a transformation takes place. As she bows and blows kisses, she seems both regal and exciting.

She is not only a singer, but an actress. When she delivers a Negro spiritual called *Motherless Child*, she somehow manages to look and sound like one. She does a show-stopper like *You've Gotta See Mama* with satirical bumps and grinds, and a rousing tune like *Heart* with a bouncy gusto.

A song writer herself, she is now performing on the nightclub circuit a number called *Great Big Love*, which is about nothing less than the peaceful order of the stars and the planets. Singing about the sun lighting up the world, she spins around the stage spreading her arms like a blond astronaut weightless in a capsule. The goggle-eyed audiences look as if they are watching the first lady to be orbited.

Peggy Lee has been a nightclub headliner for 20 years, making gamblers forget their losses in Las Vegas and businessmen their budgets in New York. She earns more than any other female singer for a club engagement, up to $25,000 per week for a four-week run. If she played in clubs more than 14 weeks a year, the limit that she sets herself, she could move up into Rockefeller's bracket.

She earns up to half a million dollars a year from her nightclub runs, A.S.C.A.P. royalties and record sales. Unlike most popular singers she can claim a range of fans that runs from teen-agers to the Geritol set. Since she started recording on her own in 1945 she has sold more records than any other woman singer, over 20 million. No other white woman singer has been so steadily successful for such a long time.

Significantly, the only comparable American singer is Ella Fitzgerald, who is a peer, though perhaps less electrifying

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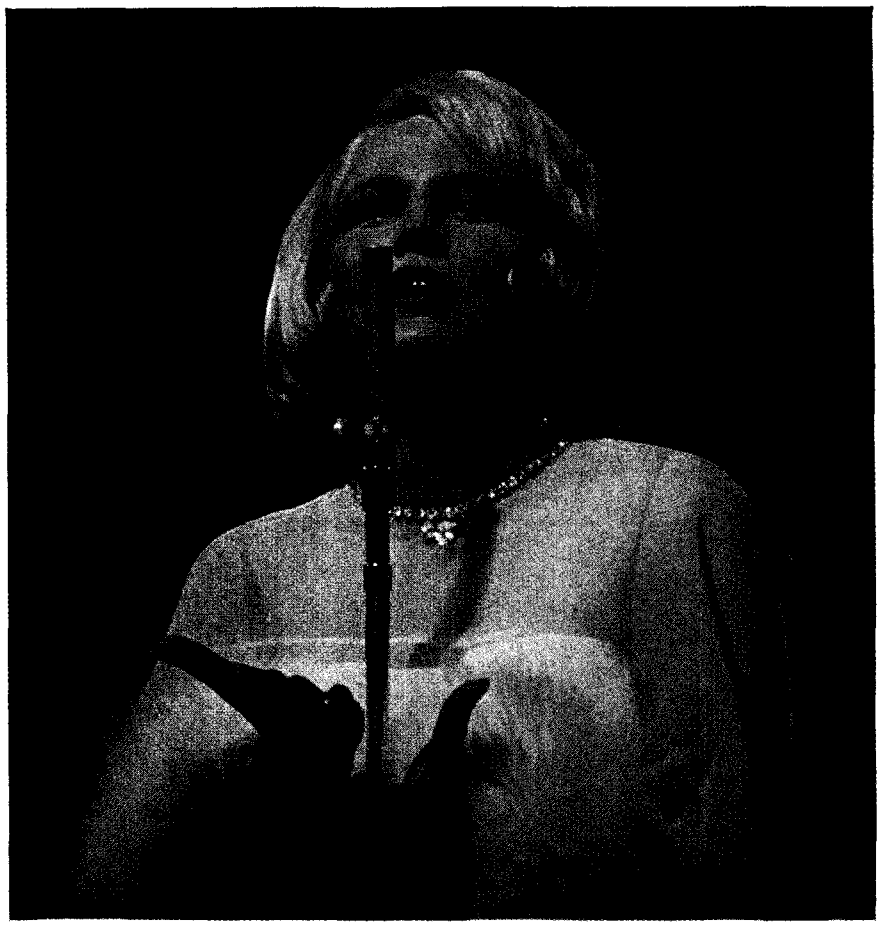
BY THOMAS C. WHEELER

THE TIMELESS CHARM OF PEGGY LEE

ctrifying farm girl from North Dakota is still stopping the show.



Peggy at Hollywood's Cocoanut Grove where she recently had customers standing in line.

on a nightclub floor. Miss Lee sings old and new show music with an unmistakable white voice, and blues as if she were black. Duke Ellington, who has been in the music business almost 50 years, calls her "The Queen." "I consider her as great a musician as Frank Sinatra, who in that world is king," he says.

Peggy Lee, on first meeting, is deceptively bland. She looks like a librarian or a schoolteacher. Her face, with a nose a trifle too short, a chin too round, lacks any clear definition. But as she talks about her work, her eyes become alert and her face gains animation. "I like to make my music change and grow," she says. "It is like a fruit tree becoming more fruitful."

A woman of endless contradictions, Miss Lee drives herself relentlessly to perfect her songs, rehearsing day and night for a full month before she puts on a nightclub show or makes a record. But she then flees with relief to such tame pursuits as painting landscapes and writing poetry. She spends four months of the year making straw angels for Christmas and paper roosters for Easter.

Until recently, she lived in a rambling 10-room house in Beverly Hills. In the backyard are birch trees that she planted because they reminded her of her native North Dakota. But she also had a kidney-shaped swimming pool, a tail-finned Cadillac and three white poodles. In her backyard there were also four statues of St. Francis of Assisi.

She is partly a temperamental siren and partly a tough farm girl. She can be a crybaby at one moment and a tomboy the next. At a closing-night party in New York recently, her eyes were brimming with tears as she berated her drummer for shifting his wallet to another pocket during the performance. An hour later she was challenging a young public-relations man to an Indian-wrestling match, which she won. She will complain bitterly over a spotlight which does not please her. Then, when all is in order, she will offer up her face to the stagehands for kisses on the cheek, remarking, "This is a love that has to do with our work."

She has a small-town sense of respectability, but her four show-business marriages have all ended in divorce. "I'm a very nice girl who meant well," she says. She has stayed on friendly terms with her first husband, Dave Barbour, a guitarist and composer, partly in the interests of bringing up their daughter, Miss Lee's only child. She married Barbour in the mid-forties. Her middle two husbands were Dewey Martin and Brad Dexter, both actors. This summer she divorced a personable percussionist named Jack Del Rio, whom she had married in February and made leader of her band.

In many ways, Miss Lee is still a composite of her rural upbringing and her show-business sophistication. She has stayed faithful to her past by helping her two sisters and a brother migrate to California. One of her sisters once managed her California house. Miss Lee, however, looks for maternal affection and finds it in 70-year-old writer Adela Rogers St. Johns, whom she calls "my adopted mother." Last Christmas, in a characteristically impulsive gesture of affection, Miss Lee gave Miss St. Johns a mink coat.

Miss Lee likes to meditate. Despite her penchant for deep thought, she sometimes makes statements that sound both offhand and baffling. Names that do not normally occur in the same breath come together in her conversation without advance warning. "I learned courage," she said to some acquaintances recently, "from Buddha, Jesus, Lincoln, Einstein and Cary Grant."

During the 1950's she was an ardent disciple of the late Dr. Ernest Holmes, a nationally known minister whose doctrine is called Science of Mind, and whose Hollywood church many stars attended.

She used to talk with Holmes on the phone almost every night. It was Holmes who got her to read all of the men who now inspire her, with the exception of Cary Grant, whose brand of Zen religious belief caught her interest later.

Today her free-lance faith helps her out of many nervous moments. Recently, she became rattled during a trying nightclub performance and found herself murmuring a childhood prayer. "Father, if you let me sing this song, I'll stew your pears, I'll can your pears." She then sang the song with her customary excellence.

Peggy Lee was born Norma Egstrom in Jamestown, N. Dak., of Scandinavian parents. Her mother died when Peggy was four and she was brought up on her father's farm by her stepmother. Despite her stepmother's disapproval, she early determined to become a professional singer. She sang in a Lutheran choir and in the high-school glee club. Fighting back her shyness, she went to Fargo for a radio audition, and in 1939 became a staff singer on station WDAY. Later, she took a brief trip to Hollywood, but unfortunately came back with nothing more than an infected throat.

In 1941 she was singing in Chicago when a scout for Benny Goodman heard her and made a recording of her for the maestro, who then came to hear her himself. Goodman says that he found "character in her voice," and to her surprise, hired her.

"She was scared to death for the first six months," Goodman says. "She dressed in sort of Minnesota style and Mrs. Goodman took her out to get some clothes." She offered to quit because she felt inferior to Helen Forrest, then the major Goodman singer, but she was talked into staying. A year later she recorded a number entitled *Why Don't You Do Right?*—and suddenly she was nationally famous.

Peggy Lee wears her fame well. Her generosity is boundless. She lavishes presents on everyone connected with her shows and has helped a number of musicians out of debt and out of trouble. Her lawyers, who control her money, admonish her not to carry her own cash, considering her not only an easy prey of beggars but a sucker to her own gift-buying habits.

To aid her friends, she does not even hesitate to practice a bit of extemporaneous mysticism. One night in New York recently Cy Coleman, the composer and her good friend, was seated in her suite at the Americana Hotel, in whose nightclub Miss Lee had been singing. The time was a very tired four A.M., and an after-show party was just breaking up. Miss Lee slumped down exhausted on a couch next to Coleman, who confessed with his head in his hands that he was overworked and up too late. Quietly, Miss Lee asked her manager, Barney Ward, to put a Debussy sonata on the phonograph.

"Lie down on the floor, Cy," she said.

Mr. Coleman, who is in his mid-thirties, looked up at her quizzically and then stretched out. Miss Lee then ducked under the huge lampshades and turned the room dark. She sat on the edge of a coffee table, silhouetted against a glow from the surrounding city.

"Relax, Cy. Don't think of anything. Just listen to my voice."

"All right," Coleman said.

"Receiving and giving," she said softly. "Receiving and giving." She repeated the odd phrase over and over.

After a few minutes of this, she abruptly got up and began turning on the lights. "That's what we have to do," she said happily. "All the time. Receiving and giving."

Mr. Coleman had a look of cheerful bewilderment on his face when he left. "I feel great," he said. "Wonderful."

Two nights later, when she had finished her engagement and was packing to go home, Coleman telephoned to say good-bye. "I laughed and laughed the next day," she told him. "Giving and receiving. The picture of it. You lying on the floor and I. . . ." Then she began to laugh again at the ludicrous episode—and at herself. THE END

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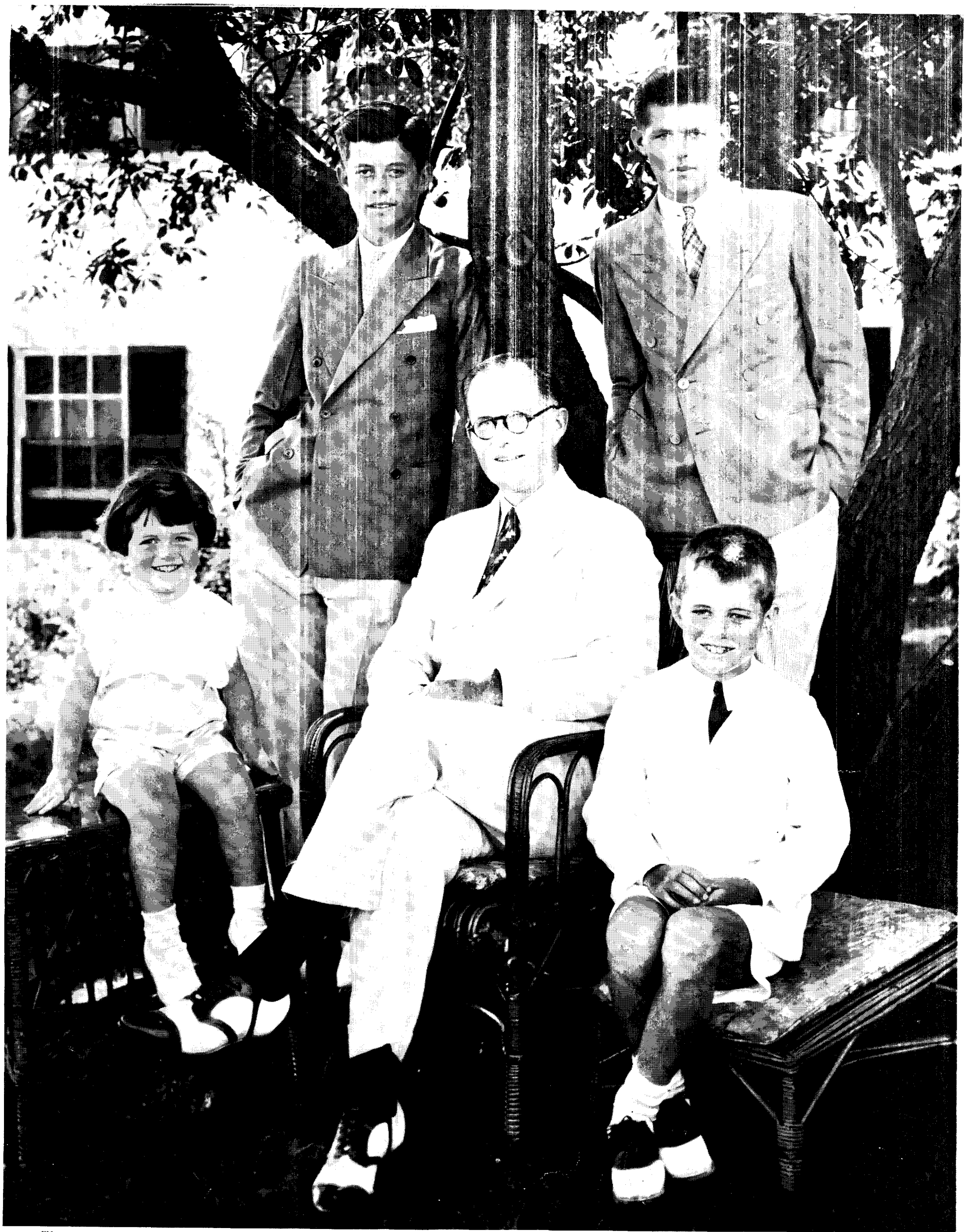

The men of the house: Teddy, Jack, Joe Jr. and Bobby with the Founding Father in front of the rambling frame house at Hyannis Port in summer of 1934.

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PART ONE

JOSEPH P. KENNEDY
A PROFILE IN POWER

The morning after election, Nov. 9, 1960, proud Joe poses with weary President-elect.

For Joe Kennedy, coming in second was just no good. The only important thing was to win.

By RICHARD J. WHALEN

Wealth, power, and the chance of greatness for his name have been the lifelong ambitions of Joseph Patrick Kennedy. The first two goals he achieved to an awesome degree. The last, which came fleetingly within his grasp, eluded him; but the sons he reared, enjoying advantages he provided, retrieved it. In a way that went deeper than ordinary parental pride, their success was his.

"From the beginning, Joe knew what he wanted—money and status for his family," said one who knew him intimately. "He had the progenitor's sense. What he did, he did with his children always in mind."

Himself the son of a determined man in whom the progenitor's sense was strong, Joe Kennedy stood between what the Kennedys had been and what they could become. He bore the indelible imprint of the time and place of his birth, and of the circumstances in which the Kennedys had started their climb in America.

His grandfather, Patrick Kennedy, was a tenant farmer who emigrated from destitute Ireland during the great potato famine of the mid-19th century, in which at least one million Irish peasants died between 1846 and 1849. In October, 1848, Patrick Kennedy left the thatch-roofed cottage where he had been born and followed the dirt track down to the seaport of New Ross. There he paid the equivalent of about $20 and took steerage passage aboard a packet ship bound for Boston. On their voyage to the New World, requiring six weeks or longer, the Irish suffered a subhuman existence almost equaling in horror the dread middle passage of the African slave trade. Indeed, the Negro, as valuable property, sometimes fared better than the Irishman, who was looked upon as worthless chaff.

Patrick Kennedy survived the hard crossing and stepped ashore on Noddle's Island, in East Boston. Like many of the new arrivals, he squeezed into one of the cheap boardinghouses huddled near the docks. He found work as a cooper, a thriving trade because most of the barrels held whiskey and saloons multiplied with the influx of Irish. Soon he met Bridget Murphy, an immigrant girl two years older than himself, and they were married. On January 8, 1858, a son was born and christened Patrick Joseph. Worn out at 35, Patrick Kennedy succumbed to cholera less than a year after his son was born. He died as poor as when he landed.

Young Patrick left school in his early teens and went to work as a stevedore on East Boston's busy waterfront. Fair-skinned, blue-eyed and well-muscled, "P.J.," as his friends called him, rebelled at slipping into his father's life of aimless drudgery. His urge to get ahead was practically his only resource. The Yankee-dominated commerce of Boston had no place for a poor Irish youth with little education. Newspaper advertisements often specified that only native Americans and Protestants need apply. Patrick Kennedy's opportunity to rise could come only within the immigrant community.

He learned of a saloon for sale in East Boston's Haymarket Square, and took it over on a shoestring. As the years passed, he expanded into retail and wholesale whiskey distribution, and became a partner in two other saloons. With his wide circle of acquaintances, the saloonkeeper came naturally to political influence. Politics, promising a frolic, a fight, and perhaps a steady job, drew spirited Irishmen like the skirl of bagpipes; they flocked into the Democratic Party, a tough band full of blarney and bold as brass. And Patrick Kennedy led the way.

He strengthened his grip on the precincts of East Boston by running a pocket-sized welfare state. The Irish, suspicious of the charity of outsiders, expected and honored help from their own kind. Winning a large and loyal following, Kennedy was elected to office by landslide majorities, first to the Massachusetts House of Representatives and then to the State Senate. But he disliked campaigning and had no appetite for office-holding. He saw that there was only one issue at stake in politics: Who shall get what? His concern was with the substance of power. He became a member of the Democratic machine's inner circle, and met with other local bosses in the Quincy House to dole out offices, jobs and favors.

With the fortunes of many improving, the Irish were inspired to invent such classifications for themselves as "shanty," for the luckless, and "lace curtain," for the up-and-coming. Patrick Kennedy had been courting pretty Mary Hickey, whose family stood a rung or two above the Kennedys; but Kennedy, a state representative at 28, clearly had only begun to climb. They were married in 1887. On September 6 of the following year, in a modest frame house on Meridian Street, their first child was born. He was named Joseph Patrick.

Joe was the first of four children born to the Kennedys. Another son died in infancy, and there were two daughters. By the depressed standard of East Boston, the Kennedys were affluent. But the absence of nagging concern with money, in the midst of poverty, only served to underscore for a perceptive youngster the usefulness of money, the lever by which a man could lift himself and his family. Patrick Kennedy prospered in steady, unspectacular fashion, investing the profits of saloon keeping and whiskey selling in a coal company and a pair of neighborhood banks that he helped organize. He also invested in a small way in real estate and took an occasional speculative flier in the stock of mining companies. The Kennedys soon moved up the hill to a four-story house on Webster Street, overlooking the harbor. Through his boyhood, Joe had before him the example of a determined man's ability to take the world as he found it and turn it to his own ends.

His boyhood in the quiet backwater of East Boston was untroubled and uneventful. He came through a bout with diphtheria and grew tall and solidly muscled, with a temper to match his red hair. Most of his friends came from poor families, and the pennies they could earn from odd jobs were needed at home. Patrick Kennedy watched with satisfaction as his son joined in the moneymaking scramble, not out of necessity but out of a desire to excel in competition with his peers. Joe sold newspapers, worked in a haberdasher's, ran errands at a bank, and even pocketed a few cents for lighting stoves and gaslights in the homes of Orthodox Jews on the Sabbath and holy days.

"The measure of a man's success in life," Joe Kennedy once remarked, "is not the money he's made. It's the kind of family he has raised. In that I've been mighty lucky." Luck had little to do with his success as a parent, which commanded the respect and admiration of even his bitter enemies. A decisive influence, probably, was the example of his own father. Pat Kennedy, like every good parent, showed keen interest in his son's development; in addition, he managed the rarer feat of conveying his interest to his son. Joe sensed his father's support and involvement in everything he did. Life, he came to understand, was a joint venture between one generation and the next.

Just as he moved his family away from the mud flats to the fine house on Webster Street, so Patrick Kennedy decided early to set his son apart from the run of fellow Irishmen. Joe was taken from parochial school and deliberately thrown into the company of the Protestants of the West Side and the Back Bay. He was enrolled at Boston Latin School, where the sons of New England's leading families had been educated since 1635. Boston Latin offered an avenue to acceptance, and the boy knew he was expected to compete for a place in the society that had been closed to his father. However, he did poorly in his studies, except for mathematics, and was forced to remain behind at Boston Latin for a year after his original class graduated. But it was no small accomplishment, as Kennedy later saw it, to stay in this fast intellectual company at all.

Excerpted from "The Founding Father: The Story of Joseph P. Kennedy," to be published by N.A.L.-WORLD. © 1964 by Richard J. Whalen.

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Joe Kennedy returned from his travels to a home filled with affection. He gave himself up to his family and within the circle of Kennedys his spirits were always restored. On this occasion, he gathered the whole family on their Hyannis Port lawn for a portrait. With the men of the house are the ladies. From left: Patricia, Kathleen, Rose, Rosemary, Jean, and Eunice.

The devoted family always gathered for important occasions. Here sons and daughters, and the men and women they married, celebrate Jack's election to the Presidency. From left, standing: Ethel S. Kennedy, Stephen Smith, Jean Smith, J.F.K., Bobby, Patricia Lawford, Sargent Shriver, Joan B. Kennedy, Peter Lawford. Seated: Eunice Shriver, Rose, Joe, Jackie, Teddy.

HIS MAIN INTEREST WAS IN MAKING THE GRADE SOCIALLY.

Joseph P. Kennedy

The tall, slim Kennedy made friends easily and was one of the most popular boys in his class. He became colonel of the cadet regiment and led it to victory in citywide drill competition. As a senior, he was elected president of the class. He played basketball, managed the football team, and was captain of the baseball team for two years.

Few Irishmen could afford to go to college in those days, and most of those who did went to the Jesuits of Boston College or Holy Cross. Though Patrick and Mary Kennedy were devout Catholics, they wanted something for their son that the Jesuits could not provide. Let the church frown and the neighbors gossip; Joe would enroll at Harvard.

Kennedy, by his own later account, did "all right" at Harvard. His main interest, as at Boston Latin, was in making the grade socially. Unlike others in the Irish minority, who commuted to Cambridge each day by trolley and took little part in college life, Kennedy lived in the Harvard Yard and made it a point to seek out and cultivate the leading undergraduates.

He was, of course, ineligible for the "best" clubs, such as Porcellian, A.D. and Fly, but then so were all but a relative handful of his classmates, those who had attended the "right" Episcopal prep schools. He was elected to Hasty Pudding, and had the distinction of being "Dicky," that is, one of the first 45 sophomores chosen. His final club was D.U., which he made unfashionably late, in his senior year.

Reasonably successful in his social ambitions, he faced a seemingly impassable obstacle to his romantic ambitions. While at Boston Latin School, he had dated dark-haired, vivacious Rose Fitzgerald, who attended Dorchester High and was voted Boston's prettiest high-school senior by her classmates. They had first met as children when John F. Fitzgerald, the irrepressible "Honey Fitz," had brought his daughter along on his visits to the Kennedy home in East Boston. The friendship between Pat Kennedy and Honey Fitz, the boss of the North End, was motivated by political rather than social considerations. Fitzgerald disapproved of his daughter's slowly blossoming romance with young Kennedy. His distaste for the idea of having him as a son-in-law was explained by the rising prestige of the Fitzgeralds in the Irish community. In the mayoralty contest of 1910, Fitzgerald had defeated James Jackson Storrow, a Yankee millionaire investment banker, and had gained new stature.

Emerging from Harvard in June, 1912, Joe Kennedy entered a provincial Boston, an awesomely self-satisfied city hardened in a mold the first families found perfect and meant to preserve against all change. The leading profession in this city of trust-encrusted wealth was banking, and Kennedy decided to make it his career. Using the influence of his father and others to hasten his appointment, he became a state bank examiner. The salary was unattractive ($1,500 a year) and the hours were long, but the year and a half he spent poring over other people's ledgers was richly rewarding.

In the fall of 1913 Kennedy's apprenticeship in banking ended abruptly when a wave of bank mergers threatened to engulf his family's interest in the Columbia Trust Company in East Boston, which Pat Kennedy had helped organize. At his father's urging, Kennedy rallied proxies and borrowed heavily to buy additional stock in order to retain control of the bank. The counterattack succeeded, and Kennedy, at 25, had himself elected president of Columbia Trust. Newspapers immediately hailed him as the youngest bank president in the country. Although the bank was small and obscure, his new title was impressive. As Kennedy had hoped, Mayor Fitzgerald was dazzled. A bank president, and the youngest one at that, was an eminently eligible suitor for his daughter. Not long after, the engagement of Rose Fitzgerald, the belle of Irish Boston, and Joseph Patrick Kennedy was announced.

They were married in October, 1914, at a nuptial mass celebrated by William Cardinal O'Connell. Two weeks later they moved into a gray frame house on Beals Street in a middle-class neighborhood in Brookline. The house had cost $6,500, and the bridegroom, already deep in debt as the result of buying Columbia Trust stock, went $2,000 deeper to make the down payment. Within a year the first Kennedy child, Joe Jr., would be born. Success, formerly a matter of pride with Kennedy, now was an urgent necessity.

Kennedy remained at the Columbia Trust Company, and engaged in modest real-estate speculation as a sideline, until early in 1917, when he went to nearby Quincy to become assistant general manager of Bethlehem Steel's booming Fore River shipyard. Under the spur of wartime urgency, he supervised a work force of 22,000 and earned what was then big money—$20,000 a year, plus handsome bonuses. With the collapse of shipbuilding at the end of the war, he nimbly moved into the stock market as office manager of the Boston-based brokerage firm of Hayden, Stone and Company. Although he suffered some early reverses in

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he market, he soon was making swift progress toward his goal of becoming a millionaire by the time he was 35.

The Kennedys soon were sufficiently prosperous, and numerous, to have outgrown the house on Beals Street. Before Joe Jr. was two years old, John Fitzgerald was born, on May 29, 1917. In September of the next year Rosemary arrived; and in 1920 Kathleen was born. The Kennedys moved to a 12-room house on Naples Road, in a more fashionable section of Brookline. In July, 1921, Eunice arrived. Fortunately, Rose did not have to cope with her growing family single-handed. In addition to domestic servants, she had a nurse and a governess to care for the children. Joe, in his infrequent free moments, willingly pushed a baby carriage.

Kennedy pursued wealth single-mindedly, but never as an end in itself. He made money as a means of uplifting his family. The Kennedy household centered on the mother. She was devoted, conscientious. Said a friend, "She would leave any party early to be home in time for a baby's feeding." She kept a card index on the children, recording when each child had measles and mumps (one side or both), whether their vaccinations "took," the results of each physical examination, and visits to the dentist. "On pleasant days," Rose has said, "I took the children for walks. I wheeled one in a baby carriage, and two or three toddled along with me. I made it a point each day to take them into church for a visit. I wanted them to form a habit of making God and religion a part of their daily lives, not something to be reserved for Sundays." Rose favored direct, old-fashioned discipline. "I used to have a ruler around, and paddled them occasionally, because when they're young that's all they understand."

While Rose saw to the children's catechism and paddling, Joe enforced a different kind of discipline, strongly reminiscent of his father's. The new Brookline neighborhood of large, tree-shaded residences was distinctly Yankee and Protestant. But the Kennedys were determined not to be outsiders. When the boys were old enough, they were enrolled at the Dexter School, six blocks away, where they may have been the only Catholic students.

If Joe and Jack were without Irish neighbors and schoolmates, they always had grandfather Honey Fitz, who was no longer mayor but had scarcely retired from politics. A frequent visitor, he took the boys to ride on the swan boats in the Public Garden or to the zoo at Franklin Park or to see the Red Sox play.

In 1922 Kennedy, then 34, decided to strike out on his own; he left the brokerage firm of Hayden, Stone and plunged into the speculative melee in Wall Street as a lone-wolf speculator. An investment in a chain of New England theaters led to his first major maneuver in the young but rapidly growing movie industry. In 1926 he headed a syndicate of New England businessmen who bought a faltering British-owned movie company, Film Booking Office of America, known in the industry as F.B.O., which included among its roster of stars "Red" Grange, Fred Thomson and Tom Mix.

Deeply committed in the stock market and the movies, Kennedy found Boston remote from his scene of operations. He also found its leading citizens stubbornly reluctant to recognize the rising millionaire in their midst as anyone but the son-in-law of Honey Fitz. The Kennedys, Joe believed, had earned recognition as something more than moneyed Irish. As in the leading Yankee families, the Kennedy wealth was intended to serve as the foundation of a secure social position. A trust fund—the first of three—was established, with Rose as trustee. Each of the seven youngsters, including the infants Patricia, born in 1924, and Robert, born the following year, shared equally, and would receive an income at the age of 21. At the age of 45 each child would receive a share of one half the principal of the trust fund. Eventually additions to this fund, and the creation of two others in 1936 and 1949, would earmark upward of $10 million for each of Kennedy's children. With the creation of the trust funds, Kennedy boasted to a friend, "I fixed it so that any of my children, financially speaking, could look me in the eye and tell me to go to hell." But what good was money if it could not be translated into social prestige?

In the spring of 1926 Kennedy packed his family and servants aboard a private railroad car and left Boston in grandly defiant style, bound for a new home in Riverdale, a pleasant residential section of The Bronx. Boston was "no place to bring up Catholic children," Kennedy later declared. Perhaps not, but neither was it a promising place to pursue his vaulting financial ambitions. "This city was a small, clear puddle," said a Boston banker. "New York was a big, muddy one, and that's what Joe wanted."

Kennedy's whirlwind movie career lasted only 32 months, but he scrambled to the top of three large companies and engineered the merger that created the giant Radio-Keith-Orpheum in October, 1928. He would emerge from Hollywood at least 30 pounds underweight—and perhaps five million dollars richer.

In Hollywood Kennedy's working day was seldom less than 14 hours. But the drive for wealth and position did not exhaust his restless energy. Somehow he made time in his busy round for a demanding sideline, guiding the fortunes of glamorous Gloria Swanson. When he first met her, he fell instantly under her spell. The queen of the films exerted an attraction that went beyond commonplace physical beauty. There were more beautiful women in the movies, but none possessed her silken grace and regal self-assurance. Adored by so many, she was accessible only to a select few. Dazzled and drawn by this radiant presence, Kennedy won entry to her circle, becoming banker, adviser and close friend. They were seen together frequently at parties and dinners in New York and California, their mutual admiration apparent to everyone.

The end of Kennedy's relationship with Miss Swanson was abrupt. "I questioned his judgment," she recalled. "He did not like to be questioned."

Off on prolonged trips to California, where he lived in a large rented house in Beverly Hills, he went weeks at a stretch without seeing Rose and the children, now numbering eight. Even the chore of house hunting for the perennially moving Kennedys fell to his aide-of-all-work, Eddie Moore, who was dispatched to scout suburban Westchester. A real-estate agent listened patiently as Moore outlined the needs and desires of the Kennedys. "Hell," he said, reaching into his files for another stack of floor plans, "Kennedy can't use a residence. He wants a hotel."

At length something suitable was found, and the family moved to an imposing brick Georgian mansion in Bronxville, surrounded by five acres of clipped lawns and gardens. This small estate, which cost close to a quarter of a million dollars, offered not only elegance but elbow room for the children. In the afternoon Joe Jr. and Jack brought friends from the Riverdale School, which they still attended as day students, to play baseball and football on the broad lawns. Sometimes a few schoolmates were invited to stay for a special treat: the latest movies in the Kennedys' basement projection room. Joe himself established a personal P.T.A., occasionally inviting his sons' teachers to the house for a chat and a movie show when he happened to be at home. The reports he heard on such

As U.S. Ambassador in London, Kennedy was a social success, a political embarrassment. Here he inspects bomb damage during the London blitz.

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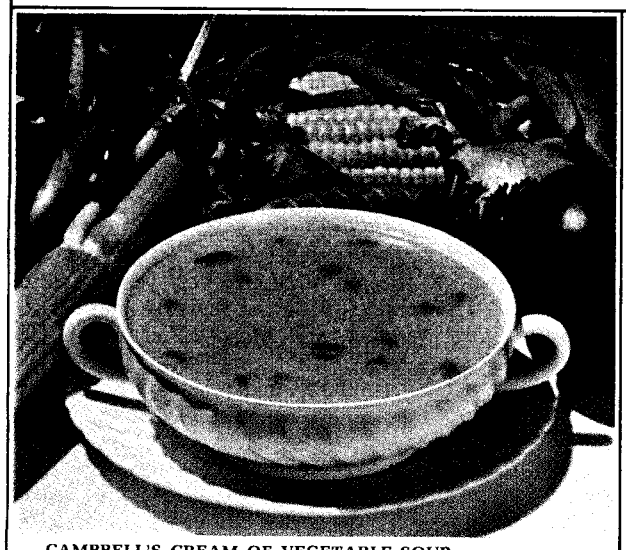
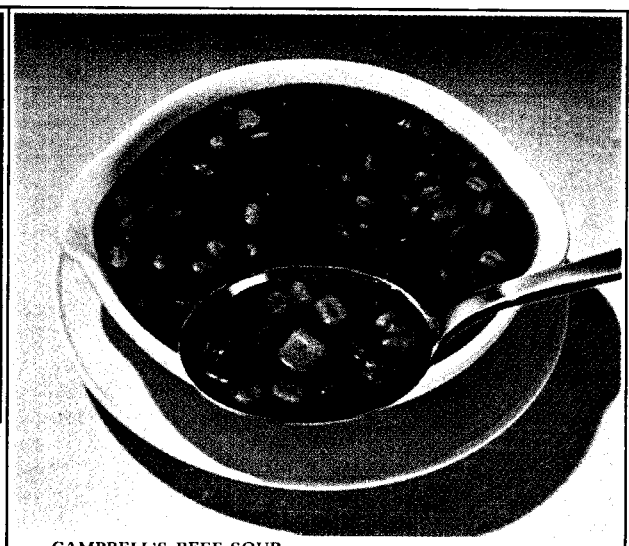
Today have a soup that's new to you from Campbell



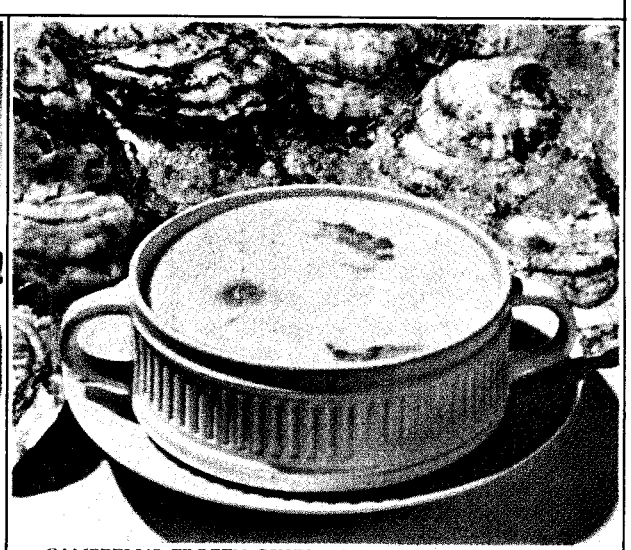
CAMPBELL'S CREAM OF VEGETABLE SOUP

A delicate soup that gives you 7 favorite garden vegetables in a velvety-smooth, cream-soup base.



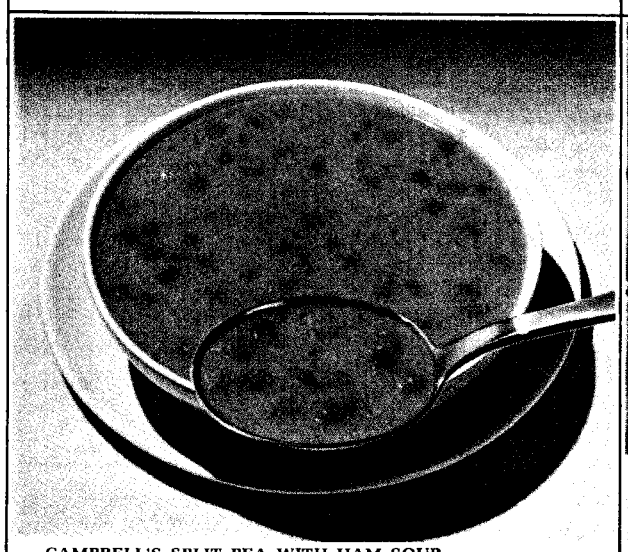
CAMPBELL'S BEEF SOUP

Hearty beef, barley and seven good vegetables in a beef broth seasoned to a real man's taste.



CAMPBELL'S FROZEN OYSTER STEW

A great oyster stew, frozen to keep its flavor fresh. (It's with your grocer's frozen foods.)

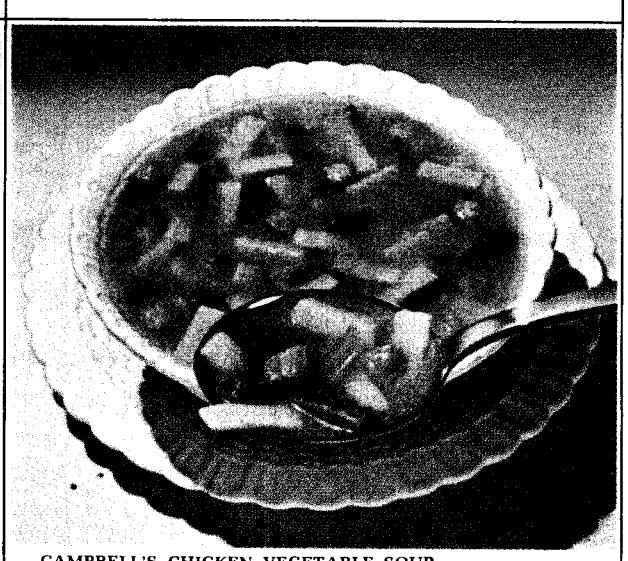


CAMPBELL'S SPLIT PEA WITH HAM SOUP

A hearty, homespun soup: tender split peas in a green-pea purée, with bits of smokehouse ham.

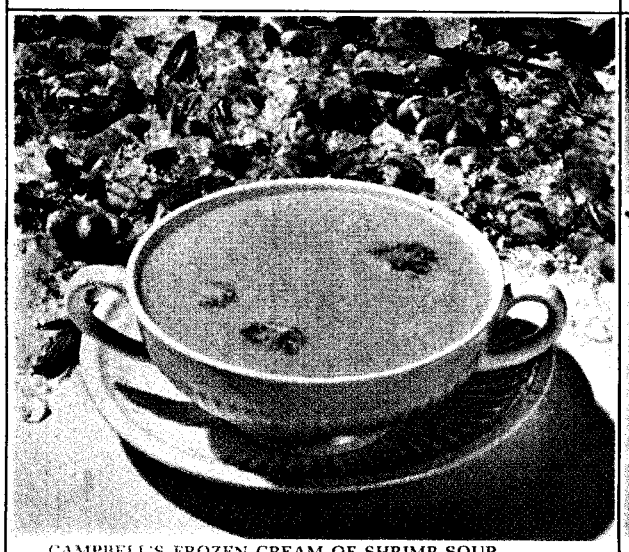
CAMPBELL'S ONION SOUP

A wonderful French-style soup, made with sweet onions, lean beef broth and cheese.



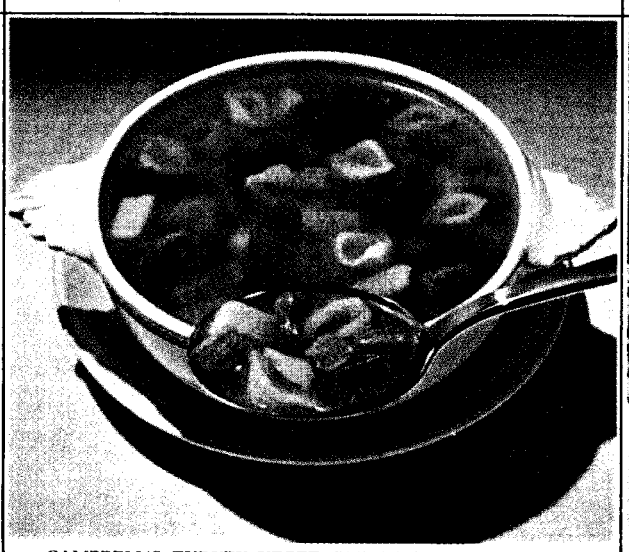
CAMPBELL'S CHICKEN VEGETABLE SOUP

Tender chicken, golden ribbon noodles and favorite vegetables in real chicken broth.



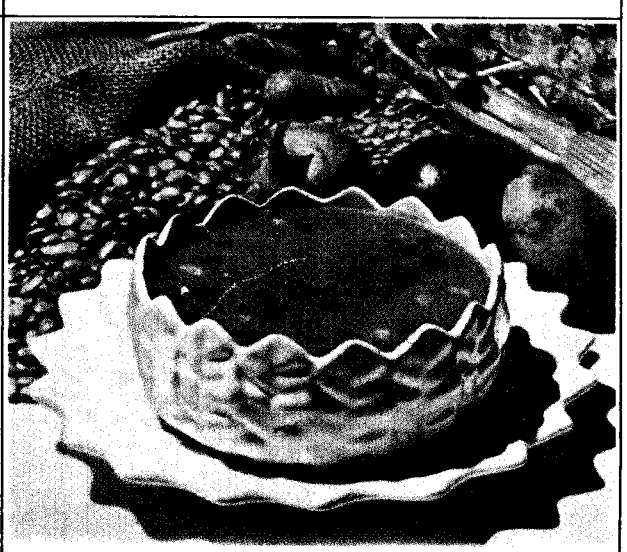
CAMPBELL'S FROZEN CREAM OF SHRIMP SOUP

A delicacy: tender shrimps in shrimp bisque with sauterne. (It's in your grocer's freezer.)



CAMPBELL'S TURKEY VEGETABLE SOUP

Day-after-Thanksgiving soup all year: holiday turkey, vegetables, macaroni, turkey broth.



CAMPBELL'S VEGETABLE BEAN SOUP

Hearty, he-man soup: California pink beans, 8 other garden vegetables, rich, beefy broth.

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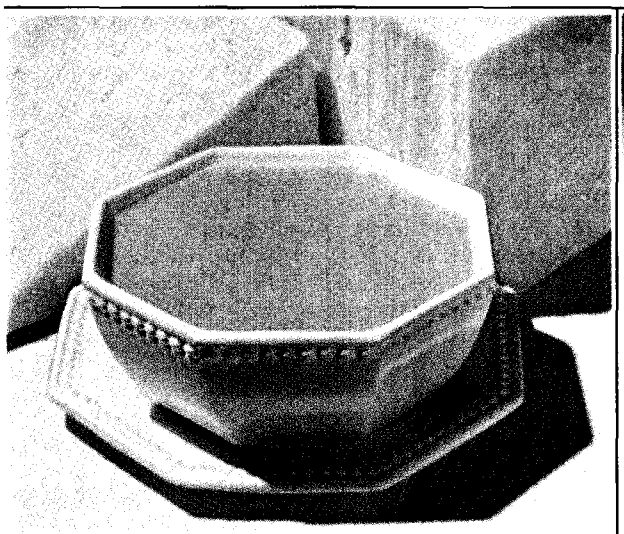
Half the fun of good eating is having something new. Here, Campbell selects 18 intriguing soups (from its list of more than 30) and invites you to find some kinds you haven't tried. Each could be the hot dish of a good lunch or supper. Any could get dinner off to a happy start. All could be new favorites with your family. They always eat better when you remember the soup.

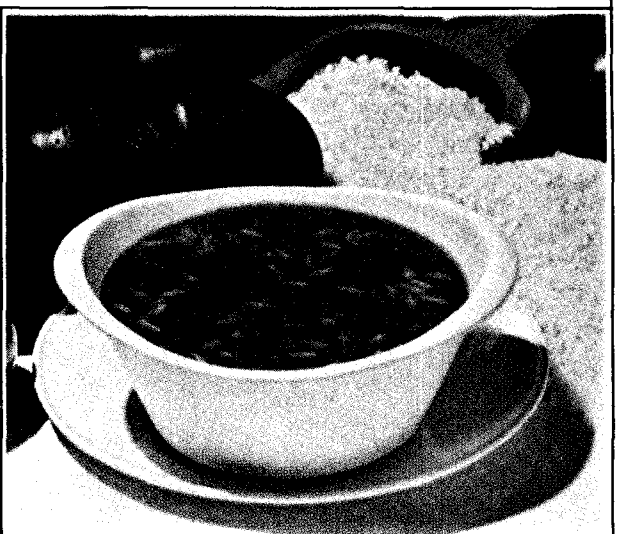


CAMPBELL'S CHEDDAR CHEESE SOUP

A creamy soup that makes a dreamy sauce; rich with the flavor of tangy, well-aged Cheddar.

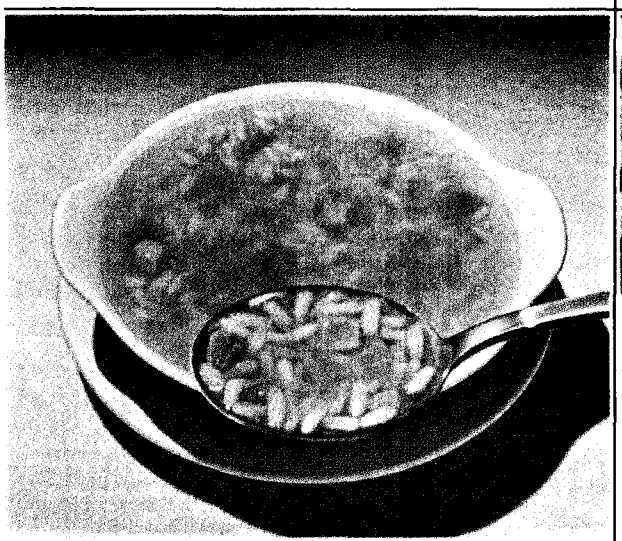
CAMPBELL'S VEGETARIAN VEGETABLE SOUP

A marvelous, meatless soup: fifteen garden vegetables in their own delicious broth.



CAMPBELL'S Old-fashioned TOMATO RICE SOUP

A bright soup that gives you pieces of tomato, garden vegetables and rice in tomato broth.

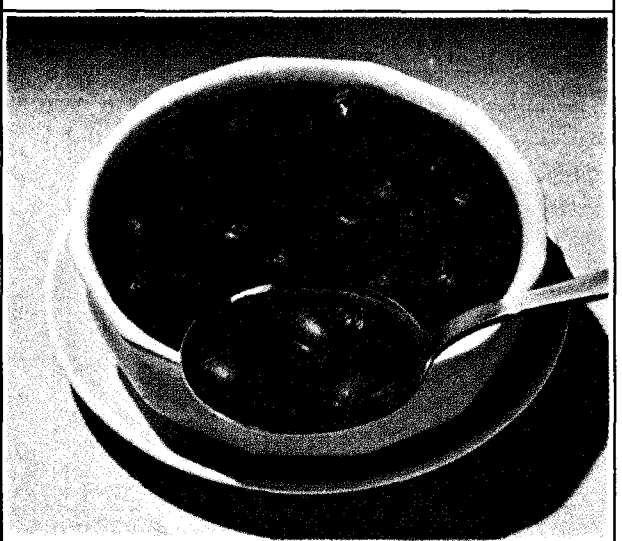


CAMPBELL'S CHICKEN WITH RICE SOUP

A gentle soup that gives you tender chicken and long-grain rice in delicious chicken broth.

CAMPBELL'S FROZEN CREAM OF POTATO SOUP

A real country-kitchen soup, often served as Vichyssoise. (It's in your grocer's freezer case.)

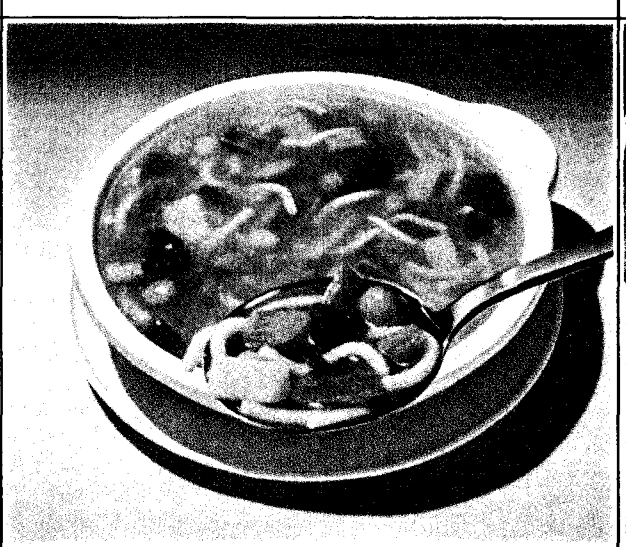


CAMPBELL'S CHILI BEEF SOUP

A hefty, hearty soup you'll enjoy: tender beans, lean beef and just a proper seasoning of chili.

CAMPBELL'S MANHATTAN CLAM CHOWDER

Four-minute clam chowder the New Yorker way, with tender clams, tomatoes and vegetables.



CAMPBELL'S MINESTRONE SOUP

Italian-style vegetable soup: 13 delicious vegetables in sturdy beef broth, with spaghettini.

CAMPBELL'S FROZEN NEW ENGLAND CLAM CHOWDER

Real down-East chowder: country milk, tender clams. (It's with your grocer's frozen foods.)

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The piece of facial tissue shown in this unretouched photograph was used to clean a Tar Gard. Smeared on the tissue are the hot tars and gluey soots that Tar Gard captured from a single pack of filter cigarettes.

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TAR GARD

JACK MAKES A SOLEMN APPEAL FOR FUNDS.

Joseph P. Kennedy

evenings were generally good: Joe Jr. was bright and willing; Jack, who did well in history, would one day learn to spell.

Life without father threw heavy responsibility on Rose. Quietly strong and self-sufficient, she bore up well. Joe's influence on the children grew as they grew older; in the early years Rose was the vivid, immediate presence in their lives. A friend detected her all-pervasive influence even in the inflection of their voices: "When Jack spoke, I could hear his mother's voice." Said this friend simply, "She's the one who put the family spirit in them." In her son Jack's eyes, Rose was the "glue" that held the Kennedys together. Although a nurse and a governess helped with the smaller children, Rose took her meals with the youngsters, read to them by the hour, led shopping and sight-seeing excursions, and faithfully heard their nightly prayers and their catechism lessons every Friday afternoon. Comforter and confidante, she was also the disciplinarian. "Hot water was my department," said Rose. "Business was Joe's department."

What her husband's business was, Rose could not have said. Not until almost two years after he acquired the Film Booking Office of America did Rose discover her husband was in the movie business; and she was never clear which companies he was connected with. The strictest taboo forbade discussion of money at the dinner table; in Joe's view, there was no need for such talk. There was enough money, and that was all that mattered. Still, as a matter of discipline, Rose kept the children's allowances small. Jack chafed under such character-building restriction and addressed a solemn appeal to his father.

"My recent allowance is 40¢," he wrote. "This I used for aeroplanes and other playthings of childhood but now I am a scout and I put away my childish things. Before I would spend 20¢ of my 40¢ allowance and in five minutes I would have empty pockets and nothing to gain and 20¢ to lose. When I am a scout I have to buy canteens, haversacks, blankets, searchliegs [*sic*] poncho things that will last for years and I can always use it while I can't use chocolate marshmallow sunday [*sic*] ice cream and so I put in my plea for a raise of thirty cents for me to buy schut [*sic*] things and pay my own way around."

There is no record that this pay-as-I-go proposal moved Joe to interfere in his wife's department. For young Jack, empty pockets was only one concern; an ever-present and formidable problem was his domineering older brother. Rose believed firmly in raising the first child well and setting him up as a model for the others. Joe Jr. early assumed a major role in the upbringing of his brothers and sisters. He was patient and gentle with the small ones, a good athlete who became their hero as he taught them to throw a ball, ride a bicycle and sail a boat. But with the slight, willowy Jack, the only rival for his throne, he was a severe taskmaster and a taunting bully. They fought frequently, the younger children cowering in terror upstairs as their brothers wrestled on the first floor. The fights usually ended with Jack pinned and humiliated.

Joe Kennedy was aware of these one-sided contests, but he did nothing. He said he would not step between the boys when they fought, so long as they fought together against outsiders.

Much moved in these years, the Kennedys did not set down real roots until 1928, when Joe bought a rambling white frame house in the Cape Cod village of Hyannis Port. The spacious house contained 15 rooms and nine baths, and proved easy to live in.

That first year Kennedy was too busy elsewhere to enjoy his new home, but thereafter it became his special domain, the place where family rather than business preoccupied him. During days filled with ceaseless activity, he shaped his children. Long before the much-publicized mass gambols on the playing fields of Hyannis, the Fourth-of-July softball games and the bruising touch-football scrimmages, he thrust each child into individual sports, such as swimming and sailing, believing these would best develop initiative and self-reliance. Firmly he implanted his conviction that playing the game was not as important as winning. Obediently Jack named his first sailboat *Victura*, explaining years later that it was a Latin word "meaning something about winning."

"Even when we were six and seven years old," Eunice recalled, "Daddy always entered us in public swimming races. . . . The thing he always kept telling us was that coming in second was just no good. The important thing was to win—don't come in second or third—that doesn't count—but win, win, win."

Winning, as a way of life, was of course an illusion. No one knew this better than Joe Kennedy. His eldest daughter, Rosemary, a sweet, attractive girl who resembled her mother, could not compete with her aggressive brothers and sisters. Shouts of win-win-win could not change what was tragically unalterable. She had been slower to crawl, slower to walk and speak than her two brothers. Concerned, Rose had taken her to several doctors, all of whom at first were reassuring: Rosemary would catch up later. But the truth soon wounded her parents in a way only a helpless mother and father can be hurt. Rosemary was mentally retarded.

To the suggestion that she be sent away to an institution, Joe reacted with fierce loyalty: "What can they do for her that her family can't do better? We will keep her at home." And so Rosemary stayed with the family. At Hyannis Port she was taken as crew in the sailboat races and glowed with happiness when she was in the winning boat. She sat, entranced, as Rose played the piano and sang to her in the evening. At the table she could not manage a knife, so her meat was served already cut. Everything that love could do was done for Rosemary. Yet nothing helped.

Joe Kennedy spoke proudly of his children to casual acquaintances, yet even good friends of the family did not know about Rosemary. Over the years the family devised all manner of stories and excuses to conceal her condition. When

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Kennedy finally disclosed the truth to a reporter in 1960, it was with a pathetic air of apology. "I used to think it was something to hide, something not to talk about," he said. "But then I learned that almost everyone I know has a relative or good friend who has the problem of a mentally retarded child somewhere in the family. You have no idea how widespread it is. I've won more hats and neckties betting people that they have that problem somewhere among their relatives or good friends."

Sensing the underlying weakness of the roaring bull market, Kennedy, in the winter of 1928–29, astutely converted his stock holdings into cash. "Only a fool holds out for the top dollar," he told a friend. He came through the crash with his fortune intact, and made important money selling short in the dismal aftermath. With the onset of the depression he feared a popular upheaval leading to a radical redistribution of wealth. As early as 1930 he swung behind New York's Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt, and supported his presidential candidacy by giving $25,000, loaning the Democratic Party $50,000 more, and raising an additional $100,000 among his friends. At the 1932 convention Kennedy was instrumental in William Randolph Hearst's decisive switch to Roosevelt. Seeking public prestige to adorn his wealth, Kennedy, after Roosevelt's election, accepted the chairmanship of the newly created Securities and Exchange Commission. Overcoming early liberal opposition, he won Wall Street's cooperation in a program of reform and went on to establish the SEC as one of the New Deal's most popular innovations.

Since 1933 the Kennedys had enjoyed three homes. In addition to the mansion in Bronxville and the house in Hyannis Port, there were now comfortable winter quarters on North Ocean Boulevard in Palm Beach.

Kennedy had no roots in a particular place; his roots were entirely in his family; and home was wherever they were. Home was a flashing ring of familiar smiles and a chorus of voices that for weeks of absence had come thinly over the long-distance telephone. Home also was where a blurred, vaguely mysterious figure came into focus.

To different people in different places, Kennedy in mid-career was known as a banker, a showman, a speculator and a New Dealer. In the 20th report of the Harvard Class of '12, published in 1932, he gave his occupation as "capitalist." This was a bare description for a man perpetually in motion, an entrepreneur who plunged into situations promising wealth and prestige, and pulled out quickly when the possibilities were exhausted. Within the tight circle of Kennedys, however, he came to rest, revealing that the only occupation to which he ever committed himself was fatherhood.

Joe Kennedy returned from distant points to a home filled with affection. "Years ago," Rose told an interviewer in the late '30's, "we decided that our children were going to be our best friends and that we never could see too much of them. Since we couldn't do both, it was better to bring up our family than to go out to dinners. The Kennedys are a self-contained unit. If any of us wants to sail or play golf or go walking or just talk, there's always a Kennedy eager to join in."

The Kennedy "unit" was completed in February, 1932, with the birth of the ninth child, a boy. He was named for Eddie Moore, his father's confidential secretary and the family's close friend. The arrival of Teddy caused adjustments. During the four years since the birth of Jean, the Kennedys had acquired a Wianno-class junior sailboat; there being eight children plus the parents, the craft was called *Tenovus*. Soon after Teddy's birth, Joe Kennedy bought another boat, which he christened *Onemore*.

As the '30's opened and the older boys rose into their teens, Kennedy assumed the major role in supervising their development. As a rule, Rose instantly accepted his judgments and decisions. An exception was the question of the children's schooling. She believed they should attend Catholic schools. Joe, like his own father, firmly believed in secular education, especially for his sons.

In discussing the matter years later, he slid over the disagreement. "Their mother insisted that the girls go to Catholic schools," he said. "I had other ideas for the boys' schooling. . . . I figured the boys could get all the religion they needed in church, and that it would be broadening for them to attend Protestant schools." A friend, himself a Catholic, reflected on Kennedy's course. "What Joe said, in effect, was, 'I'll send my girls to the Church to believe, my sons to the market place to know better.'"

He also sent his sons to complete the transition from East Boston that he began but never quite accomplished. Even after winning wealth and prominence, he remained sensitive to slights. When a Boston newspaper in the '30's referred to him as an "Irish-American," he roared in protest, "I was born here. My children were born here. What the hell do I have to do to be an American?"

For his oldest boy and favorite, young Joe, he chose Choate, an Episcopal preparatory school in Wallingford, Conn. But when Jack turned 13, he was enrolled at Canterbury, a Catholic prep school in New Milford, Conn., and the only Catholic school he ever attended. Perhaps this was the result of insistent pleas by his mother, or of the boy's wish to escape his overbearing older brother, or of a combination of motives. In any event, the sons were allowed to go their separate ways.

Canterbury required each student to write a weekly letter home. In his first letter Jack wrote, "Its [*sic*] a pretty good place but I was pretty home sick the first night." The atmosphere of the school was all that Rose could desire. ("We have chapel every morning and evening and I will be quite pius [*sic*] I guess when I get home.") His spelling was poor, as were his grades. When his Latin marks fell below passing, the school told the Kennedys what they well knew: "He can do better than this." Although Jack was lackadaisical and absentminded, he enjoyed reading. "We are reading Ivanhoe in English," Jack wrote to his father, "and though I may not be able to remember material things such as tickets, gloves and so on I can remember things like Ivanhoe and the last time we had an exam on it I got ninety-eight."

Young Joe had made a name for himself at Choate as an excellent student and varsity athlete. At Canterbury the tall, slightly built Jack went out for several sports and tried hard to match his brother's exploits, but he never succeeded in making the first team.

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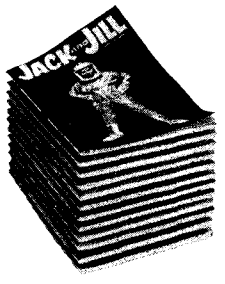

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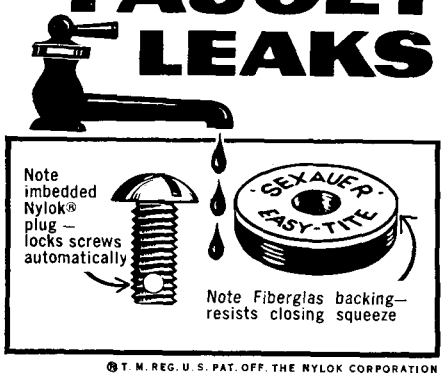
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HOW DRY I AM

IF YOU PRIZE IT... KRYLON-IZE IT

TO JACK HE WROTE, "I THINK YOU CAN BE A WORTHWHILE CITIZEN."

Joseph P. Kennedy

Just before the Easter recess in 1931, Jack woke in the middle of the night in severe pain; he was rushed from the dormitory for an emergency appendectomy that abruptly ended his stay at Canterbury. After a summer of convalescence he looked forward to returning to the school, but his father wanted his sons together in the school he had chosen. Jack reluctantly consented to join his brother at Choate.

Once more within the shadow of Joe Jr., who would win Choate's Harvard Trophy as the football player who best combined scholarship and sportsmanship, Jack had to be satisfied with reflected glory as a cheerleader. He seemed unwilling to apply himself to his schoolwork. "He is casual and disorderly in almost all of his organization projects," his housefather wrote to the Kennedys. "Jack studies at the last minute, keeps appointments late, has little sense of material values, and can seldom locate his possessions."

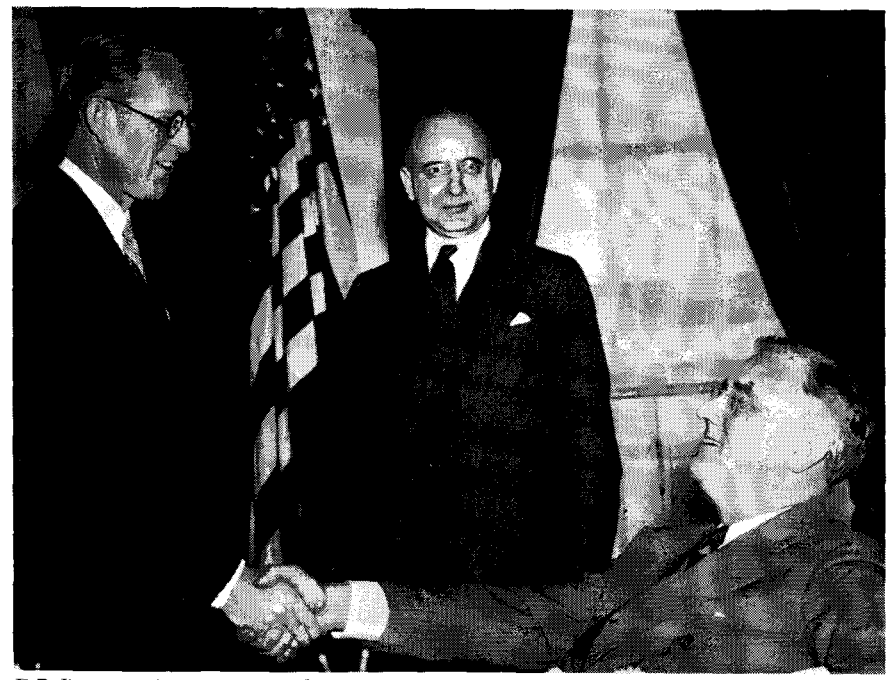
In letters to his son, Kennedy kept up a drumfire of criticism. But this pressure produced no results beyond a visible weakening of Jack's self-confidence. If Rose was sympathetic, she also was scrupulous about upholding standards, particularly the ones her husband wished enforced. In her deceptively quiet-spoken way, she was an equally strict disciplinarian. A friend of the family recalled being at lunch with Rose and several of the children at Hyannis Port. One of the girls remarked that she had seen a pretty coat in a Boston shop and asked if she might buy it. Jack cut in to observe sarcastically that she had a closetful of coats; why did she need another one? Rose put down her fork and turned to her son. "Leave the table and go to your room," she said. "Say one hundred times, 'I must learn to mind my own business.'" Jack went, and later came back downstairs to finish the meal in silence.

Kennedy dispassionately appraised the strengths and weaknesses of each of his children as though he were sizing up an all-important investment. Having gauged a child's potential, he relentlessly encouraged its fulfillment, keeping up a pressure for improved performance that stopped just short of each child's point of rebellion or dejection.

The theme he incessantly expounded was the importance of excelling. He defined success narrowly: Winning seemed an end in itself. When the boys raced on Nantucket Sound, he trailed them in his boat, noting every mistake for that evening's unsparing postmortem. Anyone whom he suspected of giving less than maximum effort was held up to scorn; the boy who slacked in a sailing race was sent in disgrace to eat in the kitchen.

"Now, Jack," he wrote, during Jack's senior year at Choate, "I don't want to give the impression that I am a nagger, for goodness knows I think that is the worst thing any parent can be. After long experience in sizing up people, I definitely know you have the goods and you can go a long way. Now aren't you foolish not to get all there is out of what God has given you?... After all, I would be lacking even as a friend if I did not urge you to take advantage of the qualities you have. It is very difficult to make up fundamentals that you have neglected when you were very young and that is why I am always urging you to do the best you can. I am not expecting too much and I will not be disappointed if you don't turn out to be a real genius, but I think you can be a really worthwhile citizen with good judgment and good understanding. . . ."

The world of business was never discussed in the household, and Joe Kennedy intended to keep it that way. As late as 1957, when *Fortune* published an article on America's great fortunes and placed Kennedy's above $250 million, his wife would ask, "Why didn't you tell me that we had all that money?" Discussion of money seemed pointless. "We never discussed money in the house, well, because money isn't important," he once declared. "It's just not an important enough matter to discuss. No point in it." Kennedy believed he had closed the subject by making all the money his family would ever need, and the young Kennedys reached maturity almost innocent of the meaning of money, as it is understood by those born without wealth. Bobby, when he was about 10, decided to sell magazines in Bronxville. He stayed at it for a few weeks, then began canvassing in the family's chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce. Finally the chauffeur delivered the magazines while Bobby stayed home in a room piled high with unsold copies. As grown men and women, the younger Kennedys still depend upon their father's staff of accountants to supervise their personal finances.



F.D.R. congratulates new ambassador to Court of St. James's as Justice Reed looks on.

Kennedy and Chamberlain at military display with Princess Victoria Helena in 1939.

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As they came of age, the children were told repeatedly that they had been freed of commonplace cares and given "advantages" only to fulfill the obligation of success imposed by their father. His exciting involvement in the Government, which had lifted him and all the Kennedys to prominence, made a deep impression on his eldest son. While still in his teens, Joe Jr. announced that he would pursue a career in politics, grandly declaring he would become the first Roman Catholic President of the United States. His father took this high-flown ambition in stride. The idea of a Kennedy in the White House had crossed his own mind.

After young Joe's graduation from Choate in 1933, his father suggested that he go to England for a year of study under the socialist Harold J. Laski, at the London School of Economics. Later he sent Jack too. It was unusual, to say the least, for a self-styled capitalist to send his sons to sit at the feet of a notoriously seductive radical. Laski, Kennedy later remarked, was "a nut and a crank. I disagreed with everything he wrote. We were black and white. But I never taught the boys to disapprove of someone just because I didn't like him. They heard enough from me, and I decided they should be exposed to someone of intelligence and vitality on the other side."

In the fall of 1935 Kennedy resigned from the SEC, but remained an intimate of Roosevelt. His tenure as overseer of the financial community had sent his prestige soaring, and his influence made him a sought-after corporate consultant. He drew up an ingenious plan of recapitalization for Radio Corporation of America (at a fee of $150,000), made a survey of Paramount Pictures' financial situation and delivered a scathing report (for $50,000), and worked as an adviser to the debt-ridden Hearst empire (at a salary of $10,000 a week). But business, however profitable, bored him, and he returned to politics, campaigning for Roosevelt's re-election in 1936.

During the summer, Kennedy was able to spend time with his family. At Hyannis Port Kennedy's gaze often fell on his son Jack, alert for signs of returning illness. Like his mother, the youth never would admit he was sick; Joe could tell only by looking closely. An attack of jaundice had cut short Jack's stay at the London School during the summer of 1935. Still shaky, he had returned to the U.S. and enrolled several weeks after the beginning of the semester at Princeton, the college he insisted on attending with friends from Choate; but at Christmas the jaundice flared up again, and he was forced to withdraw.

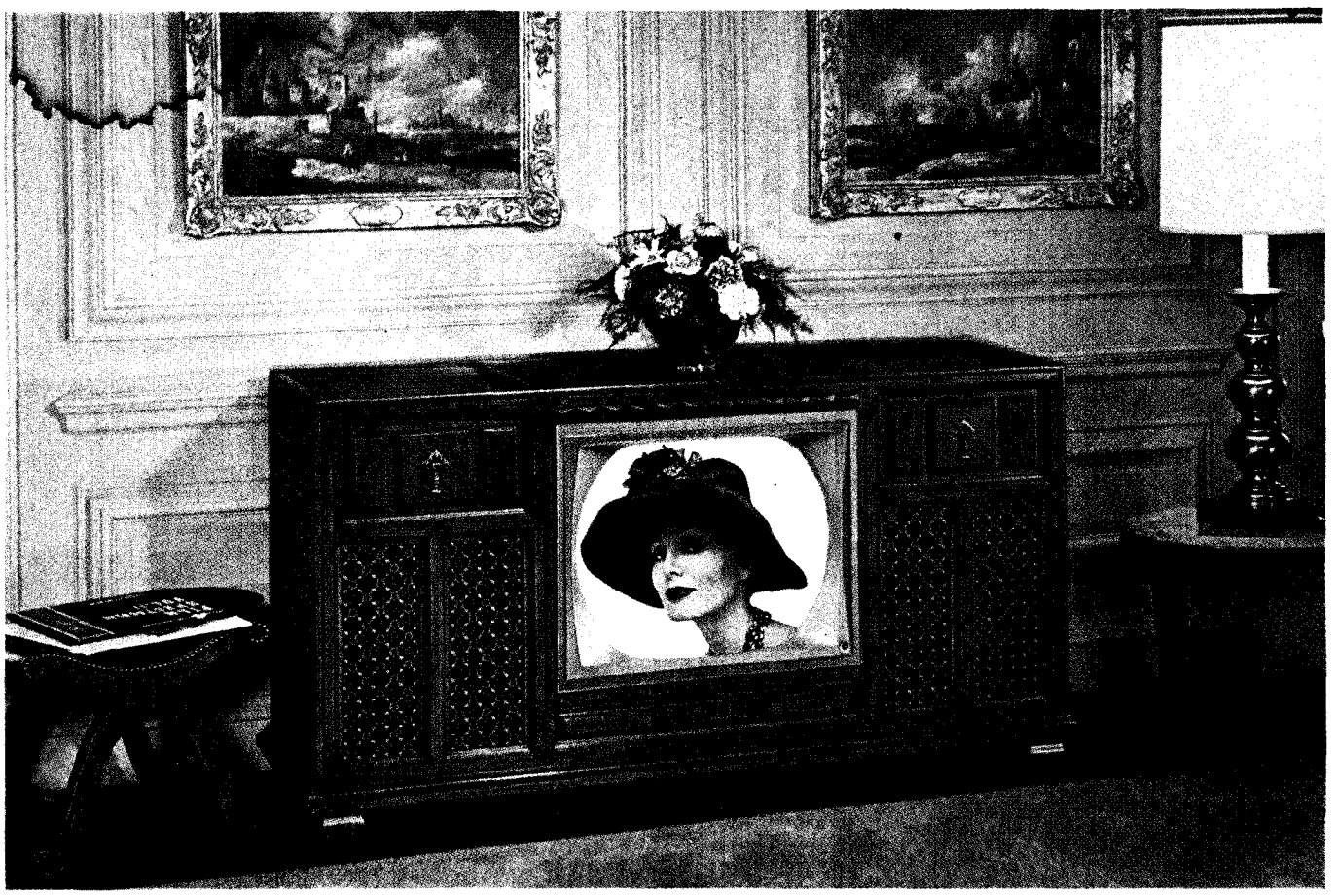
The choice of Princeton over his own alma mater had disappointed Joe Kennedy. During months of convalescence, Jack changed his plans. In the fall he would follow his father's and brother's footsteps and enroll as a freshman at Harvard.

In 1937 Kennedy left private business and returned to Washington to serve as chairman of the newly launched Maritime Commission, created to revitalize the failing U.S. merchant marine. Once again he earned Roosevelt's respect and gratitude with his hard work. In early 1938 the President bestowed on him a glittering reward: He was appointed U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, the first Irish Catholic ever so honored. Thrilled and grateful, he could not know that he was embarked on the darkest episode of his life, which would end in humiliation, defeat and eclipse for the name of Kennedy.

The palatial, 36-room London Embassy, the gift of J. P. Morgan, stood at Prince's Gate in Grosvenor Square. Most previous occupants, taking their cue from the surroundings, had tended to affect the manners of English gentlemen. Kennedy, choosing to be himself, received British reporters with his feet cocked up on his polished desk. "You can't expect me to develop into a statesman overnight," he said engagingly. His callers from Fleet Street blinked in amazement and hurried off to write admiring introductions of an American who was unconventional and refreshingly authentic.

A stroke of luck gave Kennedy's popularity a boost with the sports-loving British. Playing his first round of golf in England, on the Stoke Poges course in Buckinghamshire, he lofted an iron shot into the cup on the 128-yard second hole. Within hours the feat was front-page news all over the British Isles; when the publicity persisted, Kennedy fashioned a quip: "I am much happier being the father of nine children and making a hole in one than I would be as the father of one child making a hole in nine."

With the arrival in mid-March of Rose, accompanied by Teddy, Jean, Bobby, Patricia and Kathleen (Rosemary and Eunice followed shortly), Kennedy rode the crest of a tidal wave of publicity. A tabloid dubbed him "The U.S.A.'s nine-child envoy." In a radio-program



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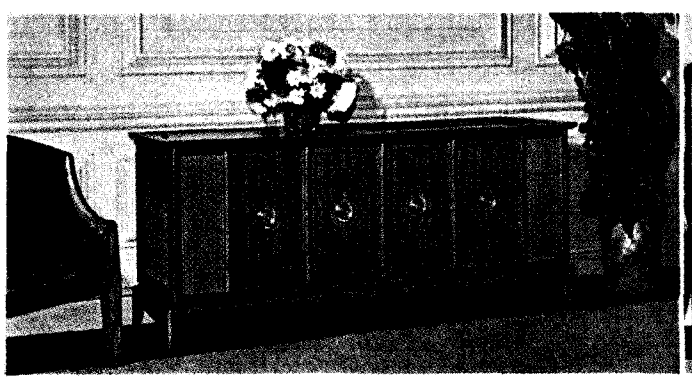

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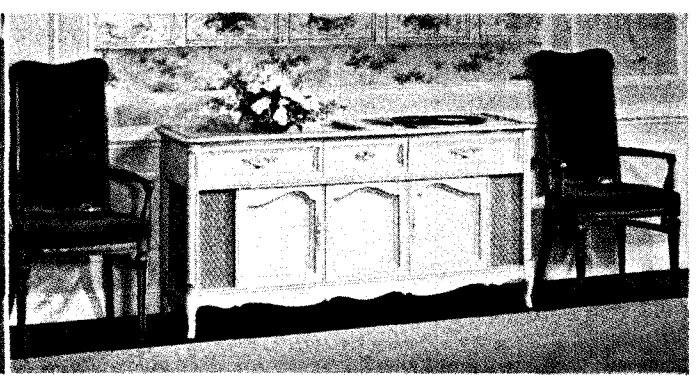

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ON "LITTLE JOE" RESTED THE FAMILY'S HOPES

Joseph P. Kennedy

routine he displaced George Washington as "the father of his country." The *Evening News*'s cartoon *Sights of London* depicted a motor bus outside the embassy, with the caption, "Mr. Kennedy takes his family to the theatre." It was reported that the ambassador had purchased seven horses so that the family might ride together. The *Daily Mail* noted six-year-old Teddy's wide-eyed wonder at hearing his father called "Your Excellency" ("Is that your new name, Daddy?"). Bobby, Jean and Teddy were enrolled in London schools; Eunice and Patricia entered the Sacred Heart convent school in Roehampton. Kathleen, nicknamed "Kick," a poised young lady of 18, had completed her studies and now assisted her mother as hostess at the embassy. Smiling out of the pages of newspapers and magazines, the Kennedys seemed a uniquely handsome, happy family, to whom only good things happened.

The parents kept up that appearance by keeping their sorrows, such as Rosemary's mental retardation, in the farthest corner of their hearts. She was now 19 and gave no sign of improving, but her father insisted that she stay with the family. The Kennedys watched attentively that no one outside the family learned of her condition; so determinedly did they push her along that Rosemary, with her mother and Kathleen, was presented at court.

Instantly popular with the British, Kennedy aroused suspicion and increasing antagonism at home because of his open sympathy with the appeasement policy of Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain. There were also persistent rumors that he hoped to use the ambassadorship as a steppingstone to the White House. In the spring of 1938 he returned briefly to the U.S. to mend political fences and to witness young Joe's graduation from Harvard. His spirits were high at the prospect of a reunion with his sons.

Now that they were grown, he saw little of his older boys for months at a time, but he remained as confident of their trust and affection as when they were youngsters. The wall of reserve that commonly separated the generations did not exist between the elder and younger Kennedys. One evening in 1937 Kennedy, who was then chairman of the Maritime Commission, had come to Harvard to give a talk at his sons' residence, Winthrop House. Joe Jr. and Jack arrived late, after everyone had begun eating, and they hesitated on entering the dining room. The housemaster saw them and said, "Go on, boys, say hello to your father." Without a trace of embarrassment, they stepped forward and embraced and kissed their father.

The gulf of two years between young Joe and Jack seemed to narrow at Harvard. While each had his own friends and interests, the brothers ate at least one meal together daily, usually dinner. Jack remained sharply aware of being outdone by his older brother and yearned to win distinction; but sickness and misfortune continued to plague him. When his father had first sailed to England, he lay ill with the flu in the Harvard infirmary. The illness intervened as he was attempting to gain a backstroke position on the varsity swimming team. A friend smuggled steaks and chocolate milk shakes into the infirmary, and Jack slipped out the back door late each afternoon to swim in the deserted pool, training for the trials in which the squad would be picked to oppose Yale. Still weak, he swam hard in the trials, but lost out. Afterward he wrote dejectedly to his mother, "It means a whole season has gone to waste."

His luck was no better on the football field. A lithe, agile end on the junior varsity, he hit the frozen turf hard during a scrimmage one day and was slow to rise. Although he waved away helping hands, he had suffered a severe back injury that would plague him throughout his adult life.

During his first two years at Harvard Jack tried so single-mindedly to prove himself in athletics that he neglected his academic work. He read a great deal, mostly history and biography, but his grades consistently fell short of his father's expectations and kept him on the defensive. His attitude began to mature during the summer of 1937, when he and an old Choate classmate, Les Billings, toured war-shadowed France and Italy and embattled Spain. Because of Billings' tight budget, they traveled on a shoestring. For the most part Jack met and talked with the people who rode railway coaches and stayed at side-street hotels. All at once a world he had only

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read about began to come into focus.

At Harvard that fall Jack, who had decided to major in government, gave promise of an awakened scholarly enthusiasm by writing a creditable thesis on the career of Congressman Bertrand H. Snell. This minor New York politician, the House Republican leader and an outspoken foe of the New Deal, was an odd choice for the son of a leading New Dealer. But the New Deal simply did not touch him. He explored Congressman Snell's career with the detached curiosity of a biologist dissecting a mildly unusual specimen. Politics engaged only his cool, analytical mind. Never would he lose himself in an emotional allegiance to a hero or a cause.

Emotionally as well as physically, young Joe was entirely different. "Little Joe" was his father's son, on whose broad shoulders the elder Kennedy rested his highest hopes for the family. The boy had an intense loyalty to his kin. Once, when a Harvard chum made an innocent wisecrack about Honey Fitz, young Joe leaped from his chair and took a swing at him. But his violent temper subsided as quickly as it flared. Warm and outgoing, Joe Jr. prepared for his career in politics by serving on the student council three years, winning the chairmanship in his senior year. Without seeming to be absorbed in his books, he did well enough in his prelaw courses to graduate *cum laude*. He also won the place on the varsity football team that his younger brother badly wanted. But during his three seasons on the team, he did not play against Yale and thus failed to win his letter. His last chance came in 1937, while the elder Kennedy sat in the grandstand. As the gun sounded, Kennedy exploded in anger. He kept up a stream of oaths as he stalked from his seat to the field, where he cornered coach Dick Harlow and berated him.

A few days after his return from America, Kennedy was awarded an honorary degree by the National University in Dublin. Young Joe accompanied him on what proved to be a sentimental journey to Ireland. Following rutted dirt roads and narrow country lanes, they visited the ancestral homes of the Kennedys. Kennedy's first glimpse of the little-changed land and humble cottages his grandparents had left stirred him deeply. He had not kept up with the relatives in Ireland; nor had he thought to visit them. In Boston he had ignored the Irish-American societies and bristled at the newspapers' attempt to make him a hyphenated American. But now that he walked the "ould sod," his Irishness came welling up.

Just before a state dinner in his honor at Dublin Castle, Kennedy said he was afraid to speak: He might burst into tears of joyful homecoming. He did not weep, and spoke with unusual eloquence of the lasting peace that had succeeded enmity between England and the land of his fathers. Kennedy's emotions betrayed the racial pride that influenced his thinking and behavior. When a friend once asked him why he did not get along with certain Englishmen, Kennedy offered a revealing preface to his reply. He could not forgive those who had been responsible for sending the infamous Black and Tans (the Royal Irish Constabulary) into rebellious Ireland during the '20's.

Following Chamberlain's surrender of Czechoslovakia to Hitler at Munich, appeasement, under the weight of Nazi deceit and mounting disillusionment in England and America, collapsed as a tenable policy. During the closing months of 1938 liberal criticism of Kennedy grew sharper, and he returned home for a visit.

In Florida he spent days in the sun, talking over the telephone at poolside to friends across the country. He saw his Palm Beach neighbor, Colonel McCormick of the Chicago *Tribune*, and others who assured him the U.S. was 100 percent in favor of isolation. He detected no ground swell against appeasement and saw no reason to apologize for his sympathy with the appeasers. Chatting with Walter Winchell in Florida, he gave him a "scoop" by acknowledging that he, Kennedy, had brought Colonel Lindbergh and the British together at the peak of the Czech crisis. It was implied that Lindbergh's estimate of the *Luftwaffe*'s awesome strength had influenced Chamberlain to yield at Munich. This ill-timed story furnished new ammunition to Kennedy's critics.

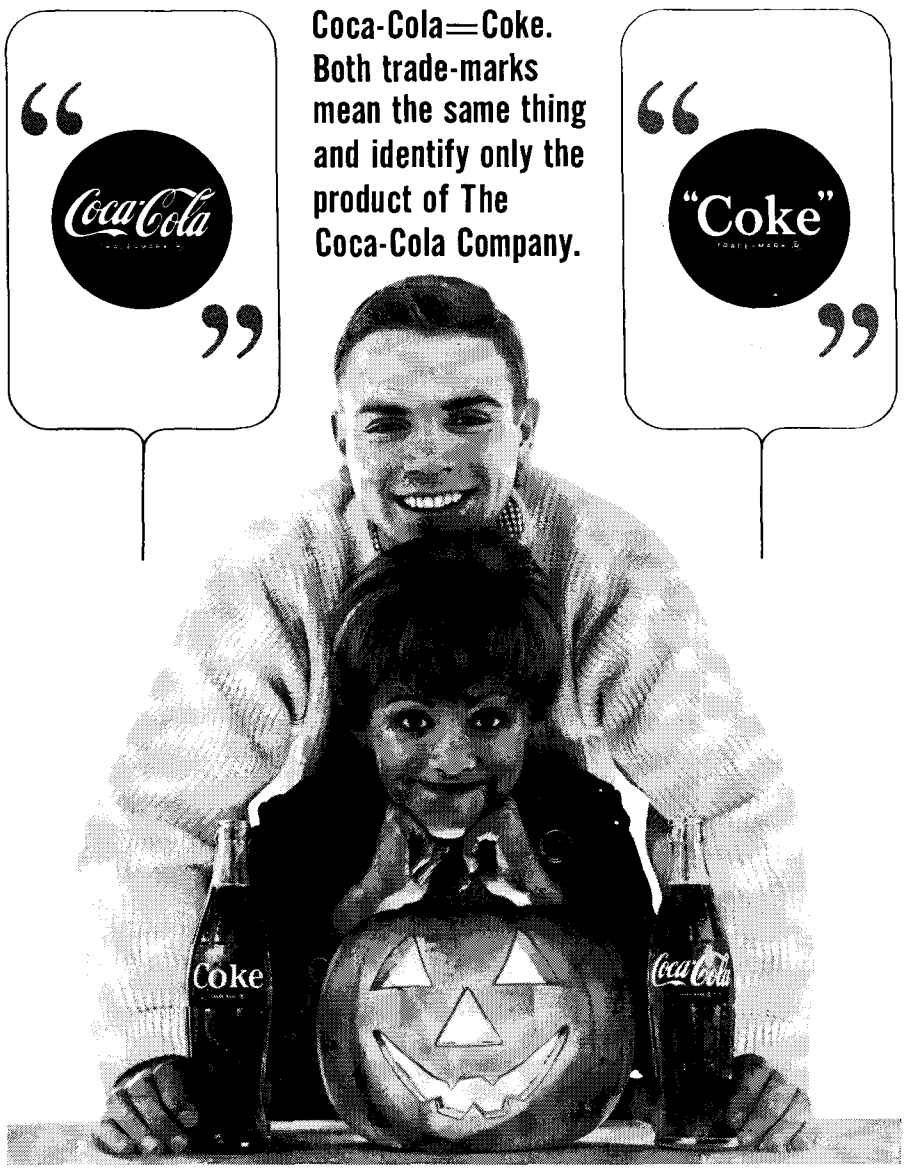
Of all the Kennedys, Rose probably liked England best. The ambassador's lady lived a richly satisfying life in London. She commanded attention wherever she went and moved among the lofty social circles toward which she had been pointed since girlhood. A trim and handsome matron, she went regularly to the exclusive salons of Paris to buy dresses and gowns in the latest styles for herself and her daughters. To her secret delight, she was told frequently (and truthfully) that she looked like the older sister of Rosemary and Kathleen.

Kathleen, or "Kick," the second-eldest daughter, was the belle of the American community in London. A gay, quick-witted girl of 18, she was escorted about town by a number of titled young Englishmen. One of them, whom she met at a garden party, was William John Robert Cavendish, the Marquess of Hartington and the heir of the Duke of Devonshire.

The younger girls were with the Sisters of the Sacred Heart; Bobby, too, was away at school. All had adjusted more or less smoothly to the family's status and the ways of a strange country. All except six-year-old Teddy, who came to his mother one day with a solemn request. Could he please punch a schoolmate named Cecil? Asked why, he explained, "Well, he's been hitting me every day, and you tell me I can't get into fights because Dad is the ambassador." The request was taken up at the dinner table, and after some discussion the ambassador gave Teddy permission to fight back without having to worry about causing an international incident.

Young Joe, taking a year off to see something of the world before entering Harvard Law School, roamed widely over Europe, having a succession of adventures that made him more than ever the hero of his younger brothers and sisters. His father arranged a temporary post for him at the U.S. Embassy in Paris. Immediately after the Munich pact was signed, Joe Jr. went to Czechoslovakia, carrying dispatches across the sealed border to the legation at Prague. He watched the final agonies of the betrayed Czech government, then moved on to Warsaw, Leningrad, Stockholm, Copenhagen and Berlin before returning to Paris.

With his eldest son performing so creditably, Kennedy decided Jack also should have a taste of diplomatic life. Jack had not yet settled on a career and might wish to enter the foreign service. A junior at Harvard, he readily agreed to his father's suggestion that he take a semester's leave of absence and make himself useful around the London and



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WHY BACK A LOSER? BE SMART. GO ALONG.

Joseph P. Kennedy

Paris embassies. During the spring and summer of 1939 the ambassador's son traveled through Europe, the Soviet Union, the Balkans, and Palestine. From each capital he faithfully mailed to his father a report of all he had seen and heard. For a 22-year-old American, it was a unique opportunity to look behind the scenes as the stage was set for the Second World War.

With the outbreak of the war in September, 1939, which destroyed the hopes of his friend Chamberlain, Kennedy found that his influence with the State Department and the White House steadily waned. His counsel was seldom heeded, or even sought. Friction on policy matters was constant. He wished to leave his post in London, but Roosevelt preferred to keep him abroad, safely remote from the U.S. political scene. The spring and early summer of 1940 brought a stunning succession of Allied reverses, arousing sympathy and apprehension in America.

Emotions ran high at Harvard, yet none of the vociferous antifascism around him seemed to rub off on Jack Kennedy. He took a detached view, strongly influenced by his father's isolationism. "Everyone here is still ready to fight till the last Englishman," he wrote to his father, "but most people have a fatalist attitude about America getting in before it is over—which is quite dangerous."

Now in his senior year, Jack was working harder than ever, doubling up on credits to recover the semester he had lost while he worked abroad. He wished to graduate with honors, and therefore applied himself to his senior thesis. With impressions of Europe fresh in mind, he chose to write on Appeasement at Munich. Through the winter and spring he spent long hours in the Widener Library, tackling with rising self-confidence his first piece of disciplined intellectual work. He drew on books, newspapers and magazines, as would any undergraduate; being the ambassador's son, he also received a stream of the latest data from London. Along with this research material came paternal advice and encouragement.

"Finished my thesis," Jack wrote exultantly in early spring. "It was only going to run about the average length, 70 pages, but finally ran to 150. Am sending you a copy. . . . I'll be interested to see what you think of it, as it represents more work than I've ever done in my life." There was some question as to who had inspired the thesis. The ambassador took a large share of the credit, telling a friend in London, "When I was in the States with Jack, and heard some professor talking about Munich, I realized they knew nothing about it. I said to Jack, 'You get down to it and tell them all about it.'" Many years afterward, however, Jack said the thesis had been his idea. "I wouldn't say my father got me interested in it. They were things that I saw for myself."

Actually it made little difference; the son's thesis was almost a carbon copy of his father's position. The young man excused Munich as inevitable because of Britain's delay in rearming, and defended the submission to Germany as a desirable means of buying time. He fixed the blame for Britain's unpreparedness on "underlying factors"—on foolish pacifism, on blind faith in the feeble League of Nations, on false economizing, on self-seeking by business and labor, on petty political partisanship—on almost everyone and everything except the men responsible for leading England.

His well-received thesis enabled Jack to graduate *cum laude*. Unable to attend the commencement with Rose and the rest of the family, his father wired congratulations: TWO THINGS I ALWAYS KNEW ABOUT YOU ONE THAT YOU ARE SMART TWO THAT YOU ARE A SWELL GUY LOVE DAD. He also sent a check. ("Thanks for the wonderful graduation present," wrote Jack. "It was nice of you to think of it and it will enable me to remain solvent.")

At the ambassador's request, Arthur Krock of *The New York Times* helped Jack get his thesis published. Krock advised him on the rewriting of the manuscript and recommended a title, *Why England Slept*, playing deliberately on the title of an earlier Churchill book, *While England Slept*. (Jack wrote to his father that he hoped Churchill wouldn't mind.)

Why England Slept sold surprisingly well: 80,000 copies in the U.S. and England. Reviewers generally praised the timely book; it hardly seemed possible that a 23-year-old undergraduate could have written such a measured, dispassionate study of such an emotionally charged subject. In addition to winning a certain fame, Jack earned about $40,000 in royalties—the first important money he had ever earned. He bought a Buick with his American royalties and donated the English royalties to the bombed town of Plymouth.

In the summer of 1940 Kennedy's eldest son underwent a political ordeal—and emerged with his principles and sense of duty intact. Young Joe, a student at Harvard Law School, had won a delegate's seat to the Democratic National Convention from the West End district of Boston. In the poor, solidly Democratic neighborhood, the son of Joe Kennedy and the grandson of Honey Fitz could have coasted to victory. But he campaigned hard, pumping hands and knocking on doors as though his family were unknown.

The Massachusetts delegation went to the convention pledged to vote for James A. Farley, the former national chairman of the Democratic Party. However, as the delegates streamed into Chicago Stadium, they quickly learned what most of them had long suspected: No one had a chance of winning the nomination except F.D.R., whose aim was a unanimous convention vote.

Every conceivable pressure was brought to bear on the anti-Roosevelt forces. The New Dealers pounded young Joe, reminding him of the honors his father owed to Roosevelt, professing dismay at his ingratitude, hinting heavy-handedly that his political career would be over before it began if he bucked the organization. Again and again he faced the question, Why back a loser? Be smart, was the advice; go along. Harassed, the young

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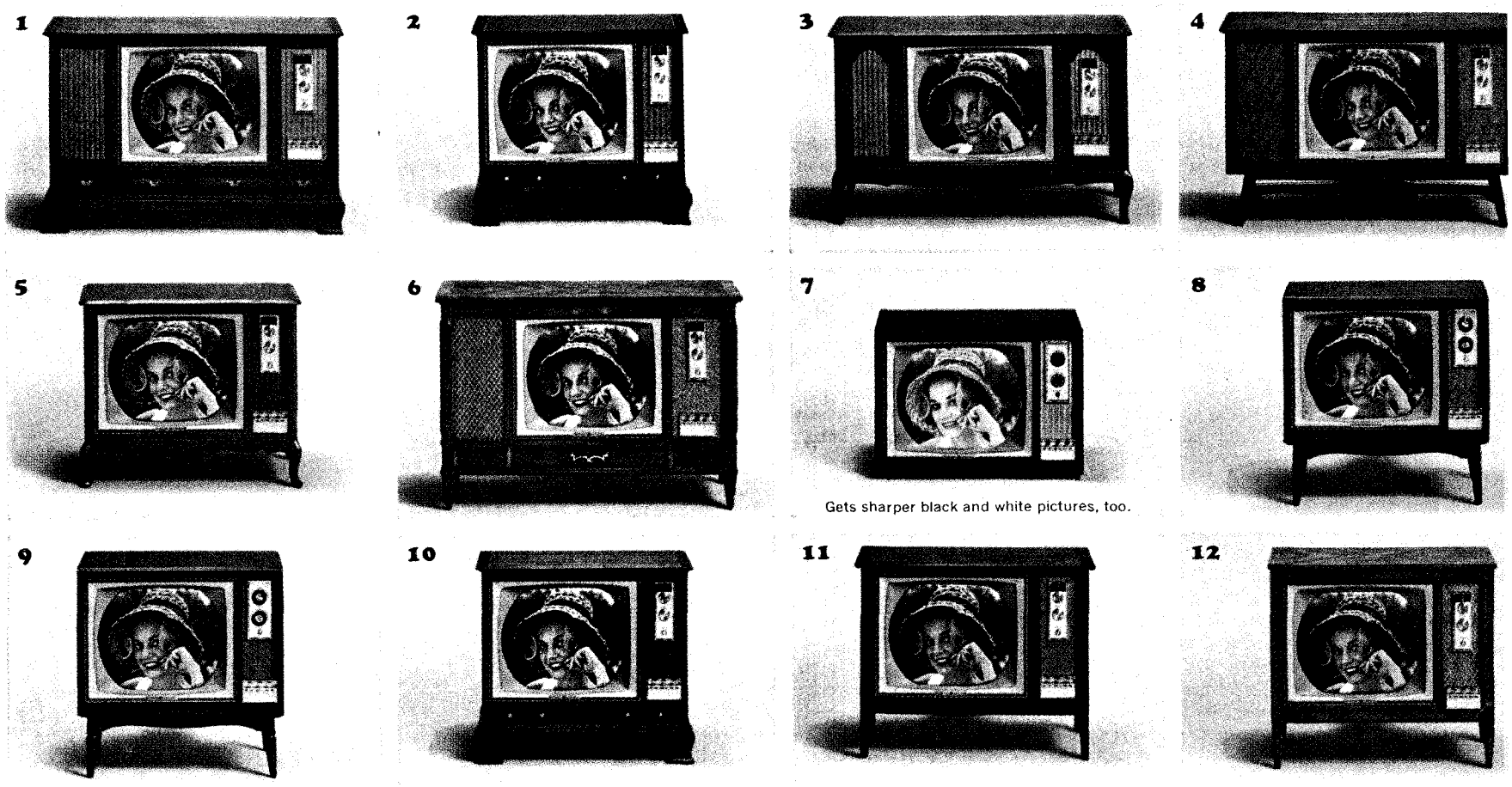

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delegate sought out the family's friend, Arthur Krock. Joe explained that there were no hidden strings on his pledge to Farley; that he had given his word. Sympathetically, Krock listened, then told him that Farley would understand and release him from the pledge if he wished. Young Joe said he would not ask. Instead he returned to the Massachusetts caucus, and each time the delegation was polled, a resolute young voice continued to call out "James A. Farley."

"I think Londoners felt that London now really was the center of the world, that it was good to be there, and still alive in the morning." So wrote a visitor to the city in late September, 1940. Kennedy felt differently. His thoughts were of a small private world far away, one from which he had been absent too long. As usual, Rose and the children had spent the summer in the house in Hyannis Port. At the annual Labor Day awards night of the yacht club, the Kennedys had scored a spectacular triumph, walking off with an even dozen silver cups, trays and clocks won in sailing competition. It was a special moment, one of many he had missed. The ambassador had had his fill of diplomacy and London and the Blitz. Weary of being chained to his post by an unending succession of crises, and angered more and more by Washington's dismissal of his advice, he had given up looking for an excuse to leave. He would simply go.

On the eve of the 1940 presidential election Kennedy made a dramatic and extremely effective radio speech supporting Roosevelt. Because of the ambassador's well-known opposition to the war and skepticism about Britain's ability to win it, and his determination to keep America out, his remarks carried special weight. Soon afterward, however, his bluntly outspoken isolationist views embarrassed the Administration and caused his estrangement from Roosevelt. Out of step with shifting public opinion, Kennedy resigned the ambassadorship and returned to private life.

Now he became a mere witness to the drama on the stage of power. He had lost his place among the small company who made the decisions that shaped the lives of men and nations. All that he had won was gone or slipping away. But there was some compensation: Kennedy, having lost so much, at last could afford to drop the mask of pretense and be himself.

The end of Kennedy's public career freed him to concentrate on the vocation of fatherhood. The pyramid of sibling precedence, established by Kennedy, had at its apex his eldest son, "Little Joe." "I think a lot depends on the oldest one, and how he turns out," the elder Kennedy once reflected. "The younger ones follow his example. If the oldest one is a playboy and spends all of his time at El Morocco, the other ones who come along are apt to follow his example and do the same thing. If the oldest one tries to set a good example, the other ones try to live up to it."

"Little Joe" had a zest for life and a powerful urge to win at everything. He loved to bet on a horse race, on a golf match, on the time it would take to hike a given distance—on anything. If his father ever disapproved of young Joe, it probably was in small matters, such as his son's liking for strong, black cigars. According to a friend, the elder Kennedy had practical, rather than moral, objections to smoking. "He couldn't understand why a man would spend money for something that wasn't going to do him any good." Promising a reward, Kennedy asked his children not to drink or smoke before they reached the age of 21. The honor system prevailed, and he handed each of them a check for $1,000 on his 21st birthday. Two of the boys refused the checks. One of them was Jack, who afterward confessed that he drank some beer at Harvard.

Following his graduation in June, 1940, Jack had informed his parents that he would attend Yale Law School—not Harvard, for he had had enough direct competition with young Joe. During the summer, however, he changed his mind about law and began to think about following his father into business. That fall he went to California and enrolled at Stanford University, taking graduate courses in business administration. But he soon discovered that business would not provide the fulfillment he was restlessly seeking. In February, 1941, he left Stanford after only a semester, and set out on a long tour of Latin America. When he returned home that spring, he learned that his older brother had made a decision, and in his drifting state, Jack was drawn to follow his example.

Like his father, young Joe combined isolationist beliefs with staunch advocacy of a powerful U.S. military establishment. Since October, 1940, America's youth had been registering for the draft under the new Selective Service Act. Although he was only a year away from graduation at Harvard Law School, Joe Jr. chose not to wait and be drafted; he volunteered for Navy aviation training. In mid-July, 1941, only days before his 26th birthday, he said good-bye to the family at Hyannis Port and reported for primary training to the Squantum Naval Air Station.

Jack, just turned 24, also decided to enlist—in the Army. However, the back injury he had suffered in the college football scrimmage three years before disqualified him. Next he tried the Navy recruiting office. Again he was rejected. Disappointed but too proud to admit inadequacy, he resolved to strengthen his back. For the next five months he exercised daily, as though the prize were a place on the varsity. In September he again took the Navy fitness test, and this time passed.

Much as he was concerned for their safety, Kennedy proudly watched his boys strike out on their own. He also was proud of Kathleen, now 21 and independent; she was working as a reporter on the Washington *Times-Herald.* But there was another leave-taking in 1941, one which caused him great anguish and left a permanent gap in the family circle.

In her 23rd year Rosemary was retrogressing, becoming more withdrawn, irritable and difficult to manage. Her memory and concentration and judgment were failing. Throughout her teens her parents, especially Rose, had had their hearts broken daily, for they had no satisfactory answers to her innocent questions. Why couldn't she take out a boat alone? Why did the boys at dancing school dance with her sisters and not with her? Why was she different? "My mother took [Rosemary] to psychologists and to dozens of doctors," Eunice Kennedy Shriver wrote years afterward. "All of them said her condition would not get

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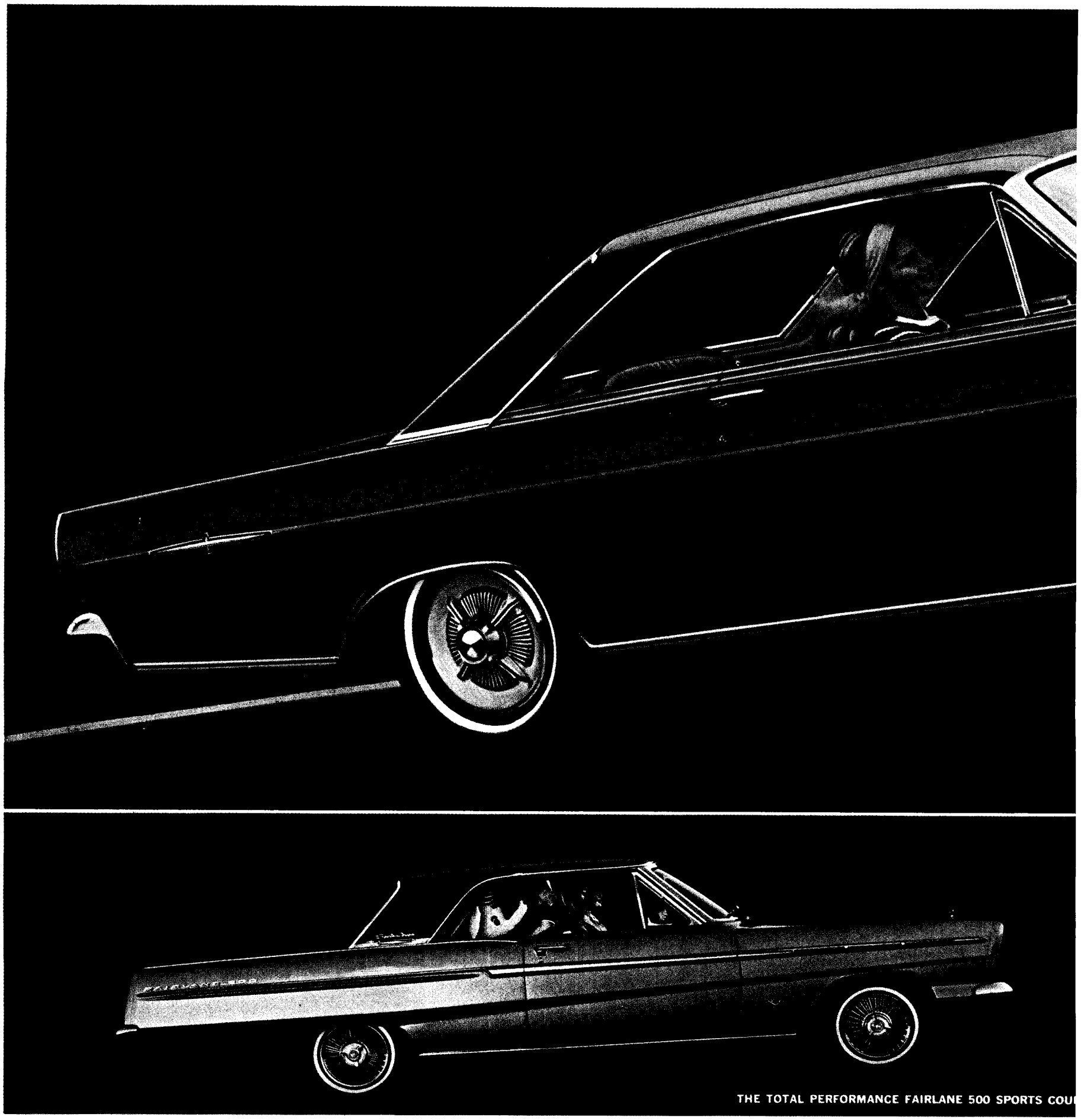

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HE PUT THE WIRE FROM THE NAVY DEPARTMENT IN HIS POCKET AND SAID NOTHING TO ROSE.

better and that she would be far happier in an institution, where competition was far less and where our numerous activities would not endanger her health."

Competition was the central fact of life within the Kennedy family. At last her parents accepted the fact that Rosemary could not compete. After much searching, they selected St. Coletta's School, a well-run Catholic institution in Jefferson, Wis., and sent their daughter there.

After Jack Kennedy was commissioned, the Navy assigned him to a job it deemed appropriate for a best-selling author. He was put to work in intelligence, helping to prepare a news digest for the Navy chief of staff in Washington. After Pearl Harbor he applied for sea duty, but as the months passed, it appeared he would spend the war behind a desk. Finally he asked his father's help. The elder Kennedy knew Under Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal. With a push from the top, Jack at last was headed toward the sea. He was assigned to a Motor Torpedo Boat squadron, and early in 1943 he shipped out of San Francisco for the South Pacific.

For the young men who fought, the war was the decisive event of their lives. This was especially true of Jack Kennedy. The depression was something he had asked his father about in a letter from prep school; the New Deal had gone by almost unnoticed; the war in Europe was the subject of an academic exercise. Never had he been thrown entirely on his own resources in an exacting situation.

But on the night of August 2, 1943, as PT-109 patrolled the dark waters of Blackett Strait west of New Georgia in the Solomon Islands, Jack Kennedy's ordeal of self-discovery began. Afterward the tale would be told and retold in magazines, books and a film: His boat was rammed and shattered by the Japanese destroyer *Amagiri;* he and the 10 other survivors escaped the flaming hulk and, after 15 hours in the water, took refuge on a tiny island in enemy-held territory. The young skipper heroically led his men through four days and nights, until, as hope was ebbing, a message he carved on a coconut shell and gave to friendly natives brought rescue for all hands. With this harrowing adventure, Jack Kennedy, for the first time in his life, performed a deed of supreme importance unaided by his father or his family.

When Joe Kennedy received the wire from the Navy Department informing him that Lt. (j.g.) John F. Kennedy was missing in action, he put it into his pocket and said nothing to Rose and the children. He clung to the small ray of hope in the word "missing." Four days later his prayers were answered. Rose heard the news on the radio and came running to her husband. "They say Jack's been saved," she said. "Saved from what?" He shrugged and said, "Oh, nothing." To his son in the South Pacific he sent a simple message: "Thank God for your deliverance!"

Young Joe, meanwhile, went through flight training at the Naval Air Station in Jacksonville, Fla., where he was named the outstanding cadet in his class. In 1942 he received his ensign's commission and pilot's wings from his father in a special ceremony. But it was not until September, 1943, that he left for England and the U.S. Fairwing Seven Squadron, the first U.S. outfit to be attached to the R.A.F. Coastal Command. During the winter of 1943 he flew Liberator bombers on around-the-clock antisubmarine patrols over the channel and the North Sea.

On his furloughs Joe often visited his sister, Kathleen. Earlier that year she had given up her newspaper job in Washington and had come to London as an American Red Cross worker. "Kick" provided coffee and doughnuts and morale-boosting conversation to servicemen at the Hans Crescent Club in Knightsbridge. It was there that she again met the Marquess of Hartington, the handsome "Billy" Hartington who had been one of her favorite escorts in prewar days. Now he wore the uniform of an officer of the Coldstream Guards. A romance quickly blossomed, and they became engaged.

It was a star-crossed match, made in the face of strong disapproval from both families. For the Cavendishes, one of England's oldest titled families, were militantly Protestant. Billy's father, the 10th Duke of Devonshire, was head of the Freemasons. The Kennedys were no less staunchly Catholic, and Kathleen, who had been educated by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, was devoutly religious. She could not be married in the Church of England, for that would mean her excommunication. Nor would Hartington consent to raise their children as Catholics, an agreement which would have enabled her to obtain a dispensation permitting their marriage before a Catholic priest. In the end, tormented by doubt and guilt, she reluctantly agreed to a civil ceremony, which in the eyes of her church was not a valid marriage.

Early in May, 1944, Kathleen became the Marchioness of Hartington in a brief ceremony in the Chelsea Registry Office. Young Joe gave his sister away, and his smile in the wedding picture reflected her happiness. The young couple received the blessing of Billy's parents, but there was no word from the Kennedys.

The marriage caused a crisis within the family. Kennedy, of course, was pained by his daughter's decision to marry outside the church, but he never thought of forbidding it. He respected Kick's right to live her life as the individual he had reared her to be. Among the children, however, strong objections came from Bobby and Eunice, both of whom had considered entering the religious life. Rose Kennedy was desolate. She was ill at the time and bedridden in Boston's St. Elizabeth's Hospital. At her request, the nuns in several convents offered special prayers.

The newlyweds moved into an apartment in the Westminster section of London, but they had only a little more than a month together before Hartington joined his Guards regiment for the invasion of France. Kathleen returned to America, planning to stay with her family for the duration of the war.

In July, 1944, young Joe had completed two tours of duty and had received orders to return home. Instead, he volunteered for an extremely dangerous mission. A PB4Y Liberator was to be loaded with 22,000 pounds of high explosives and flown to within striking distance of the heavily fortified Nazi submarine pens on the Belgian coast; then the two pilots would parachute into the channel and escorting planes would guide the flying bomb by remote control to its target. It was a desperate plan, but the pens were seemingly invulnerable to ordinary attack.

Young Joe, who had just celebrated his 29th birthday, and his copilot, Lt. Wilford J. Willy, of Fort Worth, Tex., a 35-year-old Navy regular with three children, succeeded in getting their explosive-laden plane off the ground and on course above the channel. Just before they were to parachute, the plane exploded and disintegrated. Neither of the bodies was recovered.

On August 2, the anniversary of the sinking of PT-109, the Kennedys were together at Hyannis Port. The war was over for Jack. Gaunt and weak, he was a patient at the Chelsea Naval Hospital, but was able to come home on weekends. The newly wed Kathleen had just come from England. And the rest of the children, Eunice and Pat and Jean and Bobby and Teddy, were around and about the house, constantly coming and going in the familiar summer routine. Only young Joe was absent, but he, too, was expected soon to be returning to the States.

"Ask Rose about that one"

Joe Kennedy was with Rose and the children when word came that two priests wished to speak with him. Such callers may have caused a shadow of foreboding to fall across his mind. But he could not have anticipated the blow he was to receive, a blow so terrible in its impact that he never would be quite the same person again. For in the few moments it took the priests to deliver their sad message, Joe Kennedy was a man suddenly diminished, bereft of the portion of life he had lived in and for his beloved first son. When he returned to the family, his face was ashen. He spoke only a few words, then went upstairs to his room and locked the door. Few outside the family ever would know Joe Kennedy's grief. For several months after his son's death, he spent hours each day sitting alone and listening to recordings of symphony music. He withdrew into himself and avoided people. Late in 1944 a Harvard classmate saw Kennedy and was shocked by his emotional state. "Joe was in wretched shape; he could not reconcile himself to the loss."

Nor would the passage of time ease his anguish. Thirteen years later Hearst columnist Bob Considine, then preparing a series of articles on the family, asked Kennedy to give him thumbnail sketches of his children. Sitting in the sunshine on the terrace of his sea-front home, the host happily complied, ticking off the children and their accomplishments. All but one of them. When Considine prompted him on the one he had omitted, Kennedy's composure shattered. At the mention of his dead son's name, he dropped his head, and tears rolled down his cheeks. Finally he gestured toward Rose. "Ask her about that one," said Kennedy. "She can talk about him. I can't."

Following his brother's death, 19-year-old Bobby took his place by enlisting in the Navy; he left Officers' Training School to serve as an able-bodied seaman aboard the *USS Joseph P. Kennedy Jr.* After the war the family established a lasting memorial, the Joseph P. Kennedy Jr. Foundation which, because of Rosemary's misfortune, has concentrated its philanthropy in the field of mental retardation, donating about a million and a half dollars annually to homes, hospitals and research institutions.

At Hyannis Port on September 10 of the same year, Kathleen received a message from the British War Office. Her husband had been killed in action. In a plane provided by the British government she flew at once to be with the parents of the husband she had scarcely known; they embraced her as a daughter. Thereafter Kathleen remained in England, and made a long spiritual retreat. In a letter to a friend some time after her husband's death, she expressed the resignation born of the faith that had sustained her. "I guess God has taken care of the problem in His own way, hasn't He?"

In 1944 the Duchess of Devonshire wrote a letter to Rose Kennedy that began, "I want to tell you of the joy that Kathleen brought into my son's life. . . ." For four years Kathleen separated herself from her family, becoming more a Cavendish than a Kennedy. Then, early in May, 1948, Kathleen and her father, who was in Paris, made plans to vacation together on the Riviera. A friend in London, Earl Fitzwilliam, a wealthy 38-year-old peer, was flying to Cannes and invited her to join him aboard his small chartered plane. Flying at night in rain and fog, the plane smashed into the side of a peak in the mountains of Ardèche. Kathleen, Fitzwilliam and the two crew members were killed instantly.

Joe Kennedy flew from Paris to Lyon, then hurried to the small village of Privas, in the Rhone Valley. Grief-stricken, he watched as his beloved Kick's body was brought down from the mountainside in a peasant's cart. Kathleen was buried, next to her husband, in the cemetery at Chatsworth, Derbyshire.

In 1945, if anyone had dared ask his opinion, Kennedy probably would have conceded, sadly but with unsparing realism, that his name was not widely known in America. Yet his name, Kennedy often said, was the greatest part of his legacy to his children. Despite his millions, he could not by himself restore their depleted inheritance. If the name of Kennedy was to regain prominence, it would be through the rising generation, for whom time and opportunity were plentiful.

It was evident to him that politics alone gave access to the power on which lasting fame could be founded. This was a demanding route; regardless of his determination and the thrust of his massed dollars, he himself could not make the journey. But Kennedy had reared sons who were capable of seizing the advantages he provided. His would be the driving will, theirs the legs that would go the distance.

Next week: The behind-the-scenes story of the Kennedys' rise to political eminence, and of the tragedy that befell them.

Grandchildren Kathleen and Joe III greet Joe at West Palm Beach, Christmas, 1960.

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FORD MOTOR COMPANY ANNOUNCES:

AN ENTIRELY NEW MERCURY FOR 1965... NOW IN THE LINCOLN CONTINENTAL TRADITION

For 1965, Mercury becomes a remarkably different automobile.

As you can see at the right, this car is not a "face lift." Nor an ordinary "change-over." It's an entirely new Mercury.

Introductions of automobiles this new don't happen very often. But Ford Motor Company is proud to have brought you a number of them. The Thunderbird, for example. The Lincoln Continental. And, most recently, the Mustang.

NEW CONCEPT

Our concept for the 1965 Mercury is new and very simple. It's this. That many more car buyers now want a car that is just a step away in luxury from the high-price field, rather than a small step up from the low-price field.

With this in mind, we asked our Lincoln-Mercury Division to draw heavily on its experience with the Lincoln Continental.

The result is a truly magnificent Mercury. In every important respect, it accurately reflects the Lincoln Continental tradition, the Lincoln Continental way of doing things.

NEW, FINER VALUES

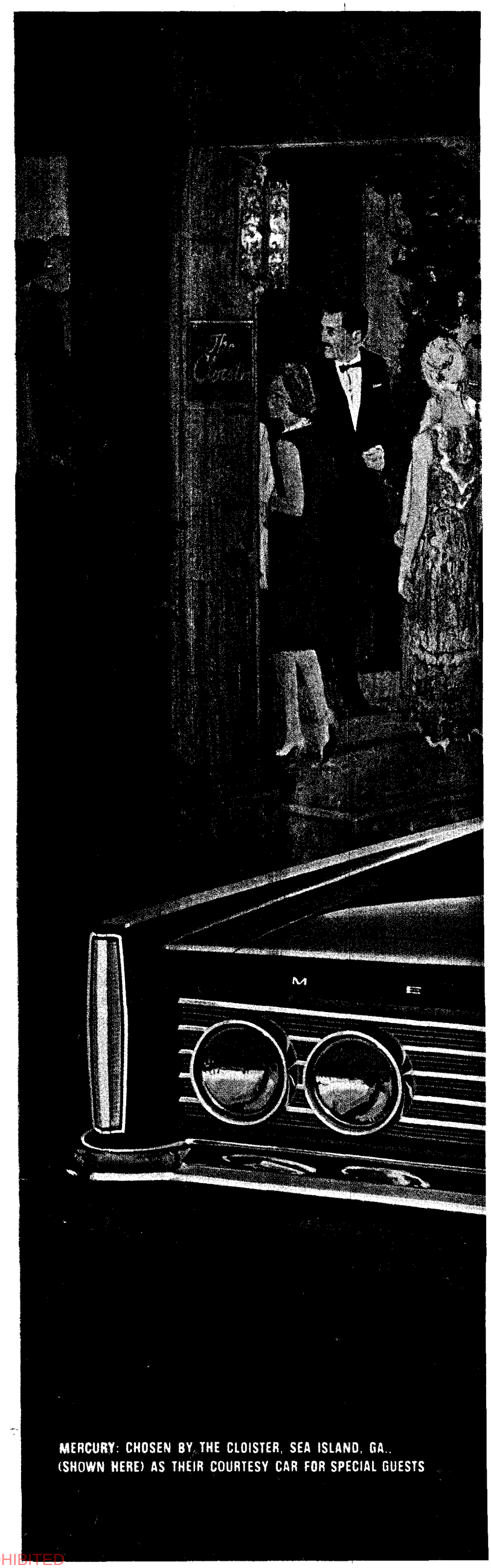
As you can see, the 1965 Mercury is beautifully balanced and proportioned. Sleek and graceful. Notice the long, low thrust of the hood, the full-width grille, the unique pillar lights on the front fenders.

Mercury now rides on a longer wheelbase, has a wider stance. And the ride is steady, solid, supremely quiet. The reserve power at your command makes driving almost effortless.

Inside, all is luxury, yet it's understated. And there's an extensive selection of optional equipment for personal customizing—luxury features once reserved only for the most expensive cars. In every detail, Mercury has been inspired by the Lincoln Continental tradition.

We feel confident that you will like Mercury's new personality. And its new set of finer values. For no medium-price car has ever come so close in luxury to the high-price class.

Ride Walt Disney's Magic Skyway at the Ford Motor Company Wonder Rotunda, New York World's Fair



MERCURY: CHOSEN BY THE CLOISTER, SEA ISLAND, GA.. (SHOWN HERE) AS THEIR COURTESY CAR FOR SPECIAL GUESTS

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The Bonfire

By John O'Hara

Kitty Bull said the final good-nights to the children, the final "no, no more stories" to the older two and paid a silent visit to the baby's room (for she firmly believed that a one-year-old can sense a break in his routine even when he is asleep). The cook and the maid were at the early movie in Southampton. The Bannings and their guests—a noisy cocktail party—had taken off for a dinner party in Wainscott, leaving all the lights on in the house next door but leaving, too, a merciful silence. The ocean was reasonably subdued, pounding the beach at long intervals and with only enough force to keep you from forgetting that it was there, that it had been angry most of the day and could be angry again.

She kicked off her Belgian slippers and went out and stood on the top of the dune. There was still enough light for a visibility of five miles, three miles, six miles. Make it three miles. It was about three miles to the Inlet, and she could see two white dots that would be fishing boats heading for the Inlet in a race against the coming darkness. The sand squishing through her toes made her wish she could run down and go for a brief swim, but she could not leave the house so soon. This was the first half hour, when Jeanie might be naughty and find some excuse to call her. She would pay no attention to the first call, and Jeanie might give up; but sometimes Jeanie would be insistent and repeat her call, louder and often, and disturb the other children.

She thanked God for the children. She thanked God. . . .

Now she could not see the white dots and she would have to suppose that the fishing boats had got inside the Inlet. The visibility, whatever it had been, was now to be estimated in yards, not miles, and far far out, where the horizon had been, there were three twinkling lights, the riding lights of three other fishing boats that she had not seen before. They would be out there all night and if she got up early enough—five o'clock in the morning—they would still be there, but at six o'clock they would be gone. They were professional fishing boats, bunker boats that filled their nets, loaded up, and returned to Islip or to Baltimore with catches that would be converted into some kind of fertilizer. That, at least, was what Jerry had told her years ago. Five years ago. Six years ago. *Seven* years ago, when they had first come to this house. Could it be seven years? Almost a fifth of her life? One wave, heavier than all the others had been, struck the beach like thunder and she picked up her slippers and went inside.

In her bare feet she went upstairs and stood outside the children's rooms and listened. There was not a sound from them. She opened the door of the baby's room. She could not see him, but when she caught the rhythm of his breathing she closed the door and went downstairs again. The first half hour was more than gone, and for a moment she thought of going for a swim; but that was something she had promised Jerry never to do. Never go in that ocean alone, but especially at night. He had never permitted her to go in alone at night even when he was there in the house, watching a ball game on the TV. It isn't a question of how good a swimmer you are, or of keeping your head, he had told her. Naturally you would have sense enough to conserve your energy, and try to keep the lights of the beach cottages in front of you. But who could see *you* in the dark? Never go in alone at night, he had said; and then one night a year ago, a little tight and just arrived from the hot city, he had broken all his own rules. He had stopped for dinner at Rothman's on the way down, and you did not stop at Rothman's if you were alone, but she guessed whom he had dined with. It was not a clever guess. It was not a guess at all. It was an assumption based as much on instinct as on the things she had heard. "I feel as if I'd been dipped in oatmeal," he had said.

"You've been dipping in something stronger than oatmeal," she said.

"A few. Not enough to do any damage. I'm going for a swim."

"I can't go for a swim. Doctor Mando said not to for a while."

"That's all right. I just want to dunk."

"Why don't you just take a shower?"

"Because I want to go in the ocean! My God, Kitty."

"Well, you're always the one that says ——"

"I'm *not* planning to swim to *Brazil*. If you're going to make a federal case of it, I won't go in. But my God, Kitty."

"Oh, go ahead," she said.

She could have stopped him. For a year she had told herself that she could have stopped him, and many times during the second half of that year she had wondered why she had not stopped him. She had given in to him and to his irritability and his stubbornness, but had there not been some irritability, some jealousy, on her part? Four days later they found his body near the Inlet, confirming his identity through his dental history, an X-ray photograph of a shoulder he had broken in college, and physical measurements that matched his in the Navy files. It was he, all right, beyond any reasonable doubt, and it was not necessary for her to look at him. His mother and father had been perfectly wonderful, and so had his brother. The only unpleasantness had been created by his sister, when he had been dead six months.

"You don't mind talking about Jerry, do you, Kitty?" said Edna.

"Not a bit. Why?"

"Well, because he was always against going in the ocean at night. It was so *unlike* him."

"Your father brought that up. Your mother did too."

"I know they did, and you tried to stop him. I know that, too. But can you think of any reason why Jerry would do such a complete about-face? I mean, he was my brother and we were very close."

"I know."

"I adored him. I really did."

"I know you did, Edna."

"But I wasn't blinded to his imperfections," said Edna.

"He had a few. Who hasn't?"

"Yes, who hasn't? Francine Barrow, for instance. You know what she's saying, of course."

"Yes, I do. But I didn't expect you to repeat anything Francine Barrow said. Jerry didn't commit suicide over Francine Barrow. He didn't commit suicide over anyone or anything. He was quite tight that night."

"You might have thought the cold water would have sobered him up."

"It doesn't always work that way. In fact, almost never. Haven't you ever been to a beach party where there was a lot of drinking? I haven't noticed that going in the ocean sobered them up. Quite the contrary, in some cases. I remember one night when you were tight and you went in and came out without your Bikini."

"I've never been allowed to forget that," said Edna.

"Well, I only bring it up now to show that cold salt water doesn't necessarily sober you up. Jerry himself said you were really bagged that night. And you were."

"I'm perfectly willing to change the subject, if that's what you want to do, Kitty."

"No, I'd rather have this out. I knew about Francine. It started the last few months I was having the baby, and it continued for the same reason after the baby was born."

"Did you quarrel with him about it?"

"We had some minor quarrels, not over Francine. Although I suppose that was at the bottom of it. I didn't like it. You wouldn't like it if Mike slept with someone else while you were in the midst of having a baby. My first two pregnancies were fairly simple, but not this one. I was having a hard time, and Jerry wasn't much help to my morale. I've always thought Francine was one of the worst tramps on Long Island anyway."

"So do I, for that matter."

"Well then why do you help her spread that story? Jerry did not commit suicide. I would have known if he'd had any such intentions. The only reason he came down that night was because he was playing in a tournament at the National the next day. That was on his mind, not committing suicide."

"All right, Kitty. I'm satisfied. I'm sorry I had to bring this up, but I had to."

"Yes, I suppose you did," said Kitty, and the

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Illustration by Joe Cleary

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A lonely young widow is like a moth without a flame.

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weariness in her voice surprised her. Acute grief had gone and now there was weariness that she had not suspected, and it remained with her for many months. It was much worse than the acute grief. The doctor had told her that she need not worry about having the strength to recover from her pregnancy and take care of the children. Nature is very reliable, he had said; when something like that happened to you, a shock, a dramatic episode, Nature responded. But when the acute grief began to wear off and the postponed weariness set in, that was the time to be careful. She went to see him, and because he was a good man she told him about her sister-in-law's conversation.

"I was afraid there'd be something like that," he said. "She hit you with it at just the wrong time. I'm going to send you up to the hospital for a G. I. series."

"Is that the barium thing? I haven't got an ulcer."

"Let's make sure," said the doctor.

She saw him again in a few days. "Now you can be glad I made you swallow all that barium," he said. "There's no sign of an ulcer."

"I knew there wouldn't be," she said.

"Did you indeed?" he said. He smiled.

"Well, I was right, wasn't I?" she said.

"Gloating, hey?" He had a pencil in his hand and he began sketching on a prescription blank.

"Now what, Doctor Mando? I always know there's something when you start drawing those little pictures. Are they my insides that you're drawing, or just anyone's?"

"You're pretty fresh. I think you're greatly relieved at my good news."

"Well, why shouldn't I be? I'd *hate* to have an ulcer. But come on, Doctor, what's on your mind?"

"*You* are, Mrs. Bull. Four cigarettes just since you've been here. I'm sure your internist has spoken to you about them. I *know* he has, because we had a conversation this morning. He had the first look at your X-ray pictures, you know."

"Yes, you two keep me up in the air like a shuttlecock."

"Badminton," said the doctor.

"Don't tell me I'm not going to be able to play games."

"No, that isn't what's on my mind. You can start swimming any time you feel like it, and golf or tennis, if you're planning to go South."

"I'm staying in New York, but there are places where I can swim and play squash."

"Exercise will be good for you. Doctor Randolph will tell you that, too."

"Fine, and now you tell me what's got you drawing those pictures."

He put down his pencil and sat back in his chair, his hands folded across his chest and reminding her of a spiritual adviser. "Is there any chance that you might be getting married fairly soon?"

"No," she said. "Is there any reason why I shouldn't?"

"On the contrary, there is every reason why you should, from my point of view."

"I haven't thought about it, at least not very much. And there's no man in the offing. Some day I suppose I will. Some day my prince will come." Suddenly, inexplicably, the sound of her words made her burst into tears. The doctor bent forward and gave her one of his large, hand-rolled handkerchiefs.

"Good Lord," she said. She dried her eyes and blew her nose.

"Mm-hmm," the doctor muttered.

"May I keep the handkerchief? I'll send it back to you," she said.

"Of course," said the doctor. He opened his desk drawer and took out a silver cigarette box. "I keep these out of sight nowadays. Have one?"

"Thanks," she said. He lit it for her. "I remember that lighter," she said.

"Yes, it's quite a beautiful piece of workmanship," he said. He looked at it and put it back in his pocket, and resumed his clerical attitude.

"It was the words of that song," she said.

"Yes, but it wasn't only the words of the song, Mrs. Bull. You know that."

"I do now. I hadn't realized that I was in any such state. But I guess I am, aren't I?"

"Be very strange if you weren't. I've known you pretty well these last six or seven years."

"Well, what do you suggest?" she said.

"I suggest that you start going out a little bit."

"In the hope of meeting some man," she said.

"Naturally."

"And having an affair with him, even if I don't fall in love with him?"

"You may have to wait a long time before you'll admit that you're in love with anyone."

"Yes, you're right," she said.

"In fact, you could conceivably go through the rest of your life without falling in love again."

"Yes," she said.

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"Your husband left you three children, and the circumstances of his death. No other man will be able to make that deep an impression on you. On your life. On your memories. So don't expect anyone to."

"You didn't like my husband, did you, Doctor Mando?"

"That's not a very nice question to ask me, young woman. And I'm not going to answer it. But if he were my own son I'd still give you the same advice. You're in your early thirties and most of your life lies ahead of you. That includes having children, if you want any more. And you should, or those nice children you have now will become something that they shouldn't."

"What's that?"

"Walking reminders of your husband, of course. Making it impossible for you to start your new life. I hope you'll meet an interesting man and marry him and have children right away."

"I don't think that's going to happen," she said.

"It won't if you don't give it a chance," said the doctor. "Well, when do you want to see me again?"

"When do *you* want to see *me?*"

"In about three months. Miss Murphy will give you an appointment."

"Not till then? That's the longest I've ever gone without seeing you. Aren't you going to miss me?"

He smiled. "Yes, as a matter of fact I will. But it'll do you good to stay out of here for a while. Save you money, too."

"You're such a lovely man, Doctor Mando. You really are," she said.

"Of course I am," he said. "My patients are nice, too. Some of them."

"Me?"

"Go on, young woman. There are women waiting," he said. "And I have to clean out this ash tray."

There was no "interesting" man at any of the small dinner parties she went to. Among the new men there were the pitiers, depressing fellows who acted as though Jerry had died last week; there were the others who were so determinedly cheerful that they seemed to deny that Jerry had ever lived at all. Among the men she had known in the past there were the instant patriarchs, contemporaries of Jerry's who took it upon themselves to plan her life for her; and, not surprisingly, there were two who were ready to move into her life. One of them was a dirty talker, who had never talked dirty to her while Jerry was alive; and the other was Edna's husband, Mike, who had always looked at her from the edges of groups with a dumb lechery that he now expressed in terms of love. "I think you've always known how I felt about you, Kitty," he said.

"Not exactly," she said. It was malicious, drawing him out, but she had not forgiven Edna for her inquisition.

"Maybe not exactly, but you must have had some idea," said Mike.

"Some idea, more or less," she said.

"Invite me to dinner some night. Just me."

"Without Edna?"

"That's the general idea," he said. "I suppose you're going to say that's impossible, but it isn't."

"But it is. If I invited you alone, there could only be one interpretation of that. There isn't any other interpretation."

"Oh, I see. You mean that you'd be the aggressor?"

"Not only the aggressor, but—well, yes, the aggressor. The troublemaker."

"Would you go away with me? If we went in my car, I'd be the aggressor, if that's what you object to. What I'm trying to tell you is—we've gotten sidetracked with this aggressor talk. I want you to see me without Edna, without anyone. To get used to me. And if I can convince you—to marry me."

"Oh."

"I know you're not all that anxious to get married again so soon. But it would take time in any case. Unfortunately people don't just say 'I've had it' and end a marriage that way. But I've been in love with you for a long time. We would have had this conversation sooner or later, even if Jerry had lived."

"I wonder," she said.

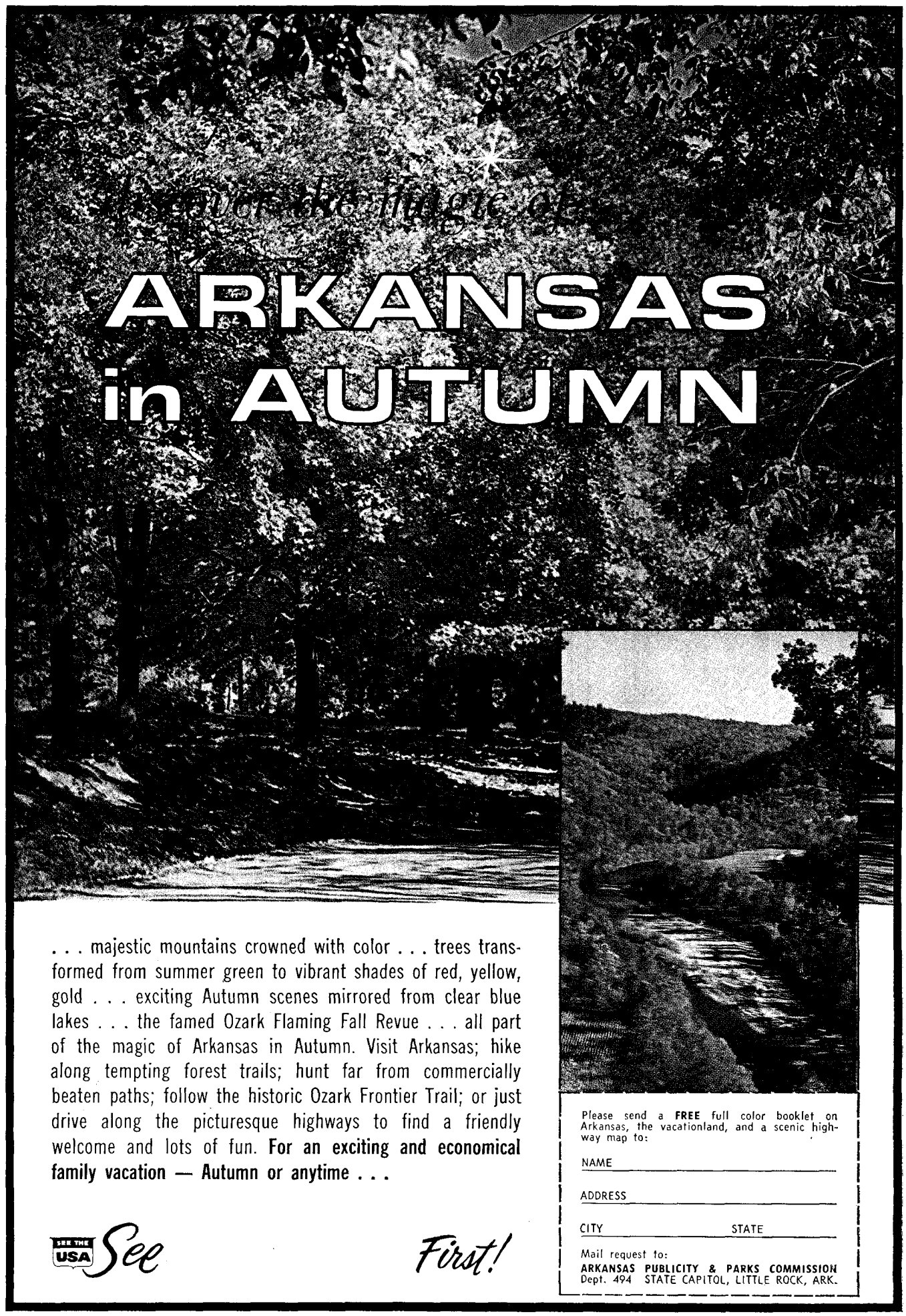
"You needn't. He kept you pregnant most of the time or I'd have spoken up sooner."

"That was very considerate of you, Mike."

"Is that sarcasm?"

"Not at all," she said.

"The week after next I'm going to Pinehurst. Come with me. I'm taking my car because it's more convenient. I'm making stops on the way down and then circling back through West Virginia, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. I'll be in Pinehurst for three days, a business convention, and you probably wouldn't want to do that, but you could join me when the convention's over, and we could have the better part of a week together. The most I'd have to spend with my business acquaintances would be two or three hours a day, and you like to read. What do you say?"



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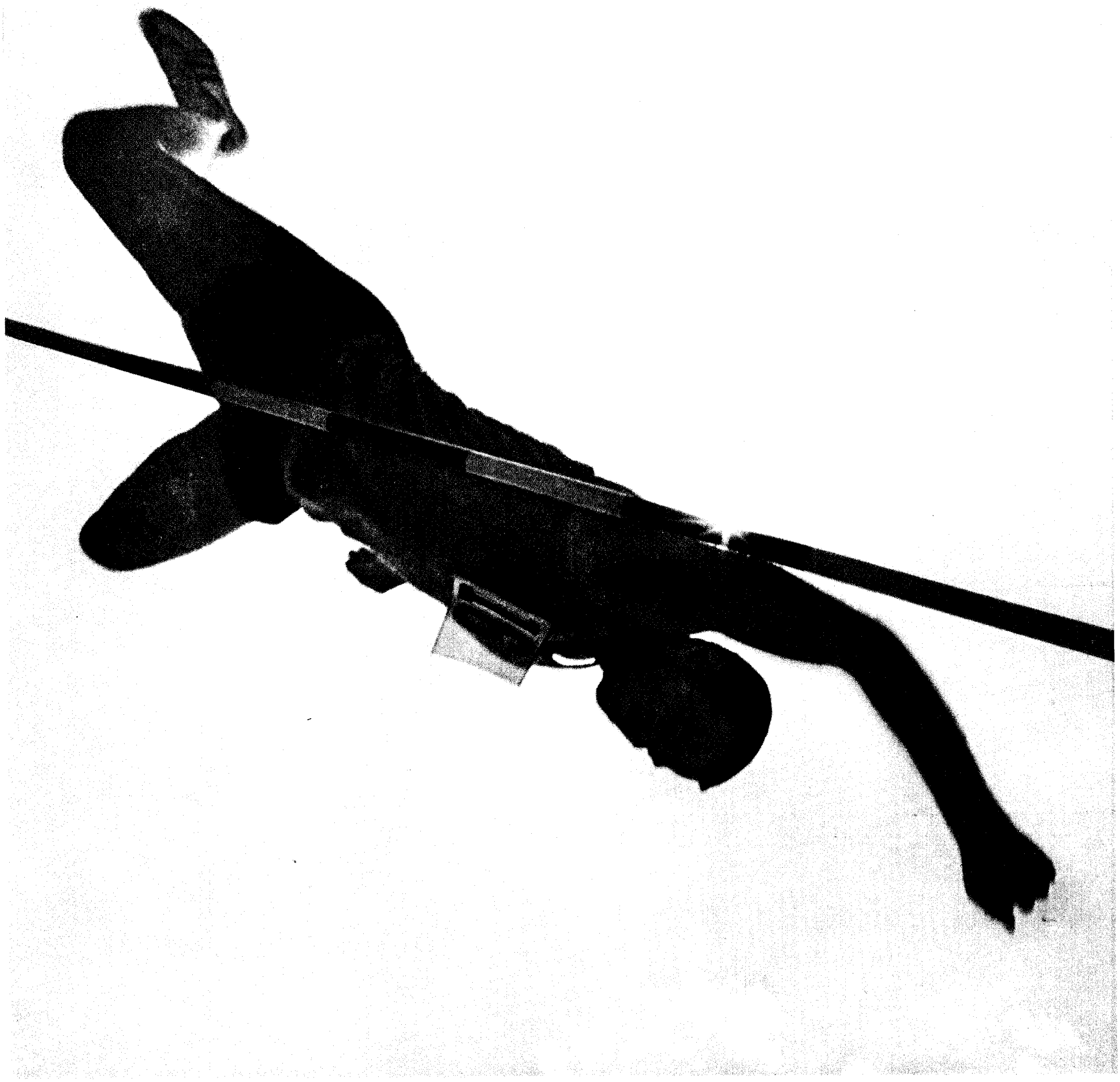

Why didn't they jump like this in 1948?

Sports records seem to be made for one reason—to be broken over and over again.

Rigorous training, of course, largely accounts for the new records set by athletes. But there's another basic factor—good health and the strength and endurance that go with it.

Today's young athletes, and youngsters in general, have unequaled chances to develop their physical potentialities. Vaccines help protect them from most of the communicable diseases that once handicapped thousands of persons in some way.

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The Bonfire

"Oh, you know what I'm going to say, Mike. How could I nip off for a week, leaving three small children and telling the nurse that I'd be at such-and-such a motel?"

"You're so practical," he said. "What if I sent Edna away, that is, gave her a trip abroad?"

"I don't know. Yes, I do know. I think that when I'm ready to do anything in that department, I *am* going to have to be the aggressor. I'm the only one that will know when I'm ready—and I'm not ready now."

"That Jerry. He's still got a tight grip on you, hasn't he?"

"Or I have a tight grip on myself. One or the other, or maybe both."

"When you loosen up a little, will you let me know? I'm serious. You can trust me, you know."

"You mean if I just wanted to have sex?"

"Yes. Don't you ever want sex? You've had a lot of it. With Jerry, I mean."

"And for seven years with no one else. So, when the time comes—I'm awfully tired of the word—but I'll be the aggressor. I much prefer 'on the make.'"

"You'll never go on the make, Kitty."

"Except that I did with Jerry. I wanted him, I went after him, and I got him. And I've lost him."

She would have been more abrupt and far more cruel with Mike if she had not realized, midway in the conversation, that the conversation was useful to the clarification of her problems. Mike was in no sense a stimulating man, but he had helped her to see that the next man in her life would have to be one she chose. Whimsically she told herself that she owed something to Mike for his collaboration, and in that mood she thought of inviting him to spend a night with her. But he was a clod and he would be around again and again, believing himself to be in love with her and upsetting the lives of too many people. Nevertheless she felt better for having come even that remotely close. Very tentatively, a toe in the water, she was back in life once more.

It was enough to go on for a while, and there were other things to keep her busy. At home there were the children, uncomprehending of the mystery of death or, in the case of the baby, petulantly demanding that she keep him alive. The older two were forgetting about their father. Kitty put a cabinet-size photograph of Jerry in a silver frame and set it on a table in the living room of the New York apartment. It was two days before Jeanie noticed it. She stood in front of the picture for a moment, and Kitty waited for her comment.

"That's Daddy," said Jeanie.

"Yes. It's my favorite picture of him. Do you like it?"

"I guess so."

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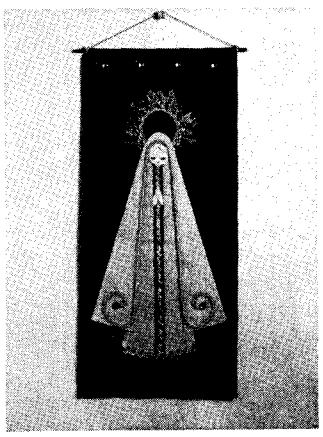

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The Bonfire

"But not very much," said Kitty. "What is there that you don't like about it?"

"He's so serious, Mum."

"And that's not the way you remember him? Well, that's because when he was with you and your little brothers he *wasn't* very serious. Nearly always laughing. Little jokes and so forth."

"Didn't he have jokes with you too?"

"Oh, yes. Lots of them."

"Tell me one," said the child.

"A joke that he told me? Well, let me think. A joke that he told me. There was one that Grandfather Bull told him. About an oyster?"

"Tell it to me."

"It's sort of a riddle. What kind of a noise annoys an oyster? Do you know the answer?"

"What?"

"A *noisy* noise annoys an oyster."

"Oh, that's old."

"It sure is. See if I can think of another. Most of his jokes with me were about people. I'll think of some and write them down so I won't forget them. And I'll see if I can find a picture of him smiling. Where shall we put it, if I find one?"

"I don't know. Over there, I guess. Mummy, can I watch TV after supper?"

"Nope. Before supper, yes. After supper, off it goes."

The older boy, Timothy, was only three, cheerful and strong and increasingly able to take his own part when his sister bullied him. The Irish nurse would say to him, "You're the man of the house, Timothy."

"I yam not a man. I'm a boy, silly."

"You'll be a man soon enough, then."

"You're silly, Margaret. You're silly, silly, silly. You think a boy is a man. *You're* a man. You have a moustache."

"For that somebody gets no pudding this supper."

"It isn't pudding, it's junket, and I hate junket. So yah!"

And there was the baby, now old enough to follow her with his eyes when he was serene and to scream for her and only her when he was not.

There was more money than she had expected, and many more lawyers to see. There were certain financial advantages to be gained by a delay in settling Jerry's estate. "This could drag on for another year at least," said her lawyer. "But we want it to. Now for instance, Mrs. Bull, there's the matter of your husband's insurance. He carried a lot of insurance, much more than young men usually do nowadays. But he could afford it, so he did. The interesting thing here is that we've been arguing with the insurance company about the circumstances of your husband's death. We feel that accidental drowning may change the picture to your advantage. On the other hand *they* feel—I have to say this—that the possibility of suicide alters the picture in their favor. The medical examiner's report said accidental death by drowning, but the insurance company is trying to inject the element of suicide, not because they think they can get away with it, but maybe in the hope that we won't collect anything extra, like double indemnity. Give and take, you know. That's their position. But they know perfectly well that we're prepared to go to court. And by prepared I mean that you have enough money without the insurance to not have to make a quick settlement. By the way, who is a Mrs. Barrow? Francine Barrow? She wasn't at your house the night your husband lost his life, was she?"

"No. She was a friend of his. And mine, I suppose. My husband had dinner with her early that evening, over on the North Shore. But she wasn't in our house. She's never been in our house."

"No, I shouldn't think so. In a very roundabout way we found out that the insurance company is basing its whole argument on some story of hers."

"Well, she's a congenital liar, among other things."

"That's a good thing to know," said Mr. Hastings. "You understand, Mrs. Bull, that if we collect a large amount of insurance, it'll go a long way toward paying your inheritance taxes. In fact we may come out a little ahead of the game. You'd have no objection to suing the insurance company, I hope?"

"None whatever," said Kitty. "Especially if Mrs. Barrow is on their side."

"When Mrs. Barrow understands a little better what could happen to her in court, she may not want to testify. I know if I were her lawyer I'd tell her to think twice."

"She doesn't embarrass very easily, Mr. Hastings. In plain language, she's a tramp."

"It's a curious thing, though, Mrs. Bull. There's something about a courtroom. The austerity of the furniture. The flag. The judge's robe. The strange language. It produces an atmosphere that's the next thing to a church, and it's intended to. And a woman like this Mrs. Barrow, although she may be shameless in her everyday life, when she gets in court a remarkable change comes over her. They fight like the devil to stay respectable. The insurance companies have very good lawyers. None better. And I seriously doubt they'd want her to testify. In short, Mrs. Bull, her lawyer will advise her to shut up, and the insurance lawyers won't want her. But I have to give you the whole picture, to explain why we're moving so slowly."

"I'm in no hurry," said Kitty.

"That's good, that's fine. I'm sorry you have to come down here so often. I could save you some of these trips. There's probably a notary public in your neighborhood."

"I like coming down here. It's almost that same atmosphere you just described, the courtroom. And it makes me feel useful, as though I were doing it for my children. Although I'm not."

"Yes, you are," said Mr. Hastings.

"Well, maybe I am," she said. "But doing things for them is the same as doing them for myself. It's what I like."

She put on a sweater and went out again and sat on the top of the dune. There were stars but no moon and down the beach at someone's cottage—she was not sure whose—there was a sizable bonfire and moving about it, like comical figures in some pagan rite, were the members of a beach picnic. They were too far away to be recognizable, even to be distinguishable as to sex. It seemed to be a fairly good-sized party and she was glad that the noise they would make was no closer to her house. It was a party of the young, that much she could determine by their frenetic activity. A great deal of running about, chasing, and, as she watched, two of the figures picked up a third figure by the hands and feet and carried it to the ocean and dropped it in. This might go on all night. It was at the McDades', the only cottage in that section that would be having that kind of party for the young.

The young. *She* was young. She had

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been a young wife, she was a young widow, and people like Doctor Mando continually called her "young woman." She would still be young, really, when those children now asleep in her cottage would be having beach picnics like the McDades'. She was old to them now, as a parent is old to all young children; but to Jerry's father and mother she was so young that they had worried about her ability to cope. She was too young to have been invited to any of the Bannings' noisy parties. She was only four or five years older than some of the members of the McDade picnic. Angus McDade was twenty-six. George Lasswell was twenty-six or seven. Harry Stephenson had been one of Jerry's favorite golfing companions. They would all be at the McDades' picnic.

Something got her to her feet, and she knew what it was. She denied it angrily, then admitted it so that she could dismiss it. It was a word that had first come up in her conversation with Mike, and the word had stayed with her. Aggressor. Well, she was not quite being an aggressor if she was being drawn to that beach bonfire like a moth to a flame. They would be nice to her, they would offer her food and drink, and they would admire her in the ways that she was used to being admired. She would sit with them and drink beer out of a can and smoke a cigarette and in a little while they would start singing and she would sing with them. She would only stay a little while.

She kicked off her slippers. It would make her seem more like one of them if she arrived in her bare feet. She walked down to where the sand was hardest, at the dry edge of the beach that was not being licked by the tide. She turned and headed toward the bonfire, and she was almost very sure of herself, and her step was light. She did not feel that she was leaving footprints on the hard sand.

It was a long way, and she could make out the figures before she could hear them. She was so close to the ocean that its sounds were all she could hear for the first fifty yards, the first seventy-five yards, the first hundred. And then the voices began to penetrate the sounds of the ocean. She walked on and the voices grew more distinct, the voices of young women and young men, a harsh and frightening chorus of people who did not want her. She stopped to listen. Now she could hear baritone derision and alto contempt and soprano coquetry answered by the baritone derision, and though they were ignorant of her existence they were commanding her to stay away.

She turned and for a terrifying second her eyes, so long focused on the bonfire, looked into blackness. She could not move. Then she looked up at the sky until she could see a star, and then there were more stars and to her left were the lights of the cottages on the dunes. She ran all the way home. THE END

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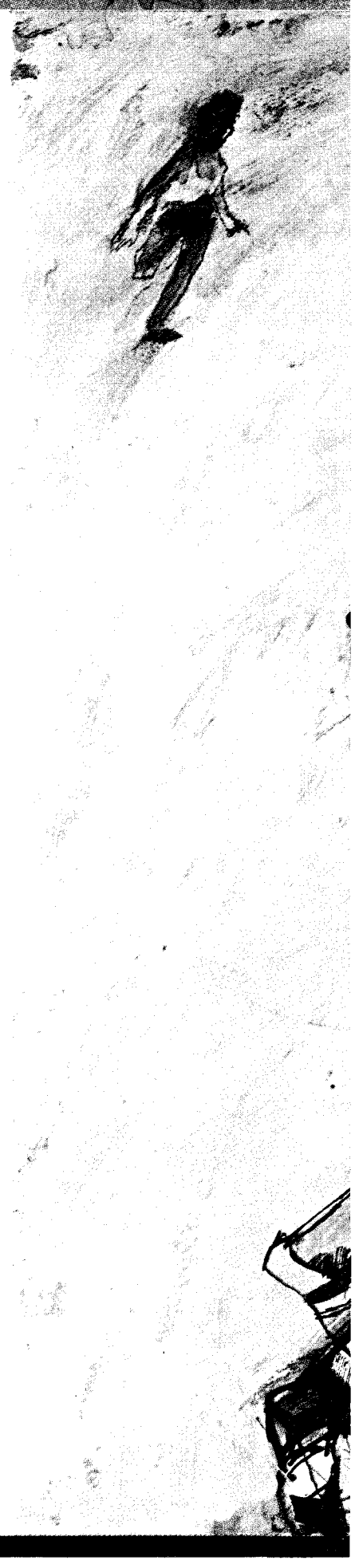
JOHN SOBIESKI RUNS

By James Buechler

The long distance runner seems to race against others, but he really competes only with himself. And as long as he has nothi



One September afternoon the door of the cross-country team room at an upstate New York high school opened a little way and then closed again, admitting in that instant a very short boy who looked a little underfed even for his size. Nobody paid him the least attention. In the first place, there were only three people in the locker room. One was a member of the varsity, a dark, Italian-looking boy dressed ready to go out in sweat pants and a sweat shirt with a picture of a winged spiked shoe printed in red on its breast. He sat tying on his lightweight cross-country shoes in front of a star-spangled locker, sky-blue in color and covered with white stars, with a red-and-white stripe running around the edges of its door. Most of the lockers were dark green, but there were a half dozen or so such splashy ones. The dark boy sat on one of two wooden benches running the length of the room, about two feet out from the lockers. On the opposite bench a boy in track shorts lay stomach down, his head to one side, his arms hanging, while a serious-faced man, an assistant coach, picked with his fingers very fast at the backs of the other's legs, snick-snick-snick-snick-snick. The liniment he was using smelled sharply above the prevailing, long-accumulated odor of sweat.

Turning from the door, the short boy stepped over one of the benches in a motion remarkably easy, considering his size. With his face in the corner made by the last locker and the wall, he began to undress. He had a blue looseleaf notebook with the name of the school on it, and he laid it on the bench. Then he took off a brown knit sweater, which he folded up on top of the notebook. Under that he wore a white shirt starched so stiffly that when he took it off it held the creases of his wearing and would only fold brokenly in a high springy pile. Now he simply stood for a moment in his undershirt, with slender shoulders and brown hair about the color of his sweater, wearing a pair of darker brown pants. He looked like a boy who had been sent to the corner for something he ought to be ashamed of. He had been trying to get something out of his pocket that didn't want to come, but all at once, as he stood tugging, the thing gave, flew out—an ordinary piece of blue cloth—with a sweep and flourish that seemed to disconcert him. Immediately he loosened his belt and let his trousers fall to his ankles. He stepped out of them and into the blue cloth thing, a cheap pair of gym shorts with a string pull at the waist. These on, he was uniformed. The brown pants he rolled up with his little pile, bent and tightened the strings of his shoes, and, fixing his eyes on the door at the far end of the room, walked toward it between the lockers, a very thin boy who might have been called lanky if he had been a foot taller. He opened the door, looked out, and finding that it led to the playing field, disappeared through it, running.

In the locker room the varsity member, his dark hair hanging over his face in long Vaselined strands, had finished with his running shoes. With a shake he laid his hair back on his head in orderly lines and, at the same time, gave one single, sophisticated glance across at the coach.

Still picking away, the man said, "He could grow."

John Sobieski—this was the short boy's name—found himself running out of the school building's shadow into the warm sunlight, over hard even ground covered with short grass which stretched away, from beneath his own thin legs, into the biggest flat field he had ever seen. Moving across it, he passed over gleaming lines of white lime powder and, except for them, did not feel he was moving at all, running though he was across the big green field in the sun. He saw, far away on his left, the football players, tiny, bright-colored people, hunching and waiting, rising and moving and entangling all together in waves, heard whistles, and saw before him, past many lines and various goalposts, more boys—the running team. Many were lying all about on the ground, but many were standing up too, all upright together in a tight kind of pack that vibrated and moved around like a thing in itself, something very bright, red and white, spinning there in the sunshine on top of uncountable bare legs. As he came nearer he saw that the people on the ground were only discarded sweat suits with nobody in them; the runners were all up and gathered around a very tall man who was waving a clipboard of papers in the air above his head as he spoke. The runners had on bright red shirts with lettering across the chest and white shorts edged in red, and they shifted and pranced on their slight little running shoes as on hooves, their bright uniforms blended and mingled to make up that whirling bright-colored thing which, idling nervous and impatient in place up to now, suddenly lurched and flexed and strained within, before extending itself loosely and easily away as, on its many legs, it began trotting off over the field. John Sobieski ran as hard as he knew how; as he pounded up, the big man flagged him on with the paper-fluttering clipboard, boomed, "Right there . . . after those men!" and John Sobieski was past and pounding after the pack of runners that stretched away loose and red and white in the sunlight toward a far fence bordering the field.

So they were running, and John Sobieski was with them. But already his legs felt heavy, and he was breathing faster than he had ever breathed in his life. He had come running all the way across the big green field, only to find that they had started already. The unfairness of it made him hot and sick. He had come out for cross-country knowing he would have to run miles, but they had started before he was ready. His throat ached; his feet he raised up and clapped down like flatirons. As he ran he thought to himself, "It's not my fault, they started before I was ready. . . . I'll stop right here, somewhere."

They had come to the end of the field and passed through a gate; they were running on a sidewalk past houses. A boy in a red shirt was running not far in front of him. John Sobieski could see his own shoes hitting the sidewalk one after the other, while he himself seemed to ride above somewhere as on some funny kind of running machine. Bumping along in this way he was interested to find, after a while, that his machine seemed to be moving a little faster than the other boy's machine. Fascinated, with curiosity and detachment mixed, he watched the increasing nearness of the

Illustration by David Passalacqua

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left at the end, he has won . . . . . even if he finishes last.

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other boy's white pants—for some reason that was all he could see—until gradually he came alongside the other. Both of them were bouncing up and down furiously, but the other boy seemed to bounce up and down in the same spot, while John Sobieski was very slowly moving, until, gradually again, he couldn't see the other boy anymore. But it didn't make any difference; there was another boy in front of him.

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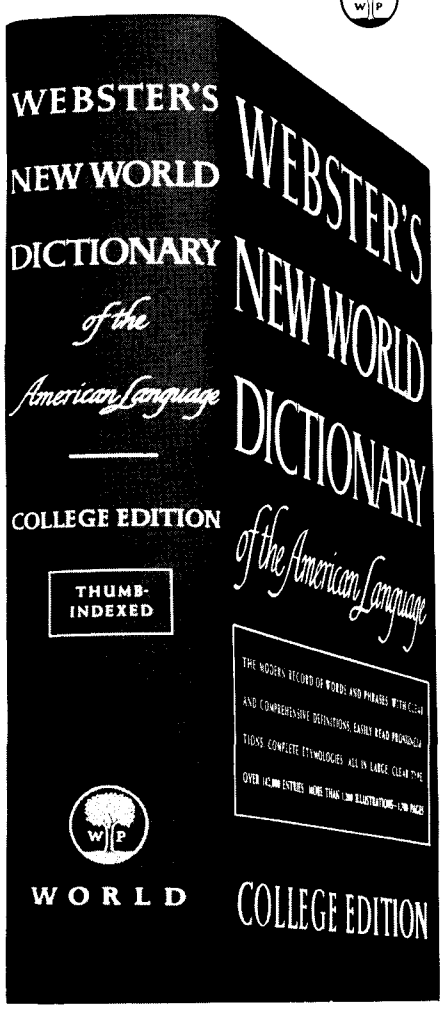

And this one approached and went by, and another one sprang up. Regular as telephone poles they went slowly by him until there had been six. He counted them because he didn't have anything else to do. Then everything grew dark, and though it was only because they had entered a park and were running on a path through woods, John Sobieski didn't know it. All he knew was that he was running after a strange white flag that moved before him in the dim. Fluttering and twinkling, always ahead, it dipped and wound with the path, and John Sobieski behind. At last, after a long time, they broke out into the light. There was the fence around the shadowed green playing field and, inside it, the football players, looking weary in their dirtied uniforms, and beyond them, far across the field, the high-school building. John Sobieski's heart lifted. He saw that the white flag was nothing but another pair of the white shorts edged with red. The boy running in them was only strides in front, and, though he was tired, he set himself to beat this one boy at least. As he sprinted around the fence toward the school—which burned at its edges like a coal, blocking off the sun—it seemed to him he had just started, he was virtually flying, he would pass them all. And he did overtake the boy in the twinkling white pants, and another.

Standing up against the bricks of the school building, the assistant coach, who had just finished a rubdown in the locker room, watched the line of long-distance runners coming around the fence. They toiled with incredible slowness and suffering, each one preserving only the formal attitude of running. Long ago they had lost the speed the attitude is supposed to produce. He watched them toiling, one by one, and as he watched, one moving slightly faster than the rest strained painfully closer to the next man, painfully abreast, and in time came up behind the next runner, whom he would probably pass before reaching the school. The coach turned and walked swiftly toward a corner of the building.

Now the leaders had reached a gate by the school. There something halted them, making them run into one another in their weariness. As John Sobieski came up he stumbled and fell against the slippery neck of the boy in front of him. The boy's sweat came away on his lips, and as they passed through the gate a man shouted something at each one. John Sobieski felt his shoulder grabbed and squeezed.

"Thirteen!" the man said to him. It was the assistant coach.

Nobody was running anymore. They all walked around in circles. So did John Sobieski. He felt sick again. His chest and throat exploded every time he tried to breathe, and he was terribly hot. What he wanted most was just to be unconscious, but he couldn't bear to sit or lie down. He saw a boy crouching on the ground, retching onto the grass between his hands. Somebody had brought in the sweat clothes off the playing field, and boys were picking their own out of a pile. They hung their sweat shirts over their shoulders like capes and tied the arms in front. After a while John Sobieski began to feel better. He walked toward the locker room, more or less with five other runners. Just in front walked the boy who had vomited, with a friend supporting him on either side. A sweat shirt was thrown on John Sobieski's back; the arms came dangling down in front of him. He never saw who did it, because nobody seemed to look at him or pay much attention to him.

Back in the locker room it was strangely quiet, considering the place was filling with runners, who sat down on the benches or tinkered quietly at their locker doors. John Sobieski went to his own pile of things, turned his back, and let his blue shorts slide down to his shoes. Then, holding his brown pants open, he stepped into them, stuffed the shorts into his pocket, pulled the crackling white shirt over his undershirt and the sweater over that; and leaving the sweatshirt neatly folded on the bench, he turned around and stood, his back to the entrance door, surveying the room. It was as if he had only just come in and was looking for something. Now he smelled the perspiration smell fresh and strong and moist, mingling with the steam that clouded out from the top of the shower-room door, and mingling, too, with all the hubbub that had come up in the short time he was changing. Everybody in the steamy room seemed naked, and they all seemed unnaturally up above him, but that was only because nearly all the runners by now were standing on the two benches, which were two parallel pedestals for their sweating, moving nude bodies. John Sobieski moved between them in his brown sweater, looking very intently for something, and having no attention paid him. He even walked a little way into the shower room, clothes and shoes on and all, and peered through the steam at the runners there. But nobody seemed to notice this either.

Finally he went out by the same door he had first come in, passed through a few halls, and left the building.

"Thirty-four," he thought to himself as he stepped outside into the cold afternoon air. "I beat twenty-one at least."

He walked home. The night passed, and then the next day—but John Sobieski couldn't have said how. He was a small, thin boy sitting at back desks in various classrooms with a blue notebook open in front of him, but what he was seeing was not a teacher or a blackboard, but four or five boys in twinkling white pants running before him, and he himself coming up behind, planning how he was going to take them.

By four in the afternoon he was on the field again. The runners were warming up. Some were doing push-ups; some were lying on their backs on the damp ground and springing up in quick little sitting motions; some just stood around with serious faces, paying no attention to others; some were rotating their torsos, with hands on hips. John Sobieski looked around carefully and did some of the same things. The tall man of the day before was nowhere to be seen, but after a few minutes the assistant coach came walking out toward them with a boy on either side. His face was hard and dark, but his eyes were large and white and serious, and appeared to be considering other things even as he said something brief and imperative to the boy next to him. This boy gave one single vigorous nod and without warning whirled, and was away. Instantly the others took after him and John Sobieski, who hadn't been ready for it to happen so fast, was left doing push-ups on the ground.

He jumped up and ran after them, though he knew it was hopeless; he was already fifty yards behind the pack and at least a hundred behind the leaders. For the second time, they had started before he was ready. Before they had even left the playing field, he felt sicker than he had at any time the previous day. His body was a misery to him. He ran along beside the endless steel wire fence crying to himself, "Why did I think I could run! I can't! I'm not any good!" He ran another hundred yards and he prayed, "Please let me just finish. I don't want to beat anybody. All I want to do is just finish!" Because somewhere inside him was the idea that if he could endure it just this one time, then maybe he would get his fair chance, when he could really do something, tomorrow.

His father had warned him. At the end of summer, when John Sobieski came home one night and told his mother and father he wasn't going back to St. Stephen's anymore but was going up to the big city high school, his father had asked him: "What do you think you're going to get by going up there?"

"Everything," said the boy. "They got everything up there, so you can do what you want, when you get out. You can be whatever you want."

His father was smoking. At first he said something, muttering only to himself, while he shook out a long wooden match. "Nah—you can't do what you want, John Sobieski," he said then, and blew out smoke. "You just try it and you'll find out. You better stay around here. We'll teach you everything you need to know."

"No, I'm going up there."

His father looked straight at him over the table, with something ugly in his

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Harold, you've used too much detergent!"

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look. "Do you know who you are? D'you even know your own name?"

"Sure. Everybody knows who they are."

"No they don't. But you, you're John Sobieski. That was my father's name too. He came over here when he wasn't any bigger than you are. He was one of the ones that helped put up St. Stephen's in the first place. I went there myself and so did my brothers. That's where we belong—and you're just the same as we are. No use trying to be any different, because you belong around here. You ain't ever going to be any different from that."

"Yes I am," said John Sobieski. "Oh, yes I am."

And they looked at each other, the two of them almost exactly the same size except that the father was older, and so everything about him was somehow thicker, and more unwieldy. John Sobieski's mother kept out of it, away at the stove. The two looked at each other from opposing chairs until the father's expression broke, and he turned away.

"You think you can do what you want," he said, quite differently. "You start out all right with it too. You leave the house every morning and you only come back at night. You get pretty far away. After a while you think you don't have to come back at all. Then one day you get caught out there all by yourself—and you get licked, good."

"No," said John Sobieski.

"Stay where you are," his father pleaded. "It ain't so bad down around here."

"No, you talk like that because you're old. Well, I'm not old. I'm not going to listen to it!" He got up and went into his bedroom, where he could be by himself.

Struggling, spreading out, the runners pounded along upon a hard city sidewalk. They strained and reached, with knees and toes and shoulders; each step had only one job—to slide over as much ground as possible. Most of them could not see, and none paid any attention to the big car that followed along in the street keeping pace, but inside it the head coach, the tall man who usually carried the clipboard thick with papers, hovered just beyond the toil of the runners. Ahead of him, in the next block, he watched an indistinct cluster of legs and a flash of color separate themselves, as he came closer, into a runner in blue shorts and white top trailing a line of three abreast in the red-and-white uniforms. As blue-and-white closed with the red, the legs became entangled and inextricable again, until suddenly somebody got stepped on. A boy in red shirt and white pants reeled to the side, off the curb and into the road, where he fought to recover himself, climbing back to the sidewalk only to drop rapidly to the rear, his pace broken. Meantime blue-and-white had moved up between the other two, so that the three of them, bouncing up and down, remained for a long moment like a slot machine come to rest after changing, red-blue-red, until gradually blue-and-white disengaged himself again and moved out in front.

The coach accelerated and passed on, but John Sobieski didn't notice him. He had hardly even seen the three runners. His eyes were wet and partly closed as he ran, and all at once he knew that something was in front of him, preventing him. More or less, he saw them. But there wasn't anything he could do except keep running, because he knew if he were checked at all he would have to stop altogether. Then after a moment he was clear and by himself again. He ran on. No vision of the school building raised him. It was a gray, damp day. He didn't know how far they still had to go. He passed more runners, singles or straggling twos, without any struggle. He couldn't think about taking them, or of anything; they were just going slower than he was, and he moved by.

It was over abruptly. They passed through the same gate as yesterday, freely, without being stopped, the runners all streaming in and dispersing, and as soon as John Sobieski realized where they were and stopped trying to run he collapsed.

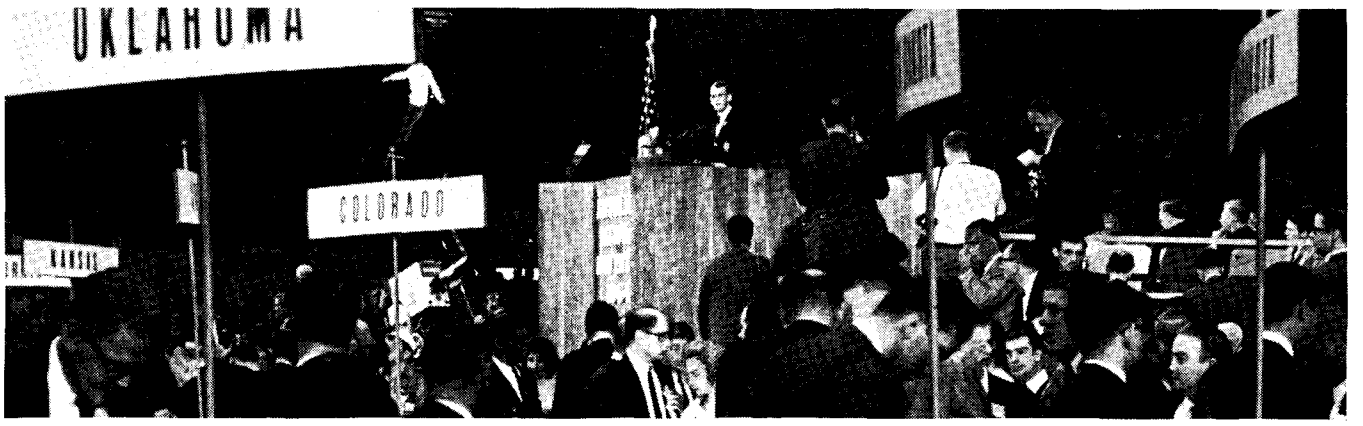
"Walk him around!" somebody shouted. It was the tall head coach. He had parked his car and now stood just inside the gate, wearing a long raincoat. "What's the trouble?"

Two runners had already lifted John Sobieski to his feet, but he was fighting them off, and they couldn't hold him; they were tired themselves.

"I don't know . . . he's talking to himself," one answered between breaths. "He's trying to say numbers."

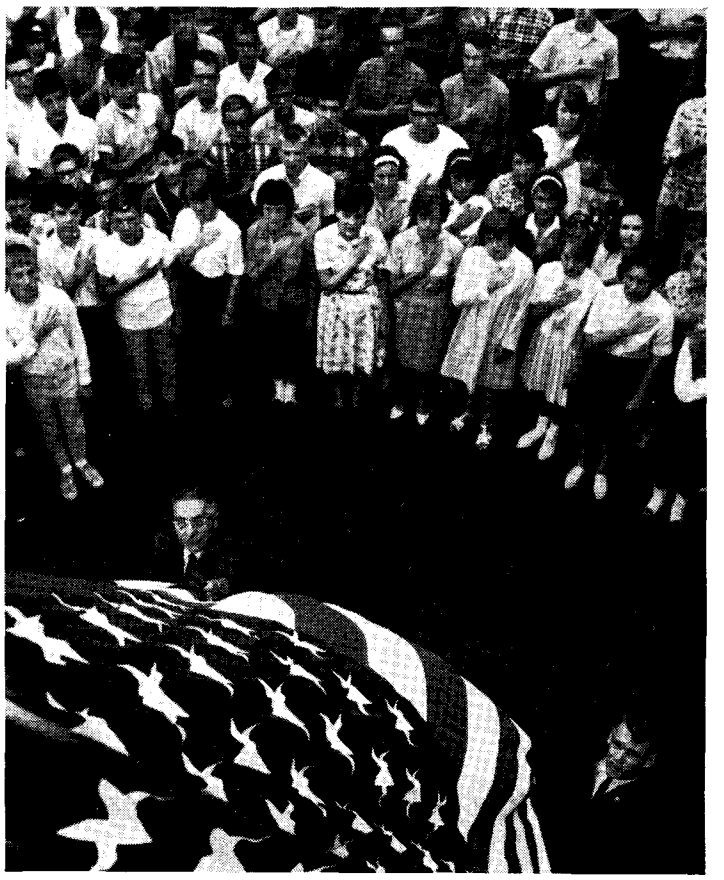
"Walk him around," the tall man repeated. "That's the way to finish a run. There isn't a one of you should have anything left at all!"

The two of them took John Sobieski's arms across their shoulders and together they walked him around on the grass. After a while they had their own wind back, but as soon as John Sobieski got breath enough, he began to cough. The



Seventeen-year-old David Bruce Marth is winner of the American Legion's National Oratorical Contest. The Wausau lad is shown above as he addressed the Republican Convention in San Francisco. He also spoke before the Democratic Convention in Atlantic City. Back home (lower right in photo below), young Marth helps unfurl his high school's newly won Bellamy Award Flag.

Wausau Senior High School received the 1964 National Bellamy Award, named for Francis Bellamy, author of the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America. Award is for alumni achievement, good citizenship and faculty proficiency. Huge flag, token of the honor, brings looks of pride to faces of School Board President Fred Braun and Principal Marshall Taylor.



City seeking excellence

Wausau Story

We are immensely pleased that a Wausau school and a Wausau boy should have been named recently to receive two important national awards. Yet we are not really surprised; the pursuit of excellence is characteristic of Wausau.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau was founded here in 1911 and has had the Home Office in this city ever since. The growth of the company is a noted Wausau success. Today, the Wausau spirit reaches out through 164 Employers Mutuals offices from coast to coast to give the best possible insurance service.

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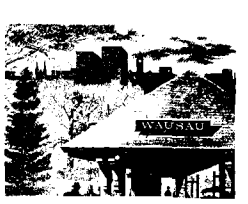

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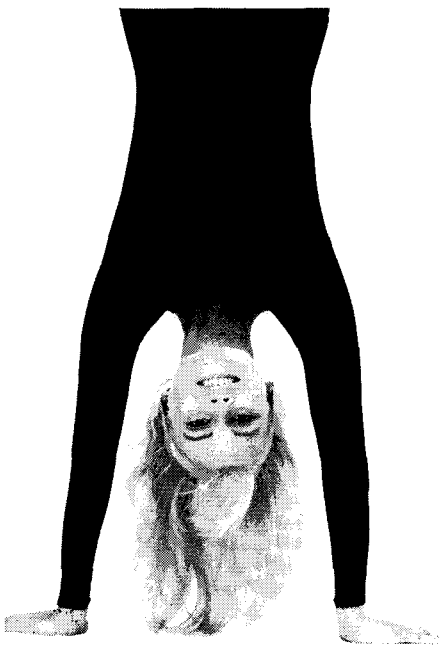

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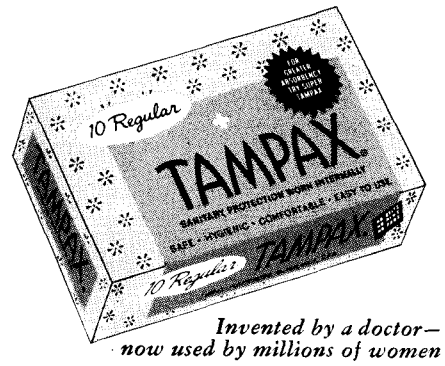

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

John Sobieski Runs

afternoon was chilly and damp. He took several wheezing breaths and then coughed again, badly. By the time the others had walked off the effects of their run, he was coughing steadily for long stretches.

The two boys took him into the locker room. They sat him on a bench in front of their own lockers and got his clothes off, while he continued coughing. They walked him with care through the jostling, sweating, strong-smelling runners into the steamy shower room, and one readied a shower while the other held John Sobieski. Then they put him under it and left him.

Later, when the two runners were dressed and ready to leave, they turned to find the small thin boy standing naked across the bench from them, dripping onto the floor.

"Feel better now?" the bigger one asked. "What's the matter, forget your towel?" He drew his own heavy damp one from his gym bag and took the one that his friend was carrying rolled up under one arm and hung them both over John Sobieski's shoulder. The small boy opened his mouth as if to say something, but instead he was overcome by a fit of coughing.

The two had to go. "Give them to us tomorrow," said the one, pausing in the locker-room door. He was a big, strong-looking boy with a very large head. "Ernest Borkmann and Joe Felice." Still John Sobieski stood, just looking at the two boys; he was fighting a rising cough, and the door had already closed before he called after them:

"John Sobieski!"

He went back to the bench with his towels. All the runners had left. He wiped himself, put on his clothes, and put his running shorts in his pocket. But he didn't leave the two towels behind; he took them along home with him. His second day's running was over.

When he reached his own street it was dark, and a cold, foggy rain was drifting down. By the light of street lights the wooden two-family houses rose high all around him, their thrusting, peaked roofs shoulder to shoulder, the mist falling from the darkness above upon their wet slate backs. Inside they were warmly lighted behind curtains.

John Sobieski went straight to his own bedroom. His mother and father, eating already, could hear him coughing behind the door. Finally he came out and sat down. A fire was going in the kitchen stove, since it was still too early in the year to light the furnace, and in the sudden, close warmth John Sobieski began to perspire and then to cough and cough. His eyes would become fixed, his face red and then contorted as he tried to stop himself, at least long enough to eat; but the thing would burst out at last and leave him shaking, his eyes watering. He drank cups and cups of coffee, which his mother poured out for him. His father read a newspaper on the other side of the table and glanced at John Sobieski when he coughed, but said nothing.

Later, as he sat on the sofa in the living room, wearing his heavy sweater, the cough subsided. His mother and father sat across from him on either side in upholstered chairs; his mother's fingers were crocheting something nimbly, and his father still had his paper. John Sobieski sat by himself on the sofa doing nothing, thinking about nothing, just sitting still under a lamp and gazing blankly at his parents. At one point, as his father folded over his paper to study the lower corner, he caught his son gazing at him.

"What now?" he demanded.

"Nothing. Can't I look?" said John Sobieski.

His mother, too, raised her head, worried-looking and sorrowful. She reminded John Sobieski of those old women with kerchiefs around their heads whom he used to see when he had been an altar boy serving early mass. They knelt and prayed, holding their beads, with a look upon their faces and in their eyes as though the whole world were filled with sorrow; and John Sobieski hated sorrow; he couldn't stand it.

"Oh, I don't like that coughing," said his mother, shaking her head.

But John Sobieski didn't mind even sorrow, now. All he wanted was to sit, just as he was, in his own house, doing nothing, thinking about nothing at all.

Then morning came again, and John Sobieski must go up to the high school. He took the two towels plus a third one for himself that he got from his mother, his running shorts, his notebook, his lunch bag, and a black umbrella of his father's, because the morning was dark and threatening rain again. By the time he reached the school his arms ached from carrying so many things, and when he thought of the running he would have to do that day he felt sorry for himself and thought, "No wonder I can't run. Nobody else has to wear themselves out just getting here!"

The rain in clinging drops or running down the panes of the windows, the shifting light and dark places in the sky—all were watched apprehensively by John Sobieski as he sat in the classrooms' dim electric light that could barely establish itself all day against the bleak light from outside. After his last class, as he walked among crowds of others through the dim and noisy corridors, Ernest Borkmann found him.

The big boy took him down to the wing of the school where the lockers were, past the door of the cross-country room and on to a further door where he left him. For one moment John Sobieski hesitated, but then he let himself inside quickly and faced the room.

In front of him, behind a desk, sat the tall man of the clipboard—a large and handsome-appearing man with long white hair combed back, seen now for the first time indoors, without his coat and hat. Leaning back with folded hands, he was talking to the smaller, darker, bony-looking young man who sat on the windowsill with his back to the rain, his knees drawn up high and his feet on the radiator.

"Is that him?" the tall man asked. "The one that runs in the blue pants?"

The other coach only nodded gloomily, watching John Sobieski, the whites of his eyes showing in his dark face.

"What do they call him, anyway?"

A little smile seemed always to be hanging at the corners of the white-haired man's eyes and lips, as though to him things were always cheerful and a bit funny somehow.

"John Sobieski," responded the boy himself.

"John Sobieski . . . I hear that John Sobieski's a pretty good runner, Stan."

"He does the best he can."

"No, sir," said the white-haired man, "he's good, because he likes to run. He likes to go out there and beat those other boys. He likes to take 'em. Now, how's he going to do it the way he's been, Stanley? That isn't right. We have to give John Sobieski a chance, the same as everybody else. You come here, John Sobieski!"

The tall man reached forward and pointed to a box at the front of his desk. Of course it had been there all along, but for John Sobieski it only came into being at that moment. The boy opened it. Inside, under tissue paper, his hands grasped a pair of the spikeless cross-country shoes.

He lifted them out. They were small in size, for his own little feet, narrow and light and pointed, with hard and sharp rubber bottoms for digging in and starting; and he could see himself already, as from some distance away, the black shoes slashing like hoofs, slashing and slashing in arcs, the shoes of John Sobieski!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Fortunately, no other country in the world can duplicate these training facilities."

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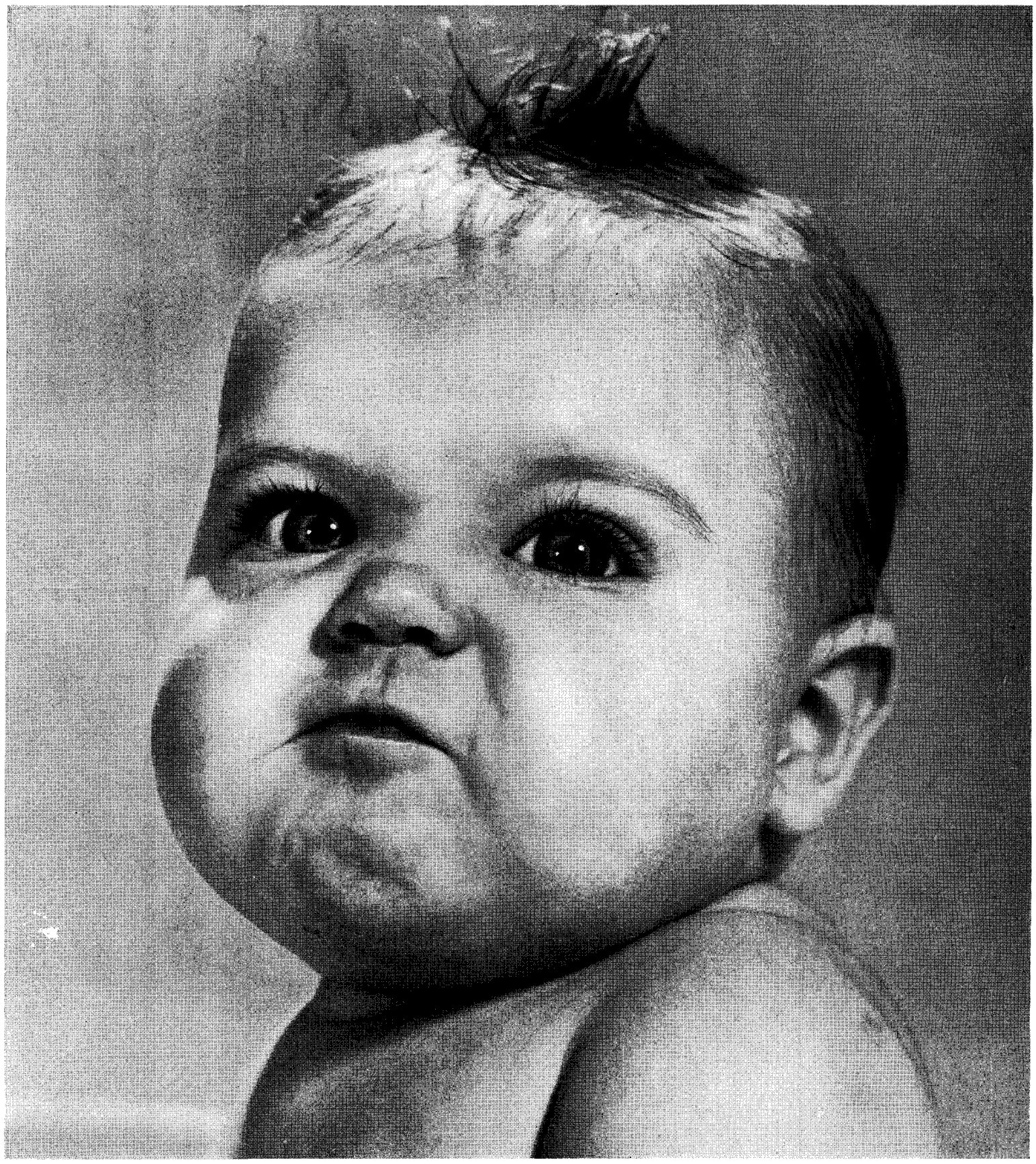

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John Sobieski Runs

"John Sobieski's going to Utica with us," said the head coach, grinning. "John Sobieski's going to run at Syracuse—John Sobieski's going to New York City!"

"Well, you get a uniform and sweat suit from the manager, John Sobieski," the younger man told him more soberly. "Put a towel around your neck when you go outside and don't try to run very hard today. It's too cold for it."

The runners jogged across the field and gathered together under the drizzling clouds. Neither coach was anywhere around. John Sobieski had been one of the first ones out, and for once, at least, he was ready. Imperceptibly this time, without a signal of any kind, the runners began their run. They went off slowly without making any sound, all the move and flash of their bright uniforms muffled within the heavy gray sweat suits. They moved at a shuffle just over a walk, then at a trot, and then a little better. In the beginning they ran very close to one another in a tight pack, and yet in rigid silence, as though pushing together against some enormous burden, one so heavy that it might never be moved at all without an effort from each so intense as to isolate him from all the others.

Once outside the fence, John Sobieski found the pack lengthening. As it stretched out gradually, it seemed to snap in two. He was the last of the line that was moving ahead, and there were nine runners in front of him. He stayed where he was without working very hard. Then all at once, when he was scarcely tired, he spied the school building ahead of him, and he pulled out and ran as fast as he could. He passed the others easily, every one—not so fast as if they were standing still, but as if he were moving about twice as fast—and entered the gate first by a long interval.

Instead of stopping, he kept running straight on into the locker room. There he took a hurried shower and had already dried himself by the time the others began to come in, talking quietly, in twos and threes. John Sobieski dressed as fast as he could, his face buried in the new locker that had been assigned to him. He was afraid to turn around because they might all be looking at him, because he had come in first. He felt as though he were charged with electricity, and the figure "1" were shining out upon his back.

He was sweating again by the time he reached home. His coughing was so continuous that he knew he would not be able to stop it, or even halt it for a few minutes, until he had something to drink. But even so he went directly to his bedroom and carefully spread out on the bed his new running things, which were now all wrinkled and damp. The unfamiliar bright-colored things attracted his mother and father, and they came in to look.

"Where can I put these to dry . . ." John Sobieski demanded. But then he closed his eyes, grasping the long bar at the foot of his bed; his upper body leaned forward, the tears pressed at his shut eyes, and the cough came rolling out of him. ". . . where nobody will touch them?"

"Touch them," said his father angrily. "What are we going to touch them for?" And he left the room.

"We can hang them up over the stove," his mother assured him with bright, grieving eyes that only made the boy furious. "Come and eat with us."

"I'll be there!" he told her. "I have to see about this stuff first."

It was a Friday night. John Sobieski had the whole weekend to dry his running things, and on Monday he went to the school equipped just like all the rest—except that he had come in first the last time they had run. But that same day the figure "1", which he could almost feel burning upon his back once he was among the runners again, faded out. Nobody paid any attention to it.

Now every day was bright and blue. The cold air burned like alcohol on the skin of his arms and legs when he took off his sweat clothes and began to run in the afternoons. He was happy just to run with the others, keeping up with them along different streets of the city that he had not known anything about before. In the first time trials he finished twelfth.

The coaches took fifteen boys to run at Utica the following Saturday. They drove a few hours in cars, got out to warm up behind a strange and brand-new high school, gathered on a line in a bunch—one of a dozen such, each in its own bright colors—and then a gun was fired, a cloud of white smoke rose above the man who had fired it, and the bunches all sprang into a forward wave to cross the field together. John Sobieski was left behind, exhausted, right at the start. He decided he would just finish the race, this one last time, and then he

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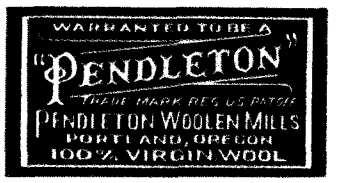

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would never run again. He felt that way all through the unfamiliar woods and as he came down out of them onto the field again, into the mouth of the bullpen between funneling ropes that crowded him against boys in front and on both sides until he stood still with one of the coarse-fibered ropes in either hand. Somebody wrote something on his back—a piece of paper with a number on it had been pinned to his red shirt—and then he staggered away, to walk around and begin coughing.

Riding home in the head coach's car, he learned their team had won the meet. Their first five men had come in 2nd, 4th, 5th, 7th and 8th for a score of 26. John Sobieski found the number 24 written in pencil underneath the big printed number on the paper he had torn from his back. Besides that, he had a blue satin ribbon. Two hundred boys had run, but only the first twenty-five received ribbons.

Monday his name appeared in the city newspaper. "A freshman, John Sobieski, was the Red and White's tenth finisher." Ernest Borkmann had cut the story out of the paper and showed it to him in the locker room before practice.

"Where did you come in?" John Sobieski asked him.

The big boy folded the clipping carefully with large, strong fingers and put it away in his wallet. "I got sick," he answered, frowning. "I didn't finish."

Saturday they ran at Syracuse, and there were twice as many runners. The high school placed second. John Sobieski, their seventh man in, finished 39th. It meant he had improved about nine places. And he beat three of their own runners who had finished ahead of him the week before.

This time he rode home with the younger coach. The other runners were subdued; John Sobieski's continual coughing was louder than all their quiet talk. It filled the car, though he strained to suppress it by sitting motionless with all the air breathed out of him, so that he would have nothing to cough with. But he had to breathe again sometime, and then the air would rush into his lungs, explode, and be thrown out once more. "Roll up your windows," the coach told the runners. Twice they stopped at gas stations to let him drink water, but even so he would only start coughing again in a few minutes.

Now John Sobieski began to notice that boys on the running team nodded or spoke to him when he saw them in the school's halls, and even a few others seemed to know who he was. He lived only for running. He got up in the morning and walked to the school for it, waiting all day for that living half hour when he emerged on the playing field and ran, suffering, until he swore he would never do it again, and at last finished somehow and returned to the locker room. His life was running. It was different now than ever before. "I only eat and sleep at home," he thought to himself as he sat and watched his father and mother in the evening. "They see me go away, and they see me come back—but they don't know what I do!"

It was five o'clock in the morning. New York City, the biggest city in America, lay more than a hundred and fifty miles away to the east and south. The head coach had already driven off with five boys, and now the other coach and two remaining runners and a manager all got into a little car that stood by itself at the curb in front of the school. John Sobieski had the front seat. He hunched down inert and from there watched the dark houses, the peaking rooftops, roll by. Nobody said anything. The manager and the runner in the back seat were both trying to sleep. Once they were well into the country, John Sobieski sat up and looked out. It was just getting light. The sky was gray, as though cloudy. In the open fields there was light, but everything else remained shadowy. Buildings that they passed stood gray and chill-appearing, except for yellow windows distinct and square in a few isolated houses. The boy was glad to see them. It struck him as cheerful somehow, for it meant that people were awake within and beginning their work for the day. Something in him yearned toward them, but he was going to New York City; and he was glad to be going to New York, but he didn't want to run there.

The next time he looked out it was fully light; the day would clear. They were driving on a parkway now, twin concrete highways that seemed to descend endlessly taking huge dips and turns. As the little car rose up with engine roaring to meet each new crest, John Sobieski waited to see if the city were ahead, but the road on the other side only plunged them downhill again, twisting out of sight among hills and woods.

He couldn't sleep, but he closed his eyes for a long, long time, hoping that when he opened them again they would

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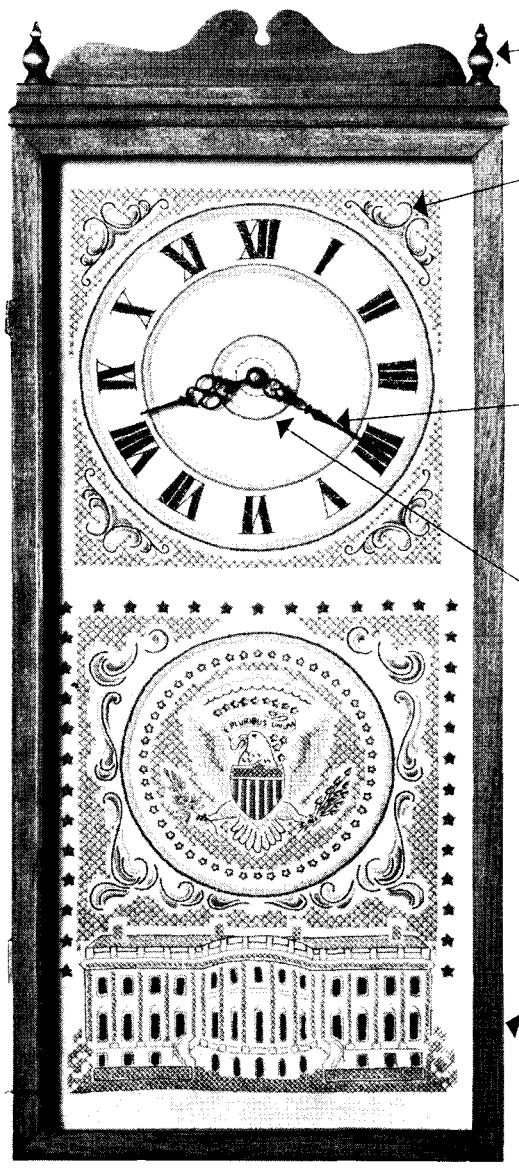

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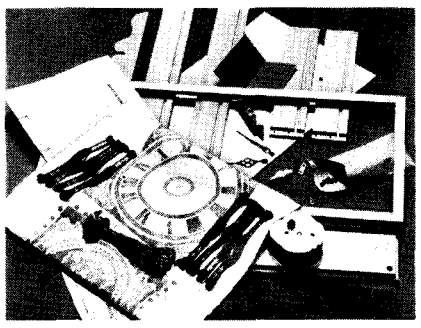

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John Sobieski Runs

be there, and he would at least have rested a little.

What made him sit up again finally was a loud whining of tires. Then outside, all around, he saw more cars, a great many of them and all going to the same place. The young coach, sitting next to him, was very busy driving. John Sobieski saw that the man's face was now intent, his eyes fiercely concentrated ahead. He was passing the other cars as though they were runners. They went between some fairly high buildings and then ran downhill across a bridge; the coach paid money out his window, they went on down the ramp, blue water came around on the right, and immediately up in front of them, very high, a suspension bridge swung across to the other side. They drove underneath it, and there were the tall buildings of New York standing out ahead as he had thought they would be—except that they weren't down close to the water, but were built on top of a steep hill rising on the left.

Just then the runner in the back seat—it was the same dark-haired boy who had been sitting on the bench when John Sobieski first entered the locker room—called out, "Hey, we're on the island!"

The older runner knew they should be running at a park somewhere back in the Bronx. The coach knew it too—he had run there himself when he had been a cross-country runner—but coming into the city he had missed his turn and was still looking for it when he had been caught among the cars rushing into Manhattan. He got off the parkway now and they ran steeply uphill between buildings, all of them bigger than John Sobieski had ever seen, but not what he had expected of New York either. They were big dirty boxes with innumerable windows in which, it looked like, people lived. It gave him a pang to think that.

They kept turning into different streets, driving fast, and then they were out of Manhattan again. All at once the coach turned off the highway and drove straight across a flat athletic field. Right where he stopped the car the runners were massed—bright-colored, moving and shifting by the hundreds, tightening up—and just as they went to get out, a shot was fired. The pack jolted, loosened, and stretched away like an expanding accordion, the farther edge moving rapidly over the field, while the near edge remained on the starting line playing out runners in waves. The coach swore aloud as he helped rip jackets and sweat clothes from John Sobieski and the other runner. Then the two of them were on the field running, before some had even left the starting line.

And if ever they had started before John Sobieski was ready, it was this time. Next to him, in front of him, behind him, shoving him, were runners; and he himself, short and thin, unable even to see above them. He felt as though he were dying, and as a drowning person sees his whole life, he saw his running. Then he knew he couldn't run at all; he was always sick, he only beat others by tormenting himself. And he hated it, because he cared only about beating the others and not all of them either, but just those on his own team, for of the rest there were so many as to make his own struggles seem feeble, indistinguishable.

Yet even now, as though it were a thing quite separate from himself, his small body was pressing forward through the thick of the runners. His eye was caught by the flash of a red shirt that he knew must be from his own school. Slowly, he was coming up to it. He made his way sideways between two larger boys, and when another boy just ahead stumbled, sighing, and gave up, John Sobieski dodged around him and into the free pocket, darting forward unhindered until he was running behind the familiar red shirt. When it found openings, he followed after. When it forced a way, shoving runners aside, he went through as though he had done it for himself.

They had passed over the parkway on a bridge of stone arches and now they were running on a bridle path that turned and climbed upward under trees, around the bulk of a great hill on the other side. The stream of the pack had narrowed until it was only four to five runners wide, and at one edge the hillside fell away steeply—down to John Sobieski couldn't see what, though he was running on that side himself, just within the pack.

Twisting slowly uphill, flashing gay-colored, the pack surged over the crest of the hill and slid downward again, winding around, faster and faster. Somewhere John Sobieski had left the red shirt behind and now that the race was downhill, he tried to break out and pass runners, but he couldn't. It was impossible, with the runners pounding on all sides of him; he couldn't move from his place. He stood it until he couldn't any longer; then he pulled abreast of the boy immediately in front of him and went through diagonally to the right. He saw he was free. He let himself out, his feet smashing into the ground in long downhill strides. But while he was passing, exposed out there, an impulse that originated in an obscure movement somewhere deep inside the pack suddenly reached him and struck him through the elbow of the boy beside him. For an instant he continued to run wildly along the edge of the hill, with his arms waving and snatching for balance, but he was being toppled inexorably, and he was over.

John Sobieski went down running, but he couldn't keep on his feet. A young tree caught him by the arm, spun him around and threw him, rolling, down the slope. He hit things; but the pain wasn't so great as the exhaustion and sickness that came on immediately as he ceased running. He lay on his side on dry leaves at the bottom, his body jackknifed and heaving. Overhead was the thunder of the passing pack, the rustle of their feet among fallen leaves, the muffled reverberations of the shocks of a thousand galloping legs all shod in the sharp-pointed running shoes like hoofs—passing by, pounding, and gone; a pause—a scattered hurry of stragglers—now one, now several; their breathing like the furious labor of bicycle pumps, their feet clumping—dying away; now all gone altogether—passed on.

He was left alone. Everything was quiet. A hot sickness, separate from the ache of lungs and throat, went back and forth over him, for the first time unmixed with the bustle of others walking around feeling the same way. He hated himself, he hated his body that gasped and gasped for breath among the crisp leaves. He could not bear to think that even though he had lost, he must still

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suffer for trying. For a while he did nothing; he didn't even try to get up, because there wasn't any use in it. But he started to feel the cold on his arms and legs and through his thin uniform. When he finally got to his feet he was so weak and listless he could hardly climb the steep bank. He pulled himself up from one young tree to another, and then clung to them on the uphill side, resting.

Up on the bridle path again, his coughing came over him. It began loud and wet, and would get worse, he knew, harsher and drier, as his running sickness improved, but now it was all the same to him. He walked downhill weakly, without purpose, staggering and coughing. As he came out of the woods, the dark-haired runner, recovered from his run, his sweatsuit on, met him in the middle of the stone bridge over the parkway. Beneath them, the bright automobiles whined in both directions. John Sobieski leaned on the boy, and together they went down to the field, an enormous one big enough for twenty football games. On the far side of it the young coach's tiny car stood by itself, and, as they were crossing, the man got out and came toward them.

"Somebody pushed me . . . I fell over," John Sobieski tried to explain, between fits of coughing, but the man only scowled, glanced briefly into the face of the other runner, and didn't answer.

They got him into his sweat clothes and inside the car. They rolled up the windows and laid him by himself on the backseat, with the coats of all three boys thrown over him. The coach and the other two rode up front, mostly in silence, while John Sobieski coughed with a horrible crouping dry sound all the way back to their own city.

From where he lay he could see it growing dark outside. The shapes of roofs were sharp in the cold sky. He was aware of the fits and starts of the automobile and the traffic sounds of the city outside; of the rush of cold air entering and the voices of the two boys briefly saying good-bye; finally of the emptiness of the car with only himself and the coach remaining—when at last the car stopped for good.

"Is this where you live, John Sobieski?" the man asked from out on the sidewalk. He looked up at the gray two-family house, while the boy was climbing out over the front seat.

"You listen to me now. I want you to get into that house and not come out of it for a month. You're sick. You belong in bed, for God's sake, and not out killing yourself running. It isn't running anymore, when you have to trade on your health just to get a place. That doesn't do us any good—it isn't reliable. You go in there and get better. Forget all about running, for a while."

The man spoke angrily. He held the car door open against the wind with his back and watched John Sobieski, but the boy just stood before him saying nothing. He got back into his car and drove away.

John Sobieski made his way upstairs. He went right to his room and to bed. His mother saw at once that he was sick and looked after him.

He stayed in bed three weeks. Most of the time he slept. There was nothing he wanted to get up for. After the first week he didn't cough anymore; as long as he didn't run it would be all right. His father came in to see him after supper. The older man seemed a little embarrassed. He would bring a kitchen chair and set it just inside the bedroom door, and talk across the space at his son, who would be watching him, lying deep in his bed, his brown head on a big pillow.

"How do you feel tonight?"

"All right."

The father nodded. He wouldn't smoke in the bedroom. He sat for a while. "The one time I was in New York," he said, "I went on the train with my father. When we got there we just stood up in some place and ate sauerkraut and frankfurts. That's all I remember about it."

John Sobieski listened, but didn't say anything. After a bit his father got up to go out. "Well, stay where you are now. Rest up a while. That's the only thing."

"Listen," John Sobieski called after him, "I'm still going back there, after I get better."

His father looked down at the linoleum. "They still want you, after you got licked like that?"

"I don't know. It doesn't matter if they want me, though—I'm going to go."

His father went away.

In the dark bedroom, John Sobieski closed his eyes. He could hear the wind blowing outside between his house and the house next door. A boy moved before him in the dark; John Sobieski was coming up closer, from behind. . . . He caught himself and swore, and thrashed in the bed with regret. He couldn't remember running without remembering his failure. Yet in twenty minutes more, going off to sleep, he would see before him a boy dressed in white shorts and red shirt, and he himself, coming up behind, planning how he was going to take him. THE END

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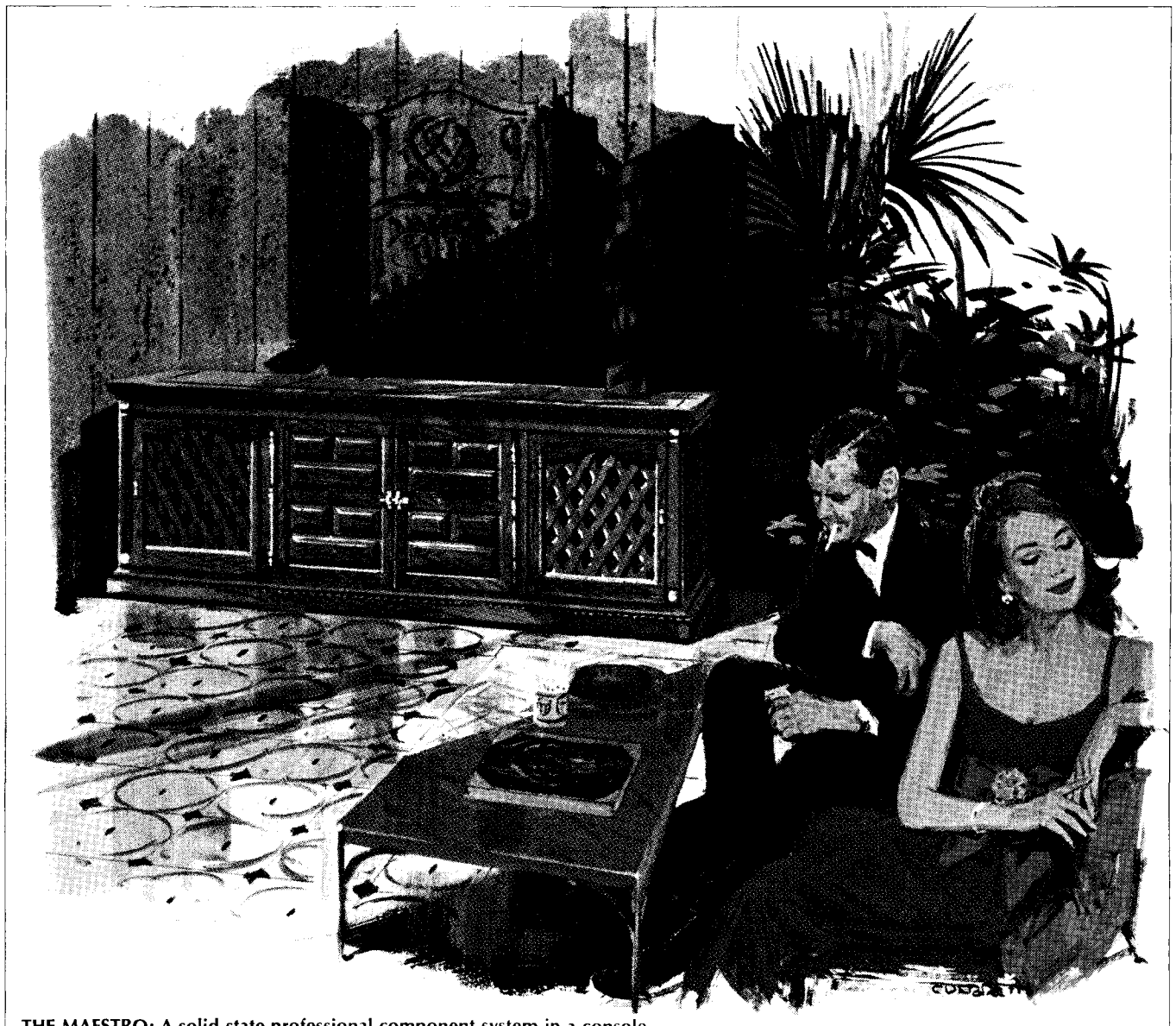

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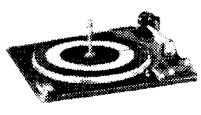

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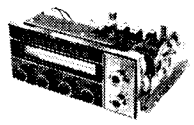

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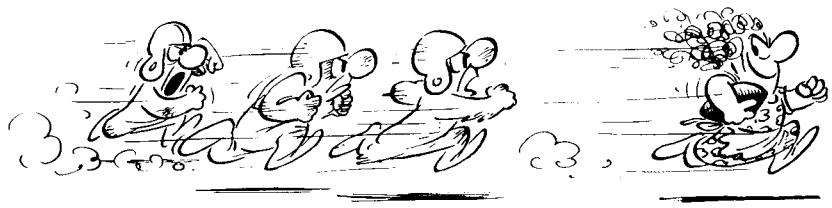
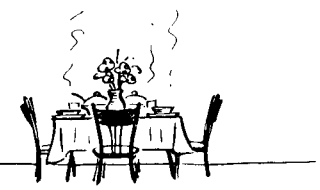
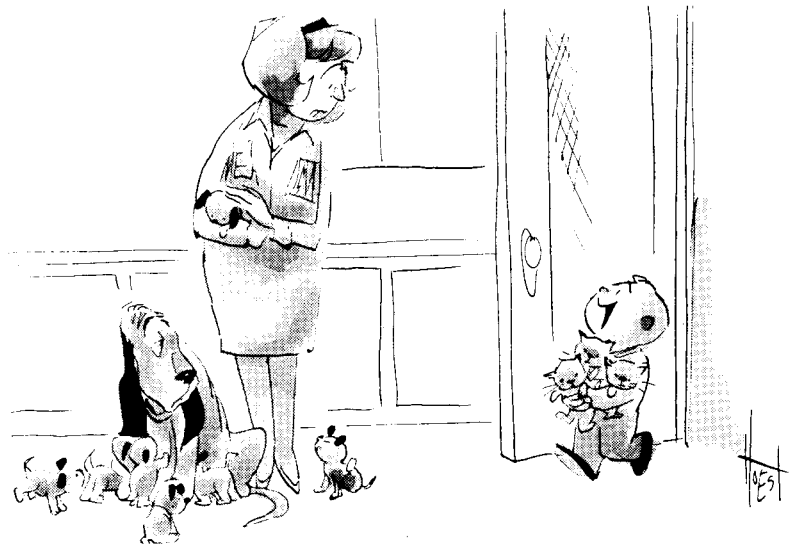




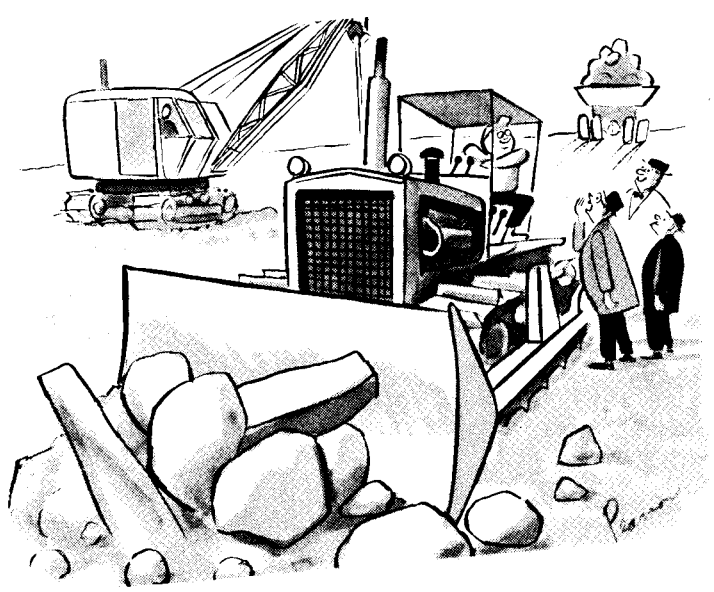
"Well, I'm awfully sorry, but this is where the swimming events are supposed to take place."

"You can always spot a rookie."



"I got rid of one of the puppies, Mom, and did I make a swell deal."

"If my calculations are correct, this is the day my divorce becomes final."



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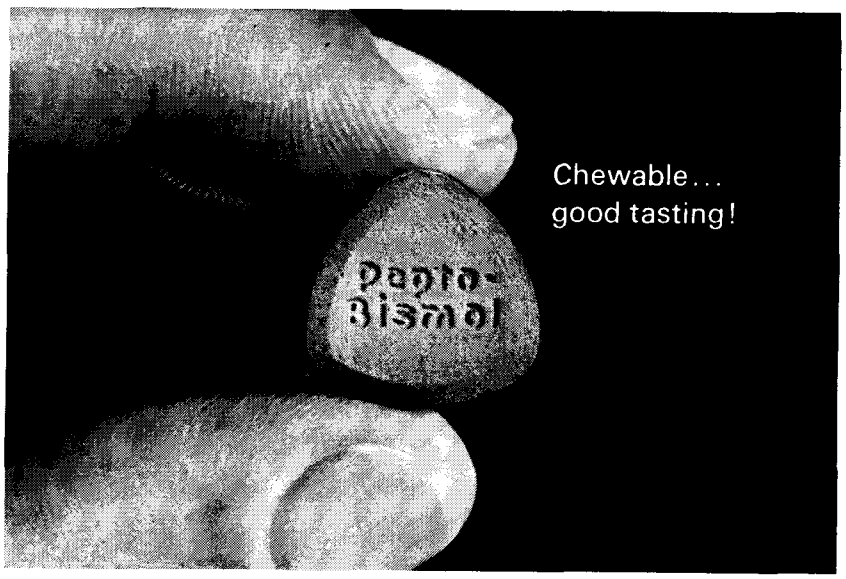

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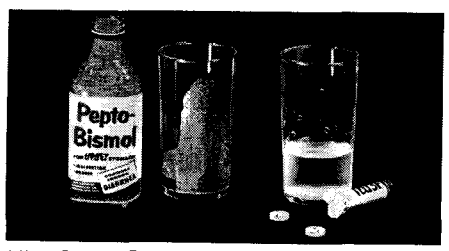

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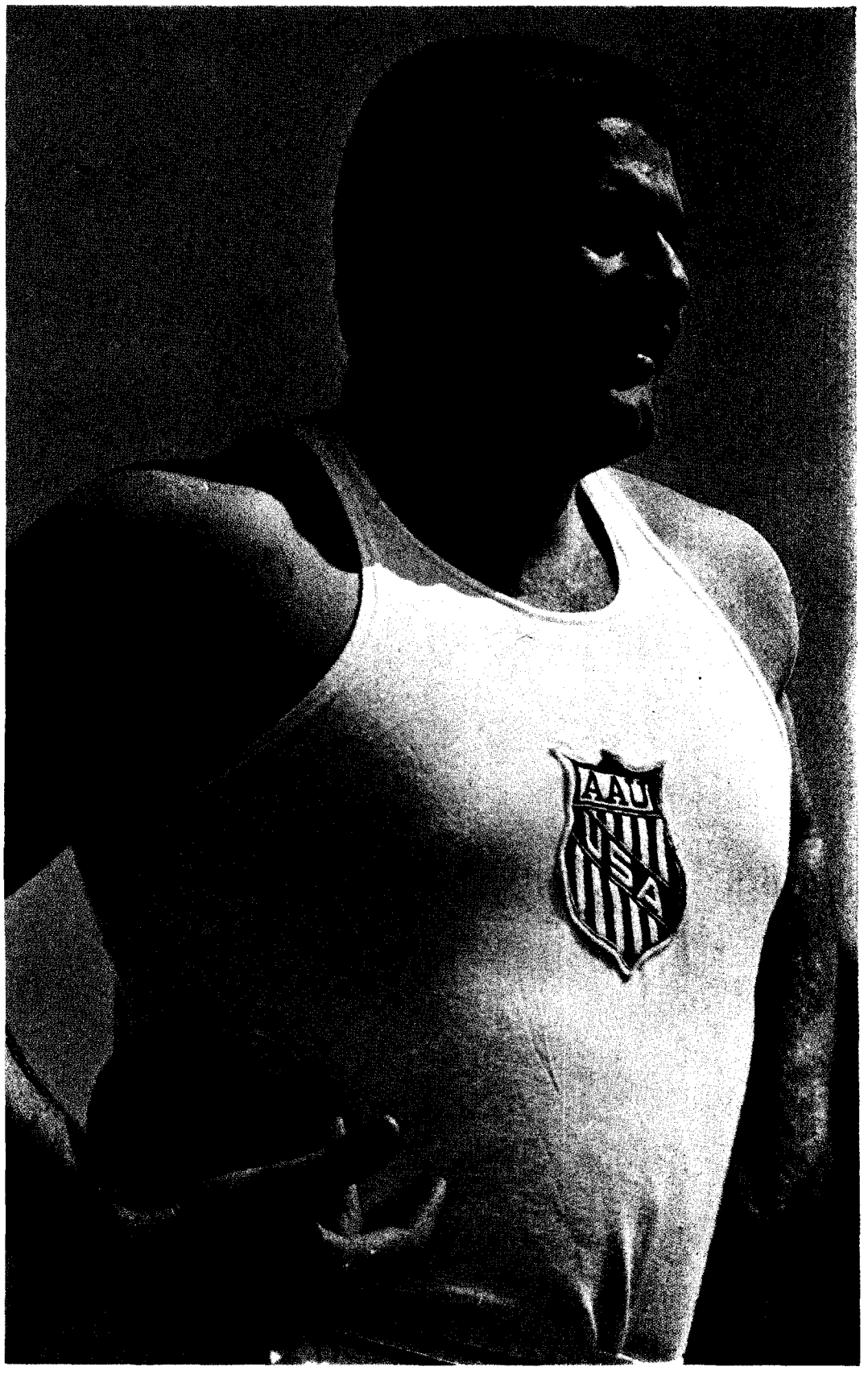
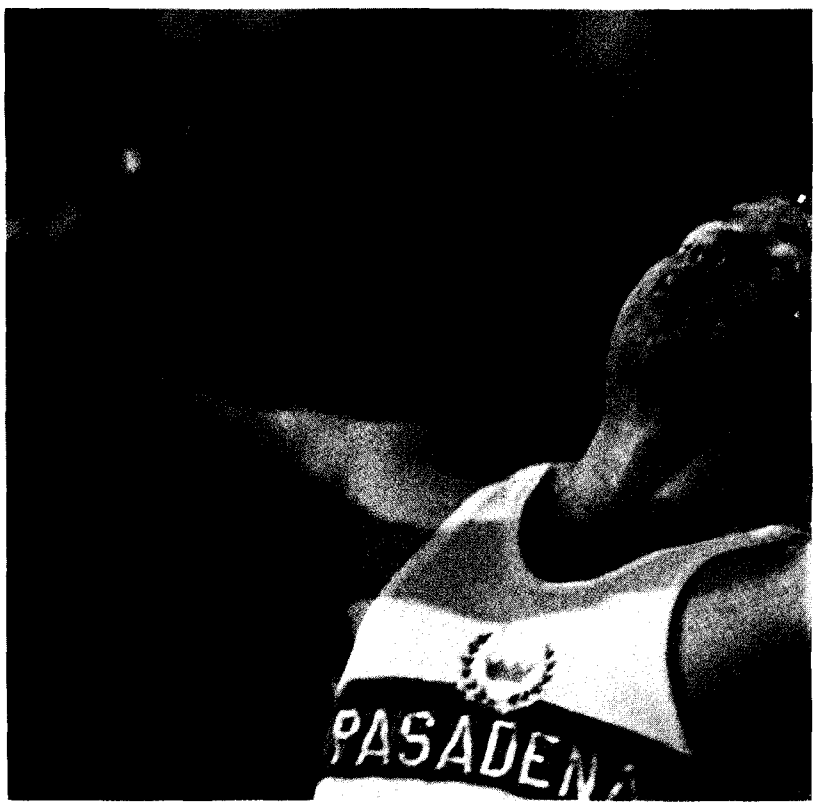
LONELY CHAMPIONS QUEST FOR OLYMPIC GOLD

America's Olympic torchbearers compete against the world's best athletes at Tokyo next week. Each has dedicated his young life to the single-minded pursuit of excellence.

BY ROBERT DALEY · PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE J. SCHILLER





Dallas Long, left and above, dental student, weighs 260 pounds, stands six feet four, wears 18½ collars. Long, 24, recently broke world shot-put mark four times in one day.

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What does it take to win an Olympic medal? Muscle helps, but muscle alone is not enough. A shot put in the hand of massive Dallas Long looks light as a grapefruit. When Long crouches down under it, body coiled tight, the grasp around the 16-pound iron ball has been formed by nine years of preparation: nine years of relentless training. Then the ball goes off with a convulsive heave that distorts Long's face, but sends his spirit soaring. At that moment, Long experiences an exaltation that almost nothing else can match.

The world of the weight thrower is merely one small corner of the special world of the Olympics. About 375 Americans in 20 sports will compete in the games at Tokyo beginning on Saturday. A few, like Long and Harold Connolly, are world-record holders—they have increased the limit of some highly specialized and relatively useless act. But for all, competition—their event—is their lives. If necessary they will compete long into the night, long after anyone else cares, as Connolly does here. For the most part, only a photograph shot at 1/1,000 of a second can show the beauty of what they do, or what their effort cost them.

Wearing ballet shoes for faster spin and a glove to protect skin of fingers, Harold Connolly, right and below, swings 16-pound hammer into orbit.

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OLYMPIANS PUSH THEMSELVES TO THE EDGE OF ENDURANCE. THEIR REWARDS ARE EXHAUSTION, COLLAPSE, INJURY—SOMETIMES A MEDAL, BUT SELDOM FAME.

Lonely Quest

Marcia Jones says grimly, "If you really want to do something, you can do it." But it costs. Half hidden by froth, (lower right) Miss Jones whips along in her racing kayak. A 23-year-old native of Oklahoma City, she paddles 12 to 15 miles a day, four hours a day, every day. What can she show for such dedication? Well, in 1964 she is unbeaten. She can show this, some medals and an advanced case of dishpan hands.

Calluses and medals are almost all any American Olympian can show. None of the water-polo players or steeplechase runners pictured here would be recognized on the street. None have any fame they can sell later. But day after day, year after year they increase their training tempo, they push themselves to the edge of exhaustion, they rush about the country and the world from one competition to another. They win a few more medals. Their lives are focused on a bit of water or a 16-pound iron ball, on a 17-foot racing kayak or a pair of spiked shoes.

Marcia Jones is typical of the group. There is no such thing as a merely gifted athlete, merely muscular athlete anymore. Not even in events for girls. Marcia Jones fell in love with kayak racing. She bought a $300 twenty-six-pound racing kayak made of mahogany, Spanish cedar and other woods, which was imported from Denmark. Then she bought another one. Then she bought a two-seater and then an interest in a four-seater.

At Michigan State she practiced each year into November, then went into the gym for the winter to lift weights three times a week. She also ran and swam and waited impatiently for the ice to melt outdoors. When it did, she carried her kayak lovingly down to the water and resumed "serious" training. She learned to measure the seasons not by the leaves on the trees but by a glance at her own hands. They go through three seasons every year: blisters, bandages, calluses.

When the regattas began, she loaded three kayaks onto the roof of her Ford coupé. She drove up to 14,000 miles a summer, racing on weekends, then driving on, parking each day beside water to practice: on the Erie Canal, on the Colorado River and on Lake Blue Water high in the Rockies.

Marcia Jones, who is five feet six and weighs 134 pounds, loves kayak racing as much as members of the El Segundo, Calif., water-polo team (shown in an intrasquad game, left) love 60 minutes of frantic swimming, lunging and gagging on swallowed water. El Segundo won the right to represent the United States at Tokyo after the Olympic tryout tournament twice ended in a triple tie. Jeff Fishback (No. 134, upper right) has this same love for stumbling through the water jump seven times in a 3,000-meter race as blisters form inside his soggy shoes.

It is not something that can be understood simply by trying. It is not really a reasonable thing. It is a matter of the way lives are focused.

For sixty minutes, water-polo competitors elect to breathe water rather than air.

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Jeff Fishback, No. 134, and George Young, No. 485, are best U.S. steeplechasers. Trick is to land atop hurdle, leap over as much water as possible.

Feet busy on rudder, left hand controlling turn of paddle, Marcia Jones practices 500-meter kayak sprint. She has equaled winning time of 1960 games.

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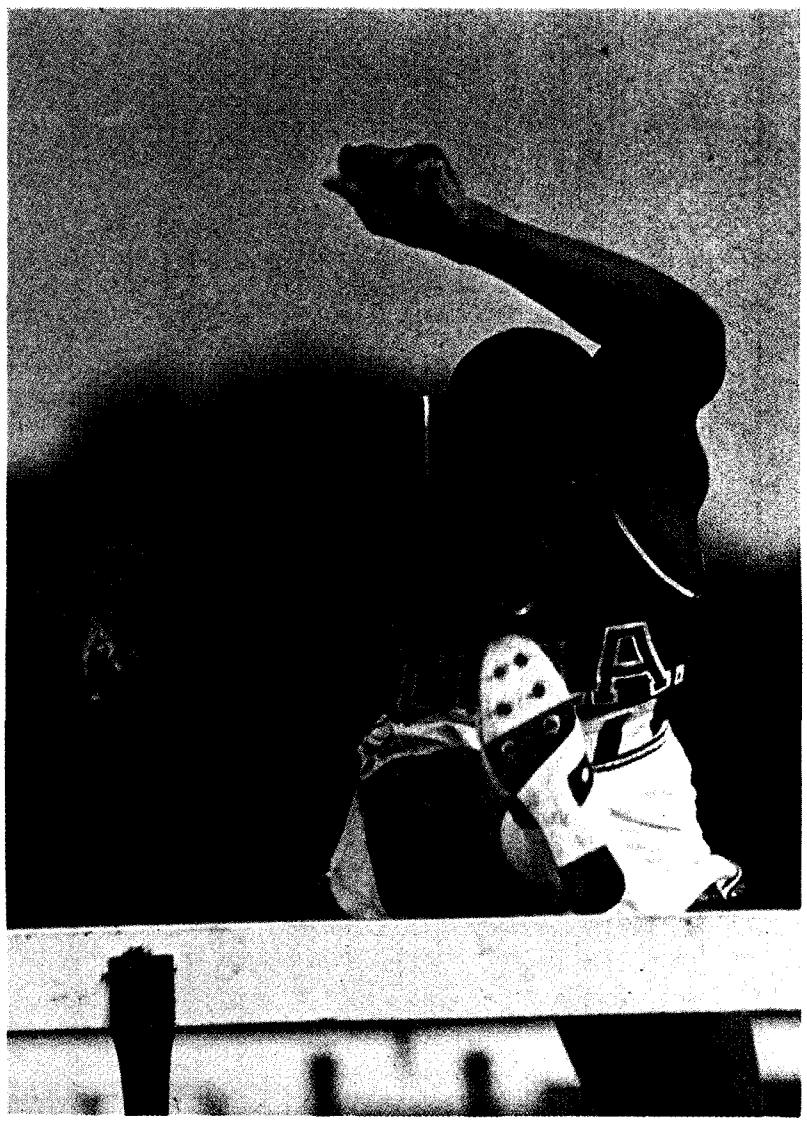
FOR EVERY COMPETITIVE MILE, A THOUSAND ARE RUN IN PRACTICE—AND IF YOU'RE GOOD YOU MAY END UP WTH 35 WRISTWATCHES.



Hayes Jones is known for brilliant form over ten high hurdles in 110 meters.

Lonely Quest

The cost of winning an Olympic medal is something the athletes themselves never reckon. But ask the runners pictured on these pages about training, and they will rattle off "programs" no ordinary man can even listen to without feeling fatigue. In 1962 Hayes Jones (left) held every world high-hurdle record except one, at 110 meters. This race takes roughly 13 seconds to run, but Jones was tiring at the final hurdle and missing the record by fractions of a second. He decided to change his program. He said, "Instead of running intervals and sprints, I'm going to run over 60-yard high hurdles 20 times back to back, no rest. That's on Monday. On Tuesday I will go over 70-yard high hurdles 10 times. Wednesday I repeat Monday. If I do this every day over a two-month period, I will get endurance."

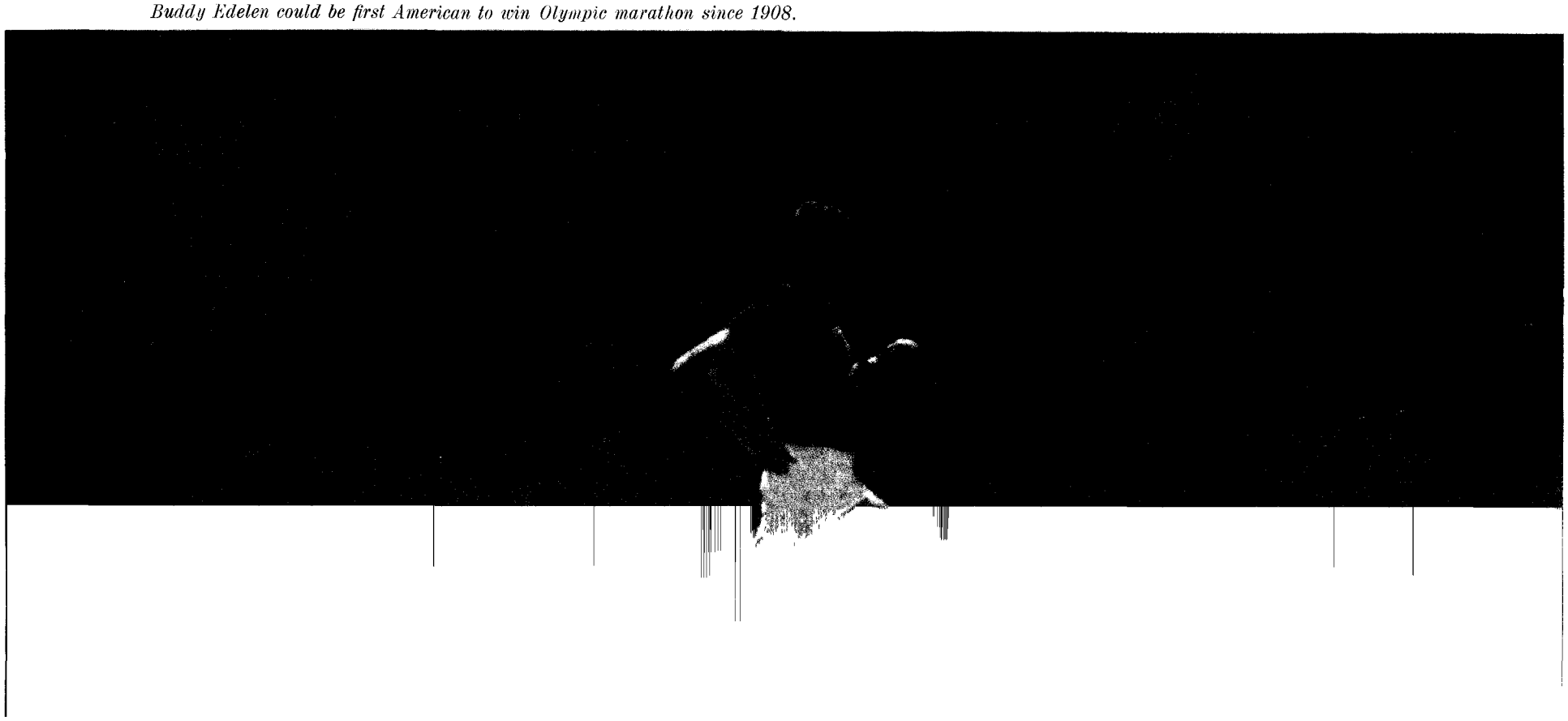
Or take Buddy Edelen, the marathoner below shown striding along the bank of a river near his father's home in Sioux Falls, S. Dak. Edelen works as a schoolteacher in England, earning $130 a month, living in an unheated flat, and "bashing out" 130 miles a week along the streets, pounding past strollers, overtaking trucks, running until "you get so tired you're preoccupied with pain." But if he rests a day or two, he gets irritable and nervous: "It's as if something's been stolen from me."

Tom O'Hara, on the right, shown winning the third-fastest 1500-meter run of all time, looks as frail as a bird. He weighs under 135 pounds. But for every mile he runs in competition he runs about 1,000 in practice. He runs through the streets of Chicago in the morning, down back alleys, skirting garbage cans, and into the Chicago Avenue Armory, where he jogs down the stairs into the auditorium. After running up and down the aisles a while, he will push through a door, run upstairs a few flights, and run up and down the upstairs corridors. In winter, when O'Hara leaves the armory and begins the long run home, icicles sometimes form on his eyebrows. Later in the day he may run along the lake front, or even on a proper track, all the time worrying about not being in shape.

Even Edith McGuire (below, right), the best of America's women sprinters, worries about being in shape, and her program is not much less arduous than any man's. She believes, being a girl, she has it easier because other girls "don't understand about interval training."

One thing almost all Olympic athletes have in common is lack of affluence. Edith McGuire's mother is a domestic, and Edith must literally run for the only education that she ever could have received, at Tennessee State. Tom O'Hara lives with his parents, his brothers and sisters in a walk-up apartment in a tough, ugly section of Chicago known as Bucktown. Buddy Edelen is too poor to afford a phone, and he was able to try out for the Olympic team only because small boys in Sioux Falls washed cars to collect money for his fare to the tryout race. And Hayes Jones, though married and a father, earns under $5,000 a year as a substitute teacher in Detroit; he gives up $500 or so of his salary each year in order to compete. He can't sell any of the 35 wristwatches he has won; he would lose his amateur standing. To an Olympic athlete, loss of amateur standing is one of the two irreversible possibilities that man is faced with. The other is death.

Buddy Edelen could be first American to win Olympic marathon since 1908.



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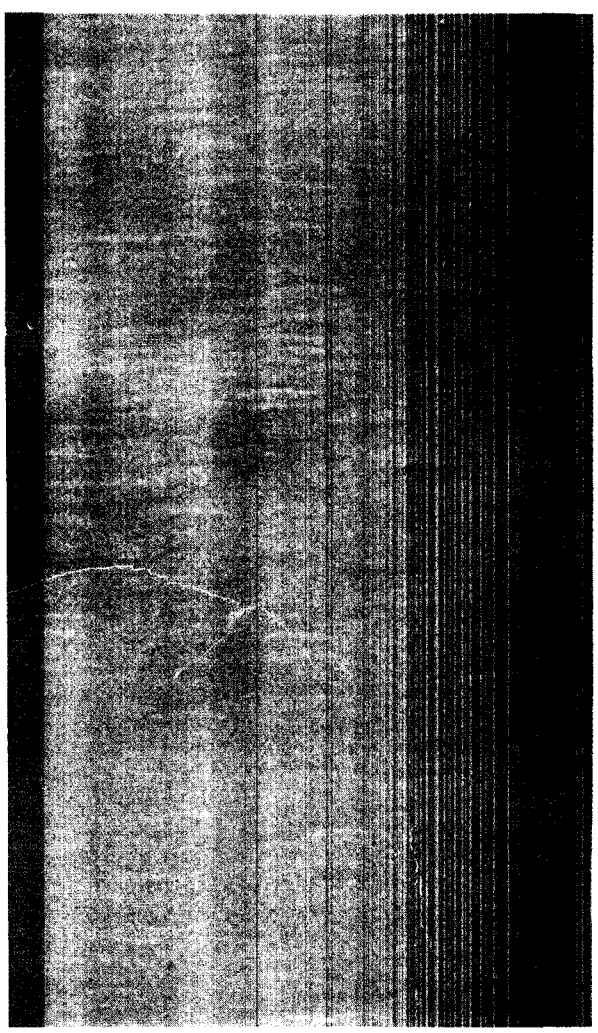
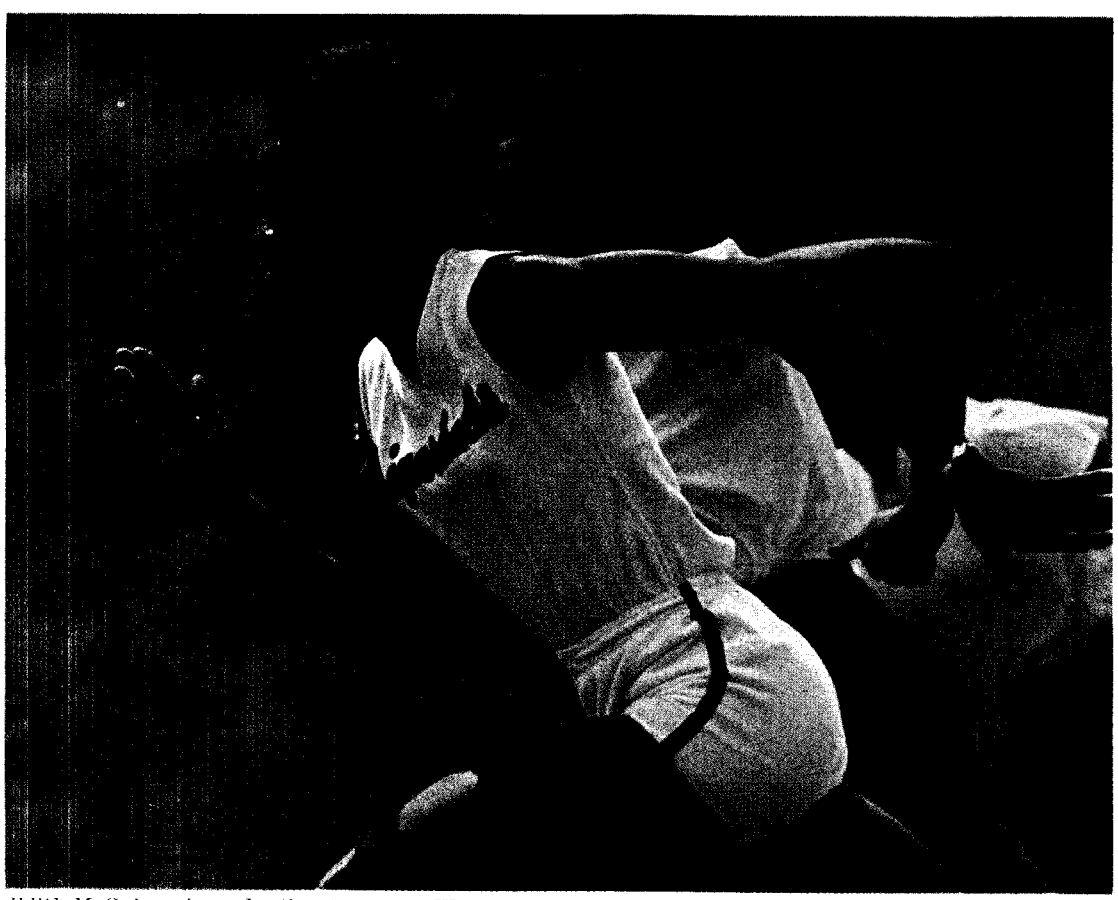
Tom O'Hara won National Championship 1500-meter run in June, setting American record of 3:38.1, equivalent to 3:55 mile. Only two men have ever run event faster.





Edith McGuire, shown beating teammate Wyomia Tyus, could win three gold medals for the U.S. at Tokyo.

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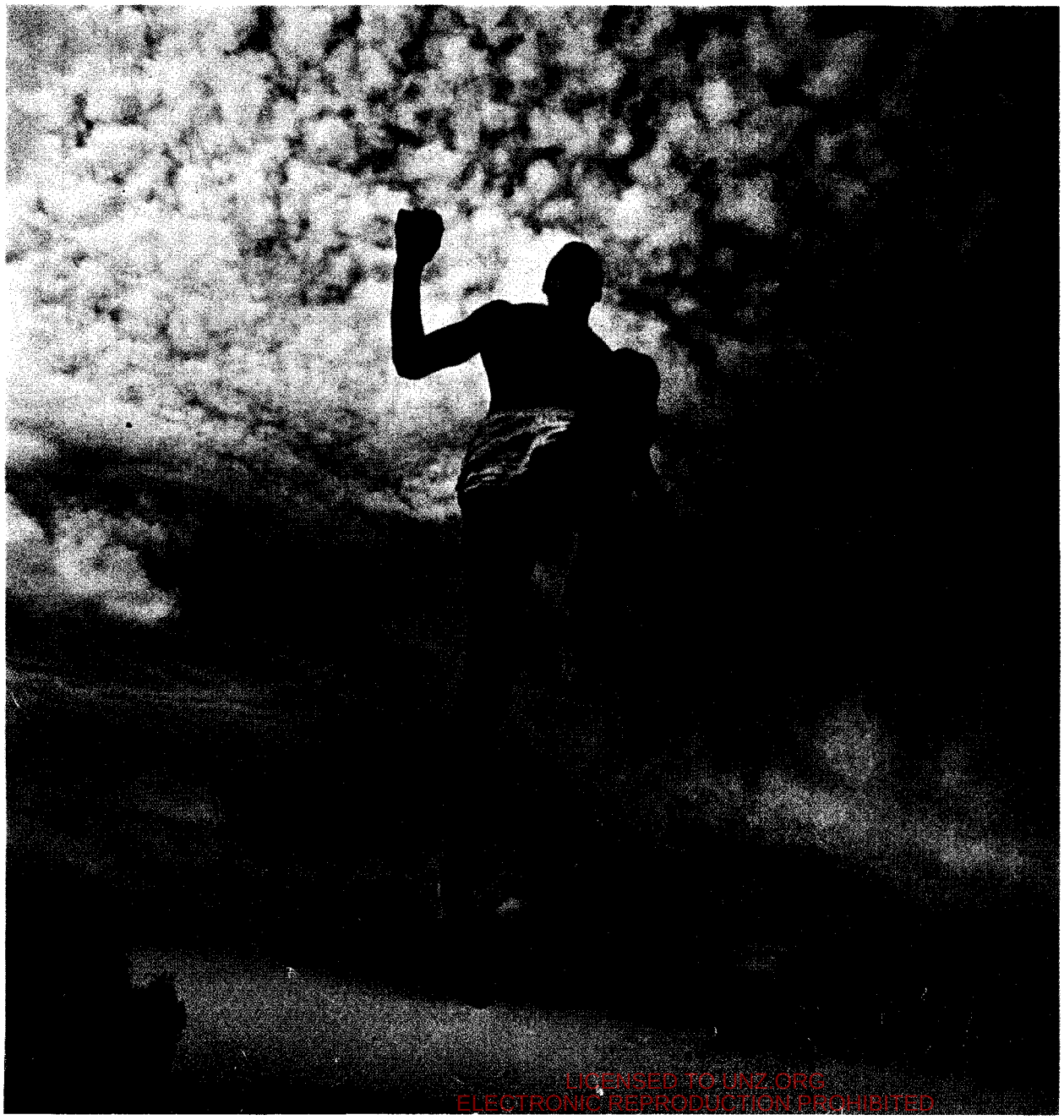
Pat Winslow, a five-foot-one, 20-year-old housewife, is star of pentathlon, most grueling all-around Olympic test for women.

THE OLYMPICS ARE A 20-RING CIRCUS.
EACH ATHLETE GETS ONLY A GLANCE AS, IN HIS MOMENT, HE
LEAPS FOR HIS OWN PERSONAL RAINBOW.



Lonely Quest

The life of an Olympic athlete is often a lonely life, and nowhere is this loneliness more evident than when he—or she—is straining every fiber of his body toward some goal most people aren't even interested in. As Mrs. Pat Winslow, above, practices for the women's pentathlon, the town of San Mateo, Calif., is spread out at her feet. But there is no eager crowd watching. She has too many events to practice: high jump, broad jump, shot put, 200-meter dash and 80-meter hurdles. Meanwhile, at Tennessee State, Ralph Boston, left, practices jump after jump, his shirt removed to feel whatever slight breeze there may be.

Alone in practice, alone in competition, the Olympic athlete rarely is the center of attraction. The Olympics are a 20-ring circus. Each athlete gets only a glance. They don't even hold the interest of each other. As a rule, the shot-putters watch only other shot-putters, and, while the steeplechase is on, the high jumpers go to have their legs rubbed. Fred Hansen, right, shown trying and failing to clear 17 feet 6 inches as day ends in Los Angeles, fills notebooks with data on opponents' form, and he has written a treatise on the physics and physiology of vaulting: "A pendulum (the vaulter) on a pendulum (the pole)." He leaps for his record as if it were the only rainbow in the sky, as if there had never been an Olympics before Tokyo and never would be another one after. The record is meaningless—it will be surpassed in an hour or a day—but the leap for the rainbow is not. It alone has not changed since the first Olympics in 776 B.C. THE END

Ralph Boston, 1960 Olympic champion, now a 25-year-old graduate student, set new world record a month before games.

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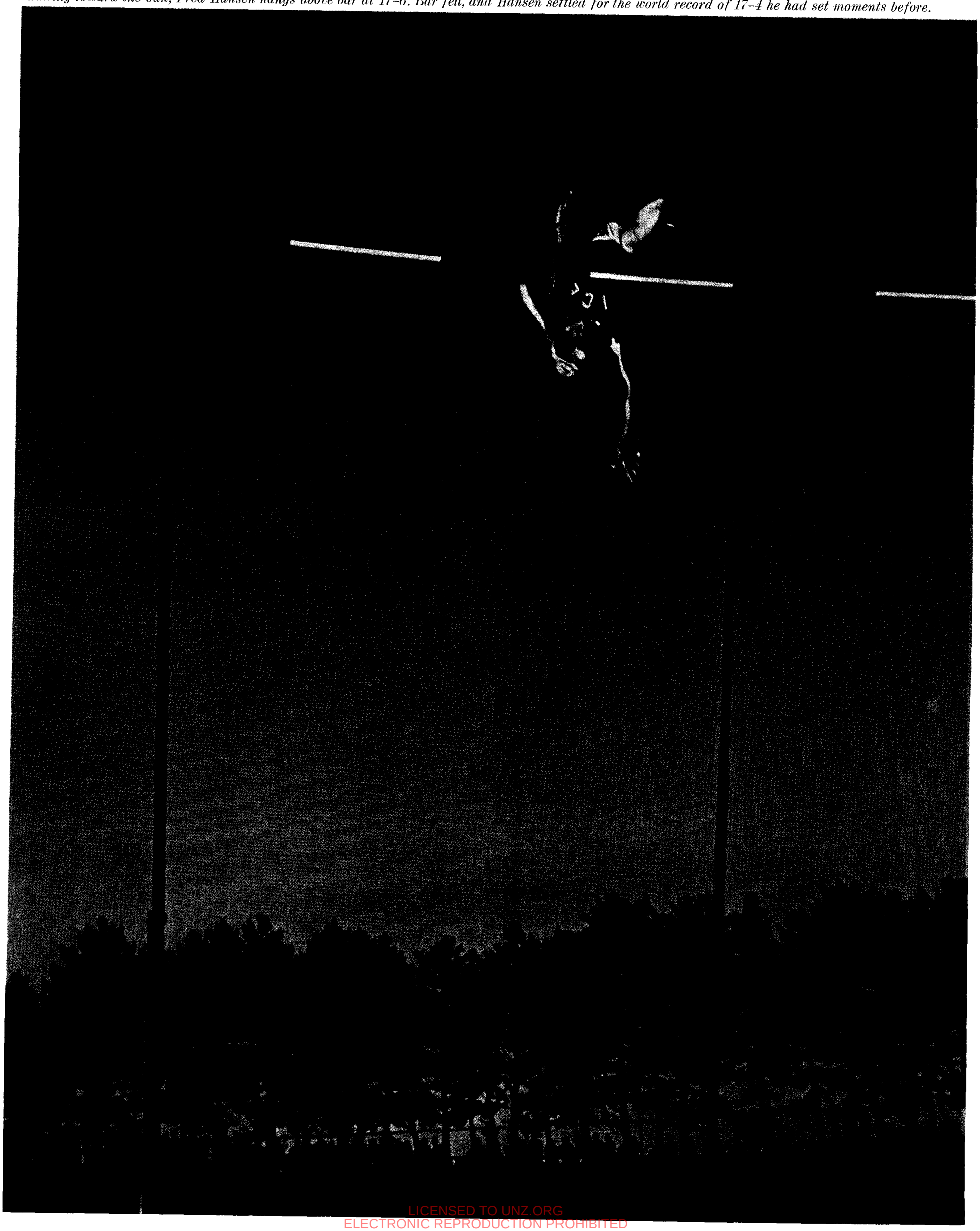
Vaulting toward the sun, Fred Hansen hangs above bar at 17–6. Bar fell, and Hansen settled for the world record of 17–4 he had set moments before.



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'I AM THE STRANGLER! YOU MUST BELIEVE ME!'

First he killed the little boy. Then he wrote the letters with the ghastly confessions that terrified Paris.

In a photograph he took himself while at large, Lucien Léger, the alleged killer, aims his pistol at the camera.

By EDWARD BEHR

Jean-Luc Taron, the murdered child.

Early one morning last May a French Government worker named Jules Bedard left his house in a Paris suburb and set off on a walk in the Verrières wood. On the path ahead he noticed a small boy. "He was sprawled out at the foot of an old oak," Bedard recalls. "At first I thought he was just asleep."

The boy was dead. A pathologist found that the child had been murdered, only a few hours before Bedard happened by. He had been half strangled, and then his face had been pressed against the ground until he suffocated.

Later that day Yves Taron, a tall, grim-looking man, walked into a Paris police station and reported that his 11-year-old son had been missing from home since the previous evening. The police showed Taron the corpse from the Verrières wood.

"That's him, all right," he said unemotionally. "That's my boy, Jean-Luc."

Three days later the letters started. They came at the rate of two or more a day for just over a month. All were on the same pink writing paper. All were penned in the same, obviously disguised, backward-sloping handwriting. All were signed "The Strangler."

Most of the letters were addressed to French newspapers, crime reporters and detectives. "It is the famous Strangler writing," said one. "This is the best-known affair of the century." He was not exaggerating. No murder on French soil had ever attracted such attention. In the past 12 months only one event got comparable space in the French press—President Kennedy's assassination.

Again and again the strangler described the circumstances of the crime in minute, never varying detail. He frankly admitted that he had a craving for publicity, and, to the horror of all Paris, declared that if the public stir diminished he would kill again. "Watch out," he wrote. "If I'm no longer on the front page in a few days, I have ways of refreshing your memories."

The threat was unnecessary. Shrieking headline followed shrieking headline. The police advised parents never to let their children out of their sight in Paris. "The whole town," wrote one newspaper, "is being terrified out of its wits by this Machiavelli of crime."

The strangler had indeed, as he boasted, "perfected a new publicity technique." He launched his campaign for notoriety by putting a note on a car parked just off the Champs Élysées. "I asked Luc's father for a ransom," read the note. "He refused. So I took the child to Palaiseau [a Paris suburb near Verrières wood] and strangled it at three A.M. This is a warning for the next kidnapping."

In letters to newspapers the strangler described Jean-Luc's death. "I noticed a

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small boy traveling by subway in the coach next to mine," he wrote. "He got out and I followed him. He looked strange. I asked him what the matter was. He said he was unhappy at home because his parents beat him all the time. I said, 'Let's go to a movie.' He took my hand and we walked down the Champs Élysées together."

In a letter to Yves Taron, the boy's father, the strangler gave an account of what happened next. "All movie houses were closed," he wrote, "so eventually we took the subway back to where I live, and we sat in my car. At two A.M. the question arose: Should I send Luc back to you or see this thing through to the end? Luc didn't want to go home. He kept saying, 'Let me stay with you.' I decided to keep him with me forever. Poor little Luc. He died so that I might achieve happiness. . . . He was an attractive little boy. Properly guided and well looked after, he might have made something of his life. But he is better off where he is."

The strangler went on to describe how, after sitting for some time with the child in the strangler's parked car, "I decided that we would go for a drive. We headed for Palaiseau. We got to Verrières wood and . . . then I had this irresistible compulsion. I took him by the back of the neck and squeezed. Luc tried to jerk his head away and fell to the ground. . . . I had him by the back of the neck, pressing his head, face down, into the ground. It was all over very quickly."

Then the strangler wrote: "I've decided to give you a few more clues. I own a DS [the most expensive kind of Citroën car]. I live in the 15th arrondissement. My father is a high dignitary of the regime. You'll fall off your little stools when you find out who I really am." Police checked all DS owners in the 15th arrondissement without success. In his next letter the strangler wrote further, "Be careful. What I've been telling you is a mixture of truth and falsehood."

Despite the letters, the man in charge of the case, Chief Inspector Jean Samson, found he was making little progress. His chief suspect was Yves Taron. "Taron," says Samson, "could give no account of the evening on the night of Luc's murder beyond the statement that he had looked for his son all over Paris."

Inquiries showed that Jean-Luc was a maladjusted boy, beaten at home for standing lowest in his class. "Jean-Luc was fundamentally a nice child," says one of his teachers, "but there was something wrong with him. He should have been in a special school for handicapped children." Samson toyed with the idea that Taron had killed his son because he was disappointed with the child's failures.

Taron's background was suspicious. Years before Jean-Luc's birth Taron had been convicted by a Paris court for fraudulently advertising household goods in newspapers, collecting deposits and defaulting. Both times he was fined. Later he was charged with taking money under the pretext that he was a models' agent. It was said he had photographed nude girls in "suggestive" poses. The charges were dropped.

To clear himself, Yves Taron agreed to remain in police custody for 24 hours. During this period the flow of strangler letters continued. Still the police were not free of doubt. "There was always the possibility," says Inspector Samson, "that Taron could have had an accomplice who mailed the letters for him."

Parisians waited anxiously as the strangler, in letter after letter, threatened to kill again. Then on June 28 the strangler wrote: "The strangler has struck once more. Last night I killed a Pigalle gangster. I smashed his skull in, then stole a car and dumped his body in the Seine. Best of luck to your inquiries." No Pigalle killing had been reported, and the only corpse removed from the Seine that week was an obvious suicide. But the police listened carefully to a young hospital attendant named Lucien Léger who brought them his battered Citroën with bloodstains on the back seat and floor.

The car, said Léger, had been stolen four days previously and he had immediately reported the theft. Finally, Léger said, he received an anonymous phone message telling him that his car was in a certain suburban parking lot. Léger said he went to the lot, found the car and the bloodstains, and drove straight to police headquarters.

Later Léger was photographed with his car. The photo ran on the front page of *Paris-Presse*, with the following caption: " 'It is human blood,' says M. Léger, the owner of the car stolen by the strangler. 'I have analyzed it myself.' " Samson suddenly became more interested in the new witness. "It seemed unlikely to me," he says, "that a hospital assistant would know how to analyze blood. It was unlikely, too, that anyone would steal Léger's car. It was too noticeable, too battered, and too small to transport a body about."

So, on July 3, Samson asked Léger to come to police headquarters for a chat. "His story was clear enough," Samson says, "but we decided to search his hotel room. 'All right,' he said, 'let's go.' " In Léger's room police found stacks of press cuttings on the case, a revolver and a stock of pink writing paper—the same pink writing paper on which all the strangler letters had been written.

"We decided to be very gentle with him," Samson recalls. "We flattered his vanity. 'It's very clever, having all those cuttings and that pink paper in your room,' I said. 'Now everyone will think you're the strangler.' And Léger stood up and screamed, 'But I am the strangler! You must believe me. I don't know why I killed Luc, but I did!' And he started to cry." Léger explained how he had stolen some blood specimens from the hospital and spilled them over his car.

Of all those who knew Léger, none were more shocked than the doctors of the psychiatric hospital where Léger worked. "He was intelligent, frank, cultured, pleasant to deal with and eager to learn," says the hospital's chief consultant. "Nothing in his behavior could possibly hint that he was the strangler."

A schoolteacher at Charleville, where Lucien Léger was born, recalls that "he was a solemn, rather sad little boy, rather backward for his age and last of his class. His father was a stern, upright man, but Léger was spoiled by his mother."

After a series of factory jobs Léger went to Paris, was drafted and was sent to Algeria, where he became a waiter in an officers' club. Discharged in 1959, he soon married.

Lucien regarded himself as a promising poet and song writer, and tried to sell his songs and poems, without success. Then his wife developed a serious mental illness. Léger did the shopping, nursed her and looked after her as best he could. Finally she had to be removed to an institution, where she remains seriously ill with acute schizophrenia.

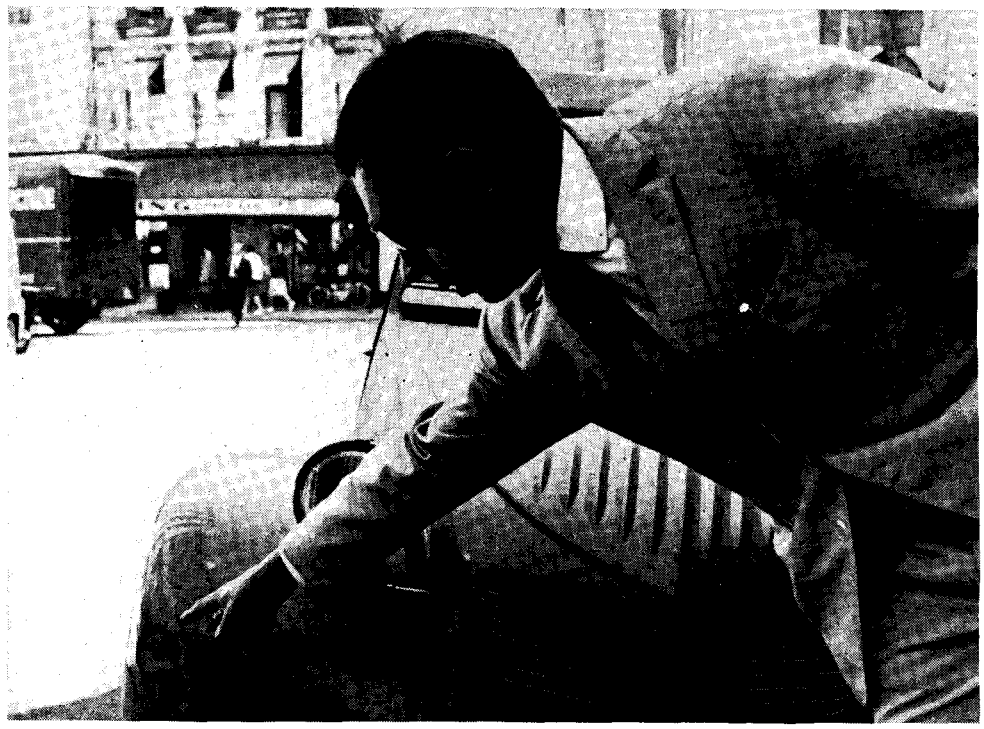
"Léger became more and more depressed," a fellow lodger says. "He wouldn't speak to anyone."

Léger's delusions of grandeur grew during this period. A foreman at the publishing firm where Léger worked as a packer before taking the job at the hospital recalls that "Léger claimed to have inside knowledge about matters of government policy." A psychiatrist who examined him after his arrest said that "Léger was bitterly ashamed of his parents. He weaved a self-pitying fantasy about himself, claiming that they ill-treated him when he was a boy."

And then, on the night of May 27, Lucien Léger met Jean-Luc Taron by chance on the subway. "Like Jean-Luc, Léger had been last of his class," said the psychiatrist. "Like Jean-Luc, he felt he had been unjustly punished by his father. In the eleven-year-old boy Léger saw a reflection of the unhappy child he had been. And by killing Jean-Luc he tried to exorcise the memory forever."

French Academician Maurice Garçon, France's shrewdest criminal lawyer, who has agreed to defend Léger, feels that a psychiatric report on him may show that he is hopelessly insane and unfit to plead. In jail at Versailles, Léger seems oblivious of everything around him. He just sits in his cell, gazing into space, and softly crooning his songs for hours on end.

Just after his arrest, though, he did have a moment of supreme satisfaction. As he was being led away to his cell, hundreds of newsmen, photographers and TV cameramen closed in on him. He smiled, made the thumbs-up sign, turned to Samson and said: "Now I really am famous." THE END



Before he was a suspect, Léger told police that the strangler had stolen his car (above).

Strange-mannered Yves Taron, father of the strangled boy, was a prime police suspect.

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THE HAPPY TOWN WHERE HEARTS STAY HEALTHY

By ROBERT K. MASSIE

THE PEOPLE OF ROSETO, PA., HAVE ONLY HALF AS MANY HEART ATTACKS AS OTHER AMERICANS, IN SPITE OF MEALS RICH IN FAT AND CHOLESTEROL

On a windswept hilltop in eastern Pennsylvania, only two hours by road from New York City, sits a small American Shangri-La. Its name is Roseto and its 1,630 happy, healthy inhabitants, nearly all of Italian descent, are puzzling medical science on one of its most important and baffling questions—the cause of heart attacks, which annually kill some 500,000 in this country alone.

Rosetans do not pretend to have the complete answer. Indeed, they were pursuing the quiet, industrious pattern of their lives without giving much thought to the question until a doctor who summers on his farm nearby discovered the surprising relationship between their rate of fatal heart attacks and their eating habits. The physician, Dr. Stewart Wolf, professor of medicine at the University of Oklahoma, brought several of his associates to the Roseto area to make a thorough study. Word of their findings got out early in 1963, and they made a preliminary report last June in the Journal of the American Medical Association. The resulting publicity, though favorable to Roseto, has brought the town more fame than it is sure it wants.

The first startling observation was that Roseto's death rate from myocardial infarction, the typical, sudden, painful heart attack that accounts for most of our cardiac mortality, was only about half the national rate—157 per 100,000 population compared with 290. This figure was also less than half that in the four nearby towns the researchers studied—Bangor (only a mile from Roseto), Nazareth, Stroudsburg and East Stroudsburg. In the seven years covered by this first report—1955–61—not a single Roseto male under the age of 47 had died of myocardial infarction.

Most surprising of all, the doctors found that the Rosetans were five to 10 pounds overweight, and that they consumed meals unusually rich in the animal fats generally believed to increase the risk of heart attacks. The doctors reported a strong "impression that Rosetans eat substantially more of these fats than the average American."

Doctor Wolf and his associates not only interviewed the townspeople about their diets but as dinner guests, watched in awe as their hosts put away huge platters of spaghetti covered with rich meat sauce, peppers fried in lard, plates of pork sausage, beef, veal, salad, pastries and fruit, Yet instead of toppling over from this high-fat and cholesterol diet, the Rosetans were brimming with health.

This was medical heresy of the most amazing sort, a mystery that shouted for solution. True, the worldwide search for factors contributing to heart attacks has pointed to many things—heredity, high-blood pressure, cigarettes, stress, a lack of exercise. All are judged important. But doctors have placed a special warning against excess weight and fatty foods, particularly the saturated fats from animal sources—meat, eggs, butter, cheese and milk. It is these fats, plus cholesterol, which form obstructing deposits in the coronary arteries nourishing the heart muscle. Polyunsaturated fats, the vegetable oils, have been regarded as safer, but the question is by no means settled.

The Joseph DeRea family of Roseto indulges in Italian dishes high in fat, but they may be less likely to suffer from heart attacks because of their buoyant ability to handle stress.

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Three older citizens of the little Pennsylvania town enjoy making their musical contribution to the festival of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

The citizens of Roseto, in any event, were ignoring the standard advice—and flourishing. So far as preventing heart attacks was concerned, they had apparently found much pleasanter ways.

Though Doctor Wolf will speculate on what these favorable factors may be, he feels it is too early for broad conclusions. Other doctors who have read his report, some with skepticism, agree. The initial study was based on death certificates, hospital records, interviews with the people and their local doctors, and blood sampling of 333 Rosetans. But much more data remains to be gathered and evaluated. One question to be further examined is why Roseto, with a very low death rate from myocardial infarction, has almost as many deaths from other forms of heart disease as the neighboring towns.

Meanwhile, visitors to Roseto drive slowly down Garibaldi Avenue, the main street, craning their necks and hoping to discover what is remarkable and different about the place. These differences are not easily seen, but they are there.

The town begins at a hilltop plaza dominated by the stark, stone walls of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Catholic Church. It ends less than a mile away in a grassy field, where a clutch of successful Rosetans are building themselves a colony of modern split-level homes. In between, strung along both sides of Garibaldi Avenue, sit the narrow, aging two-story houses where most of the families live.

Elderly Rosetans sit on their porches, rocking slowly and gazing out between pots of flowers scattered along the railings. Teen-age boys lounging around Mary Cannova's luncheonette pinch the arms of gum-chewing bobby-soxers whose knees are wobbling to the beat of a frantic jukebox rhythm.

"Visitors come here expecting Utopia," sighs Florence Giaquinto, the librarian at the public high school and sister of the mayor. "They seem to be looking for picturesque cafés and peasants driving burros through the streets. But we're just like everybody else."

Beneath the surface, however, Roseto is quite unlike most American small towns. With the exception of a single Greek family and one family of Puerto Ricans, Roseto is exclusively Italian-American. Practically everybody in town is descended from immigrants who came from a single village in southern Italy, Roseto Val Fortore. Two out of three Rosetans are Catholic. Families are large and very close. Absence from Roseto on church or family holidays is severely frowned upon. Rosetans are fond of each other and would rather live in Roseto than anywhere else. And strangers who have spent time with these relaxed, genial and lavishly hospitable people come away with a sense of having seen something very rare in modern America: a whole town of happy people.

According to small, peppery Mayor George Giaquinto, the secret of his town's happiness is putting the women to work. Almost every married woman spends seven hours a day before a sewing machine in one of Roseto's 15 small blouse and shirt factories. "The women don't have to work," says the mayor, who employs over 40 of them in his Keystone Fashion blouse mill. "They do it because they want the kids to have a good education. Two incomes fix it so most of our families have no financial worries. While the wives are at work, the grandparents stay home, watch the kids, tend the garden and cook the dinner."

The working wives add $60 to $90 a week to what their husbands earn in the giant Bethlehem Steel mill, a short drive to the south, or in one of the big iron foundries in western New Jersey. This brings family incomes to an average of $7,000 to $9,000 a year. Roseto youngsters help by waiting on table or playing in dance orchestras in the resort hotels in the nearby Pocono Mountains.

A percentage of this income is saved almost religiously. "If we make a hundred dollars one week, we make sure we save twenty-five," declares Mayor Giaquinto. "We don't like to worry about the future." But Rosetans spend a lot on the good things that money can buy today. The front of many a home may be drab, but the living room is likely to have wall-to-wall carpeting, a piano and a color-TV set. Kitchens are ultramodern, with paneled cabinets, Formica counters, wall ovens, and white Princess telephones.

On Sundays, Roseto displays its prosperity. Ladies don fashionable dresses, and family Cadillacs bear the Catholic faithful up the hill to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Church to hear Father Gennaro Leone, parish priest for the past 26 years, expound on a favorite theme: "The family that prays together, stays together." Not surprisingly, Father Leone attributes Roseto's health and happiness to its faith. "It gives them a great feeling of spiritual security," he explains.

Grateful for their blessings, Roseto's Catholics have poured their money into a complete parochial-school system from kindergarten through Pius X High School. "It's the only complete parochial system built right alongside a public-school system by a town this size anywhere in the world," Father Leone declares proudly. Roseto's elite, the successful blouse-mill owners, have relatively wide horizons. They go to New York on business and throw big parties for the Seventh Avenue jobbers who commission and market their blouses. "We run up to New York like you'd walk across Forty-second Street," says Mayor Giaquinto.

Most Rosetans feel uncomfortable, however, if they are away from home very long. Mike Gofreddo is 31, a rotund father of seven, and the president of Roseto's largest single business, a hardware, heating, plumbing and construction company. He lives in a huge modern house and could spend his vacations almost any place he liked, but the place he likes best is home. "We try to relax here around the house," he says, puffing a cigar as he steps out of his white Cadillac.

Photographs by Stere Schapiro

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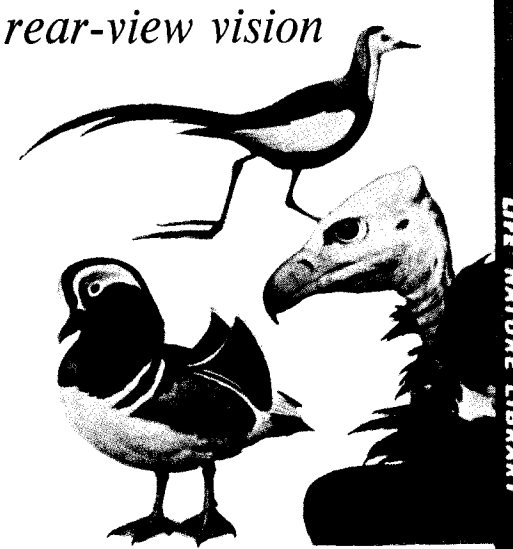
Birds that fly 2400 miles nonstop

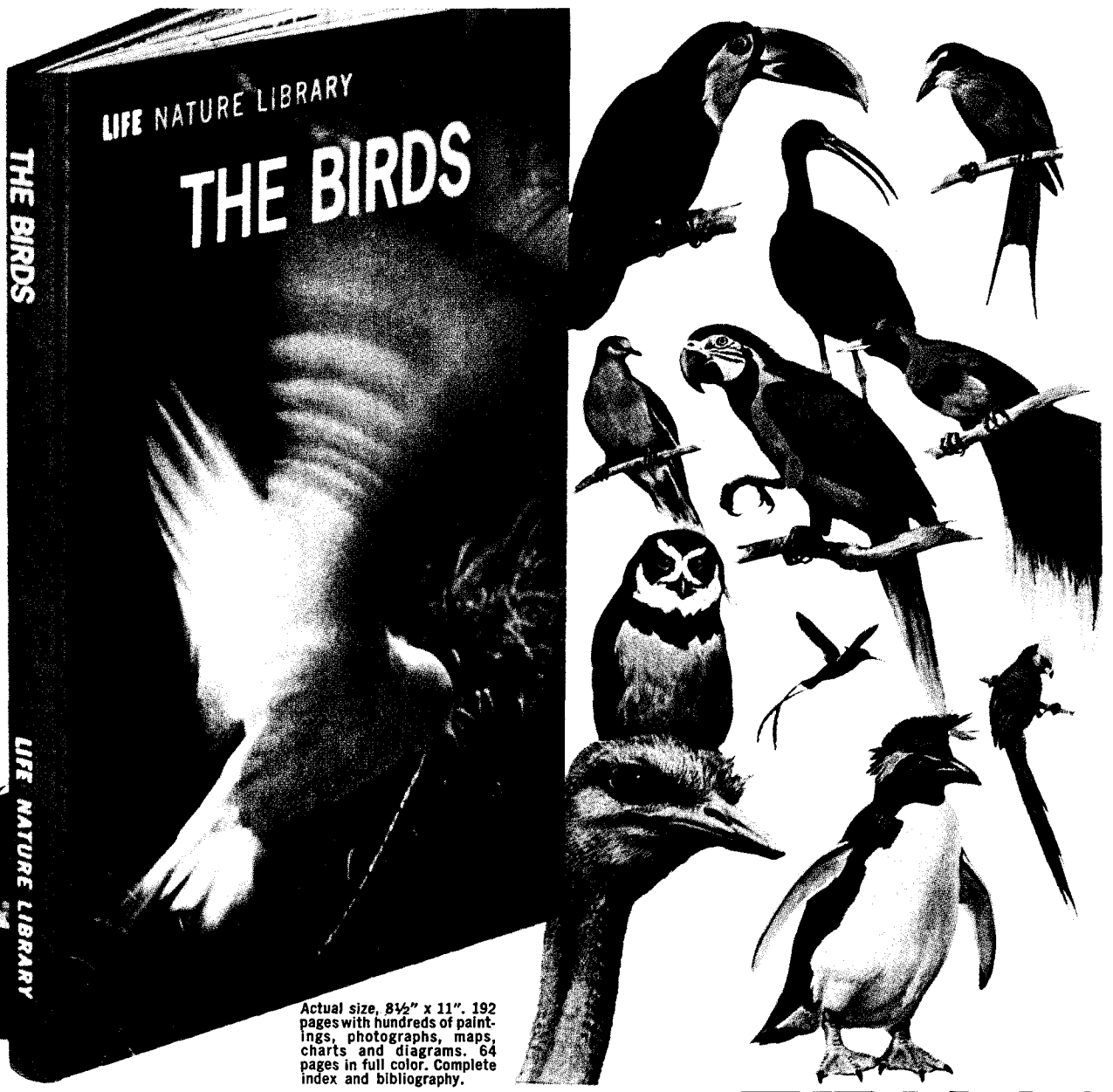
Birds that can spot food a mile away

Birds that hibernate

Birds that can fly backward

Birds with rear-view vision





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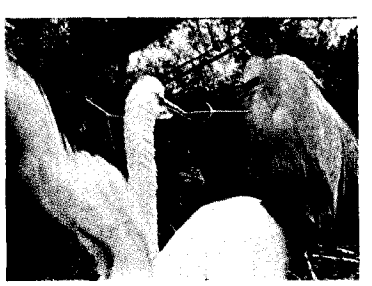

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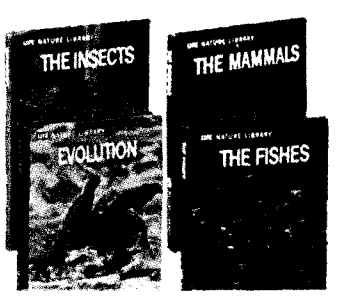

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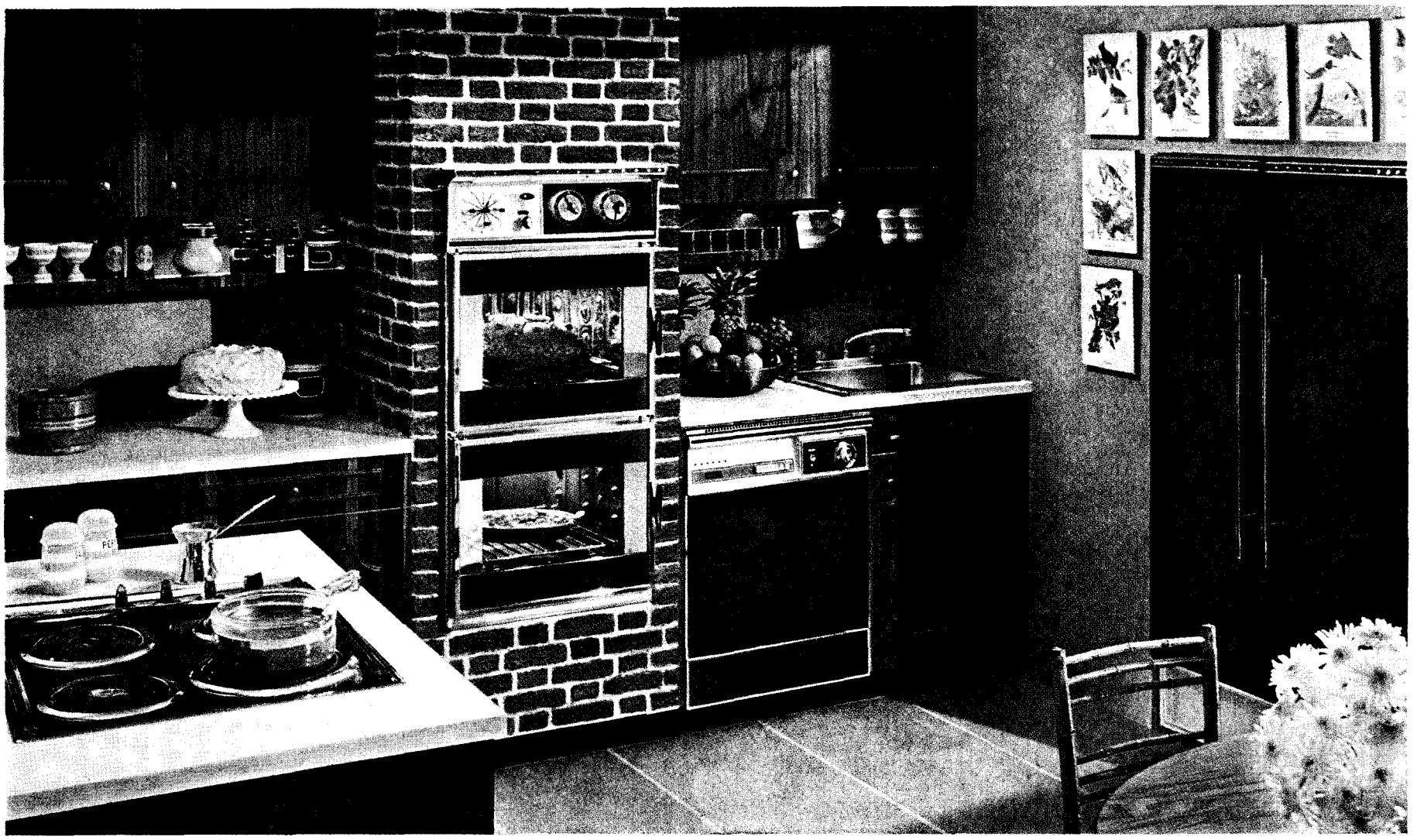

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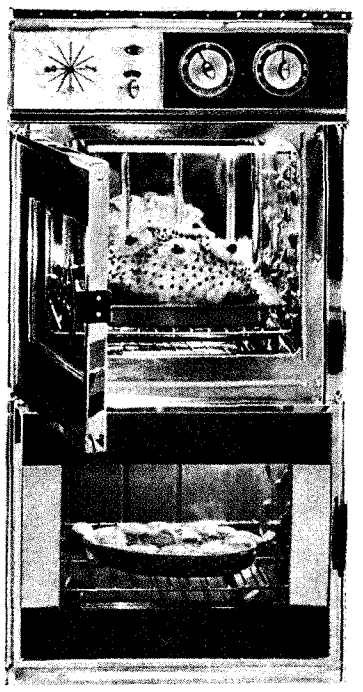

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"We've got a pool and a tennis court, and it's nice to be with the kids."

"Sure, I like to get away for a couple of hours," says Roseto barber Phil Sabatino. "You know, go to ball games, the race track. But I like to get back. I was born in this town."

Nor do Rosetans party long and late even when they are home. "Two guys I know came up from Philadelphia to see what was going on in Roseto," says Phil Sabatino. "But by 10:30 this town is in bed. These guys took off in a hurry. 'No wonder nothing ever happens to any of you,' they said. 'You don't do nothing.'"

This quiet, industrious way of life was bred deep into Roseto's bones by the hardy Italian immigrants who founded the town in the 1880's. In those days illiterate laborers working in the nearby slate quarries could earn a dollar a day, a pittance by any standards except those of the Italian village they had just left behind. Sleeping in barns, buying food at company stores, going to Mass in little one-room houses, Roseto's settlers saved enough pennies to bring their families over. They got up at dawn to hoe their plots of beans and tomatoes, walked five miles to work, cut slate for 10 hours, walked back home and went to bed at eight o'clock. They ate spaghetti at four cents a pound, made their own wine, raised and slaughtered their own hogs. Gradually, they bought land, built homes, churches and schools. Despised by the English and Welsh who lived just down the hill in Bangor, they built their own little community on a hill outside town. For decades, they were the "Wops" and "Dagos" who lived "up the hill." When they came down into Bangor, they came in groups; too many Italian boys and men had been chased and beaten for sport by the "Johnny Bulls," as Rosetans still call their neighbors.

Excluded, the Rosetans preserved all the old ties of family, religion, custom and diet. They saved their money, opened businesses, weathered the depression and the closing of most of the slate quarries.

Hard as it was, the old life was a happy one. "Sure, they ate a lot and drank a lot of wine," says Dr. Joseph Farace, a smiling, silver-haired local physician whose father came over from Italy. "But those old folks burned up tremendous energy and got everything out of their systems. They were always gay. They used to sit around in barbershops with guitars and mandolins playing while everybody was shaved. When you painted a house, everybody helped without asking how much he'd get for it, like kids do now. In the evenings they sat around and drank wine and played cards. My Dad used to say 'Come on in' to everybody who walked past in the street. Everybody knew each other, they got along, they didn't have any tensions. That was their secret."

Today, Roseto is fiercely proud of its exclusive Italian ancestry, although it has few remaining ties with Roseto Val Fortore. (Pennsylvania Rosetans who have visited the Italian town have been depressed by what they have seen and visits have almost ceased.) Says Peter Renaldo, Roseto's postmaster for 40 years: "This is a town governed one hundred percent by men of Italian extraction." Roseto doesn't know whether it would tolerate Negroes; there are no Negroes in the town, and there is only one Negro family in Bangor. Generally, Rosetans feel that Negroes "are trying to get too much too fast. They ought to be pulling themselves up by their bootstraps like we did, instead of making trouble in the streets."

Now that they are famous, Rosetans take a certain amount of ribbing. John Schiavone, who works 14 hours a day running a mobile sewing-machine repair shop, no longer can complain to outsiders about how hard he works. "People say, 'Come off it. You're going to live to be one hundred and fifty. You're from Roseto.'" Rosetans resent the popular image of themselves as gluttonous eaters of animal fat: "just a bunch of happy slobs who sit around stuffing ourselves with spaghetti and lard," in the sarcastic words of one young Rosetan. "Our resentment is part of our leftover inferiority complex," explained a housewife. "When we were in high school, the kids from other schools called us 'Dagos' and 'greasers.' So when everybody starts making scientific studies of how much lard we eat, it touches a sensitive nerve."

Until medicine can offer scientific reasons for their exceptional health, each Rosetan feels entitled to his own theory. Many feel it is their near-rural life: "plenty of fresh air," "ice-cold spring water," "no running for buses or subways," "no smog," "coming home for lunch," "never locking our doors." Others say it is financial peace of mind: "We own our own homes," "We don't buy on credit," "The fellow who's down always gets a helping hand." John Schiavone thinks it is the ability to boil over emotionally without making enemies. "These mill owners are under constant pressure, but they can holler and get it out of their systems and then laugh, shake hands, and forget about it."

Few Rosetans perform the back-breaking physical labor of the old quarry workers. Yet, surprisingly, some of those old timers are among the town's healthiest people. Peter Ronca, 84, still gets up every morning at dawn and goes to work as a blacksmith in a slate quarry. The oldest Rosetan is an ex-quarry worker, Joseph De Renzis, who is 101 and has 38 great-grandchildren and 16 great-great-grandchildren. White-haired, with skin like old mahogany, Mr. De Renzis watches TV westerns, reads his Italian Bible, eats sweets and lots of spaghetti, and drinks wine at all meals.

As the years pass, Roseto's old folks watch with nostalgia as things change around them. They sit in the handsomely carpeted living rooms of their sons and daughters, a muted hi-fi playing in the background, reminiscing about the days when the yard was all vineyard and peppers, when beer and ice cream were delicacies, when families all had eight or nine children instead of just three or four.

"Money comes too fast nowadays," says Anthony Z. Falcone, a bright-eyed 76-year-old who was the first male child born in Roseto. "It tempts the young men and young girls to leave town. Why should an eighteen-year-old girl stay here when she can go to the city and make seventy-five dollars a week? We had less money thirty and forty years ago, but we had more love."

If there is any simple principle which seems essential to Roseto's health and happiness, it is that Rosetans know when to quit. "In this business you can only make so much," says the barber, Phil Sabatino. "If you know it's going to be a hundred dollars a week, why try to make a thousand?" When people come from the Poconos to Matt Le Donne's bakery and ask him to deliver bread to their resorts, he tells them, "I've got all the business I can handle. I don't want to be the richest man in the cemetery."

The most dramatic example of a Rosetan who knew when to quit is 69-year-old Tony Stampone, who ran a bar and restaurant on Garibaldi Avenue. For more than 35 years Tony's spaghetti attracted customers from miles around. But Tony began to weary of all the hours he had to stand behind his bar, missing his dinner, listening to other people's troubles. At midnight one Saturday in 1953 he made a sudden, irreversible decision. He filled up all the glasses on the bar and announced that thereafter the bar was permanently closed. The next morning he began dismantling his restaurant. Today, Tony keeps his bar stocked just as before and offers free hospitality to friends who drop in after Mass on Sunday. To keep busy, he takes occasional jobs working as a laborer on the highway. He explains, "I always thought when I was standing behind this bar that I'd like that kind of work."

Dr. Nicholas Romano, 60, a native Rosetan, thinks the town's secret is precisely this rare ability to take it or leave it. "We have tranquillity. I don't know how we got it. Probably it was instilled in us by our parents. However, the patterns are changing. Our children are different. It will be interesting to see whether as these patterns change, Roseto's heart-attack figures will change too."

Naturally, this question is of critical interest to Doctor Wolf, Dr. Clarke Stout, Dr. James W. Hampton and others making the Roseto study. There is already evidence that emotional stress will raise blood-cholesterol levels. They suspect that when people are stable and secure and doing work they enjoy, as most Rosetans are, their cholesterol levels—and their heart attack rate—may remain low in spite of a high intake of fat food. Obviously, the best test of this theory will be to keep track of what happens to Roseto as its people are gradually absorbed into the mainstream of American life. If Wolf is correct, the heart-attack rate in Roseto should climb to join the national average as its citizens become more like other Americans. For this reason, the study of Roseto will continue on a permanent basis.

Paradoxically, the same qualities of ambition, sacrifice, and drive which lifted the first generation of Rosetans out of the slate quarries and gave their sons success in the blouse mills, now are scattering the best young Rosetans far from home. Roseto's youngsters realize this paradox. A few of them are glad to escape to the higher salaries, gaudier entertainment and greater privacy of big-city life. But most seem wistful about having to leave. One of Roseto's most promising young men is a curly-haired 18-year-old named Pat Confalone. Pat is now a sophomore on the dean's list at M.I.T., where he is aiming for a degree in physical chemistry.

"Everything's changing for us," Pat explained. "My mother's a wonderful cook, and she cooks what her mother cooked. We have spaghetti three times a week. But when I marry, my wife probably won't cook Italian food. I certainly won't be coming back here to live—what would a physical chemist do in Roseto? My parents regret it and I regret it too. From what I've seen, I don't think I'll find any place where people are quite as happy as they are right here." THE END

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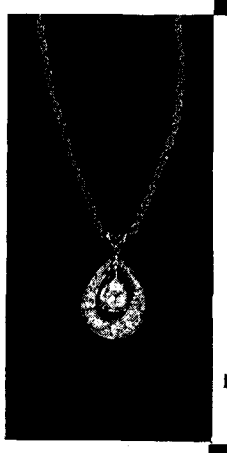

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Diamonds bespeak an ever-growing love

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By PETE HAMILL

'POLITICS IS MY LIFE'

A tireless handshaker, Democratic vice-presidential candidate Hubert Humphrey is riding the campaign trail at a breakneck pace in hot pursuit of votes—even in the South, where he aims to prove that a onetime "flaming liberal" does not really have horns and a tail.

Photographs by Ollie Atkins

At midnight the Middlesex County (N.J.) Democrats gathered in a block-long canvas tent on the lawn of the Forsgate Country Club in Jamesburg to listen to a man who had kept them waiting for three hours. He was a chunky man in a rumpled suit, with a face the color of boiled ham. Somehow his features seemed too small for the rest of him, as if Jimmy Cagney's face had been grafted onto Beethoven's head, and as he talked, his voice frequently cracked with emotion. His message was simple. It was imperative, he said, to get out the vote on November 3 and send the "temporary spokesman of the Republican Party" down to a resounding defeat.

"The majority of United States congressmen voted this year for the most effective Civil Rights Bill of our time!" said Hubert Horatio Humphrey, his right hand pumping out the exclamation point. "B-u-u-t . . ." and the Middlesex County Democrats picked up the now-familiar litany that the Democrats' vice-presidential candidate has been sounding up and down the land this autumn: ". . . *not Senator Goldwater!*" At first most people in the crowd had been slow to respond—because of the late hour, perhaps, or the quantity of beer they had consumed while waiting for the speaker to appear—but they warmed up quickly. Humphrey's fervor obviously moved his hearers, and by the climax of his speech they were giving him enthusiastic support.

"We're wit' ya, Hubit," shouted one recent settler from Brooklyn as the candidate started to leave, and Humphrey beamed at him, shot out an arm to shake the man's hand, and then moved into a pushing, sweating throng of state troopers, admirers, reporters. Like a gigantic centipede, the mass of humanity moved across the road to the 14th green of the club's golf course, where Humphrey's helicopter was waiting to return him to Washington. The scene was pure chaos, but to Hubert Humphrey it was a thing of beauty. He backed into the helicopter, still waving, and then turned to the handful of reporters who had accompanied him. "Boy, oh boy!" he said, radiating enthusiasm. "When you can get to that kind of crowd, you can get anyone!"

The helicopter took off, and Humphrey settled in a window seat, talking easily, sipping a drink and munching a ham sandwich. "Boy," he said, looking pleased, "wasn't that something?" He had been up since seven A.M., but now he chatted with reporters, took the name and address of one whose wife had just given birth, asked the brunet stewardess if she wanted to go steady ("I'm too old for you, but who knows?") and suddenly started hiccuping.

"Are you all right, senator?" the stewardess asked. Humphrey waved her away, his face getting redder still. He was holding his breath, and counting silently. Then he exhaled hard, looked out the window, and said hopefully, "I think that's it. Happens every time I eat sandwiches fast." At that moment he hiccuped again. "Look," he said, "wouldn't it be a hell of a thing if I showed up tomorrow—in the town where I was born—with a case of the hiccups?" When the plane touched down in Washington, the senator was still hiccuping. It had all the makings of a minor crisis.

The next morning, when Humphrey and his staff returned to the airport to board their plane, it was obvious from his beaming face that the crisis was over. He said he had taken some pills, but like the old pharmacist he is, refused to tell what kind. "There is still a bit of the alchemist about Hubert," said one old friend.

Parked on the runway was a prop-jet Electra with *The Happy Warrior* painted on its side, and the initials H.H.H. near its orange nose. "Will you look at that, fellas!" Humphrey said, obviously pleased with his plane. "You'd better get on board," he added to the reporters. "But don't worry. We run a happy ship."

As the plane climbed into the sky, bound for Minneapolis and the Great Plains where Hubert Humphrey was born, educated and formed, two blond stewardesses passed along the aisle pouring champagne. "Champagne for breakfast!" said Theodore White, whose book on the 1960 campaign, *The Making of the President*, had included a long, sympathetic account of Humphrey's futile primary battles with John Kennedy. "Imagine that! Champagne for breakfast! In 'Sixty we had to pay for our own beans." Humphrey moved through the plane in shirtsleeves, chatting with friends, nodding to strangers, asking questions and answering them. Hubert Humphrey is a man who genuinely loves his work.

"Politics can be a lonely life," he said later, in one of his rare moments of moody reflection. "But I wouldn't do anything else."

On board *The Happy Warrior* most of the talk was political, and much of it concerned the extent to which Humphrey's nomination might hurt the Democratic ticket in the South. Some politicians have insisted that it would hurt badly. "We just might carry North Carolina for the national ticket if we can keep Humphrey and some of the other liberal Democrats out of the state," a leading Democrat there has said. "People remember him as the floor manager of the Civil Rights Bill. That hurts." But observers in most southern states are inclined to agree with the Arkansas businessman who not long ago said, "We've got other things to worry about these days. I assure you that, if Lyndon Johnson loses here, it won't be because of Hubert Humphrey. It's a little late in the day for that."

In Minneapolis the plane touched down for 20 minutes to pick up Muriel Humphrey, the senator's wife. She is a handsome woman, not beautiful, with clear blue eyes, a quick smile and a face that more than anything else reflects character. She refers to her husband as "Humphrey" and doesn't seem bothered when he calls her "Mom." At their home in Chevy Chase, Md., near Washington, she does the cooking and answers the door, but her husband's national prominence has forced her to make one concession: Muriel Buck Humphrey now has a personal press agent.

The next stop was Watertown, S. Dak. After a brief airport press conference, Humphrey piled into a blue Cadillac, and an 11-car caravan, convoyed by state troopers, set off for town, across the low, flat, dry countryside. In the distance an automobile churned up plumes of dust on a back road. Nearer at hand, kids in denim jackets and cowboy hats stood in front of a roadside frozen-custard stand. It was a dull day, with a low, gray sky, and when the caravan moved into Watertown, the greeting it received was restrained. Farmers, a local politician said, are solitary people; they do not congregate in crowds the way city people do. The line of cars moved slowly down Kemp Street, past the J. C. Penney and Montgomery Ward stores, and finally halted at the red-brick front of the Watertown Civic Arena.

Here Humphrey was met by more state troopers, a local politician and a gaggle of high-school students, the girls with scrubbed faces and streaming blond hair, the boys all looking like football players. The cops led the way up a stairway, with the kids clambering after them.

When he entered the auditorium, the crowd clapped, but mechanically, the way audiences do at uninspired basketball games. Local politicians were introduced, and one man pointed out that the rest of the people on stage comprised the entire population of Wallace, S. Dak., about 20 miles to the northwest, where Humphrey was born in a room above his father's drugstore 53 years ago. Humphrey beamed. When he spoke, his style was cornier than ever, but there was something affecting and appealing about it too. "That's a great band you've got there," he said first, gesturing toward the blushing youngsters at the side of the auditorium. "I think they deserve a great hand!" They got it. Humphrey told them, "Keep practicing and you'll be as good as the Golden Gophers," and the crowd laughed, because they knew he was talking about the high school he had attended in nearby Doland. He then dug into a speech about farm policy. But when his audience—mostly students—began to seem bored, Humphrey did what he frequently does with speeches: He embroidered his prepared text, elaborated on it, and then abandoned it entirely to break into the kind of spontaneous talk in which he is most effective. It was the 'There's-No-Place-Like-Home bit, but it was nice. "It was good then," he said, recalling his childhood, "and it is good now, to touch earth. . . . With all the crowds and all the commotion, it's a lonely life. . . . And when you begin to doubt yourself, to lose faith in yourself, when you wonder what has happened to the world, it's good to come home. . . ." The crowd loved it, and so did Humphrey.

There were two more stops to be made that day, each a part of a sentimental journey which would have seemed hokum if undertaken by almost any other politician in the country. But for Hubert

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Campaigning hard—and loving every minute of it—Humphrey beams as he reaches out to grasp the hands of admirers in a crowd at Springfield, Mo.

Humphrey the sentiment was obviously genuine. In Doland he led friends, relatives and reporters through his old high school, took five shots at the basket in the school gymnasium (missing them all), visited a classroom he once sat in, and told about pranks he and his friends played and teachers they had ragged.

Upstairs there was an engraved plaque at the rear of a classroom, listing the students who had achieved general scholastic excellence. The first name on the list was Hubert Humphrey—1929. As he was leaving the school, another old friend came up. "Hey, Pinky!" the friend shouted. Humphrey turned and the two men embraced. One of Humphrey's aides winced at the nickname. "Pinky!" he said. "Holy Moses! Wait till Bill Miller hears this!"

Humphrey left the car on the town's main street, where the inhabitants had somehow managed the equivalent of a ticker-tape parade. "Wow!" Humphrey said, pointing at the flurry of torn newspapers. "Look at this! Doland giving a ticker-tape parade! Why, it's just like Broadway!"

On the platform he was introduced with a rush of hyperbole lightened only by the braying of a donkey somewhere nearby. "That's a good Democrat," Humphrey said, and the crowd laughed. He looked out over the street and talked about the years of his childhood. Over on the left was the Westside Café, a large luncheonette and soda fountain with plastic-topped white tables and a superabundance of fluorescent lights. Once it had been a drugstore run by Humphrey's father, one of three he had owned at various times. (The third, in Huron, is still in the family, run by Humphrey's brother Ralph.)

Muriel Humphrey spoke next, briefly, and made the teen-age girls giggle by talking about how she had chased Hubert for two years. They both posed for pictures in the Westside Café and then piled back in the car. By now, Humphrey seemed wilted, and the drive to Huron was quiet. Huron was larger, cleaner and more prosperous than Doland, and the crowds brought Humphrey back to life, like a man grabbing a second wind. But when he got to the motel on the far side of the town at about eight o'clock, he ate quickly and went to bed. It had been a long and emotionally exhausting day.

A tough autumn ahead

This was the way it would be for Hubert Humphrey all through the weeks ahead. Before Election Day on November 3, he would crisscross the country, face crowds large and small and sit through hundreds of radish-and-olive luncheons. He would shake thousands of hands, kiss numberless babies, don cowboy hats and Indian headdress, laud the virtues of sorghum, the beauties of local belles—and the record of his party—all in pursuit of that elusive and unpredictable quarry, the American voter.

Because this quest is the basic stuff of politics, Humphrey—like the three other major candidates—is willing to have every facet of his public and private life set out for the perusal of the public. His Republican counterpart, Bill Miller, has been hammering away constantly at Humphrey's membership in Americans for Democratic Action, a small anti-Communist liberal organization which Humphrey helped to found in 1947. Miller calls the A.D.A. "one of the most far-left groups in the United States."

"Well," says Humphrey, when asked about his membership in A.D.A., "this organization performed a very valuable function which we all ought to be grateful for—namely, it was an anti-Communist organization that helped clean out, in some of what we call the liberal forces of America, Communist infiltration."

Miller does not mention that during Humphrey's two terms as mayor of Minneapolis (a city he moved to in 1940), he was the driving force in cleaning Communists out of the Farmer-Labor Democratic Party, and was instrumental in holding the state for Harry Truman in the 1948 election against the thrust of Henry Wallace's leftist Progressive Party. Nor does Miller point out that Humphrey is also a member of the Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations—an affiliation that dismays some of Humphrey's liberal supporters.

"Bill Miller was hired to do a job," Humphrey says amiably. "He doesn't believe all those things he's saying, but that's the reason he's on the ticket."

Another accusation that has been made against Humphrey off and on through most of his career concerns his war record—rather, his lack of a war record. Miller brought it up again last month, by quoting Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., who had raised it during the primary in West Virginia in 1960. He didn't mention that Roosevelt later apologized profusely.

Actually, Humphrey tried to enlist in the Navy many times during the war but was rejected because of his color blindness and a double hernia. He offered to have the hernia condition corrected (it was, in 1950), but was told that even the past condition would disqualify him. In 1940 he was classified 3A as the father of a small child. While teaching ROTC classes at Macalester College in St. Paul, he was reclassified 2A as an essential citizen. In July, 1944, shortly after D-Day, his classification was changed to 1A, and twice in the next six months he was called up—and twice sent home again because of the hernia. And then the war was over. The clerk of Humphrey's draft board, John B. LaDue, says flatly, "Humphrey never asked for a deferment from us."

Perhaps the one factor in Humphrey's career that has caused the most apprehension among Democratic professionals is his reputation as a fiery, glib, sometimes arrogant liberal. When Lyndon Johnson was Senate Majority Leader, he used to refer to Humphrey as a "bomb thrower," and Humphrey's early career in the Senate amply justified such feelings. His maiden speech before that august body in 1949 was an indictment, which did little to endear him to his colleagues. "What the people want," he said, "is for the Senate to function. Sometimes I think we become so cozy—we feel so secure in our six-year terms—that we forget that the people want things done." Humphrey followed up with an attack

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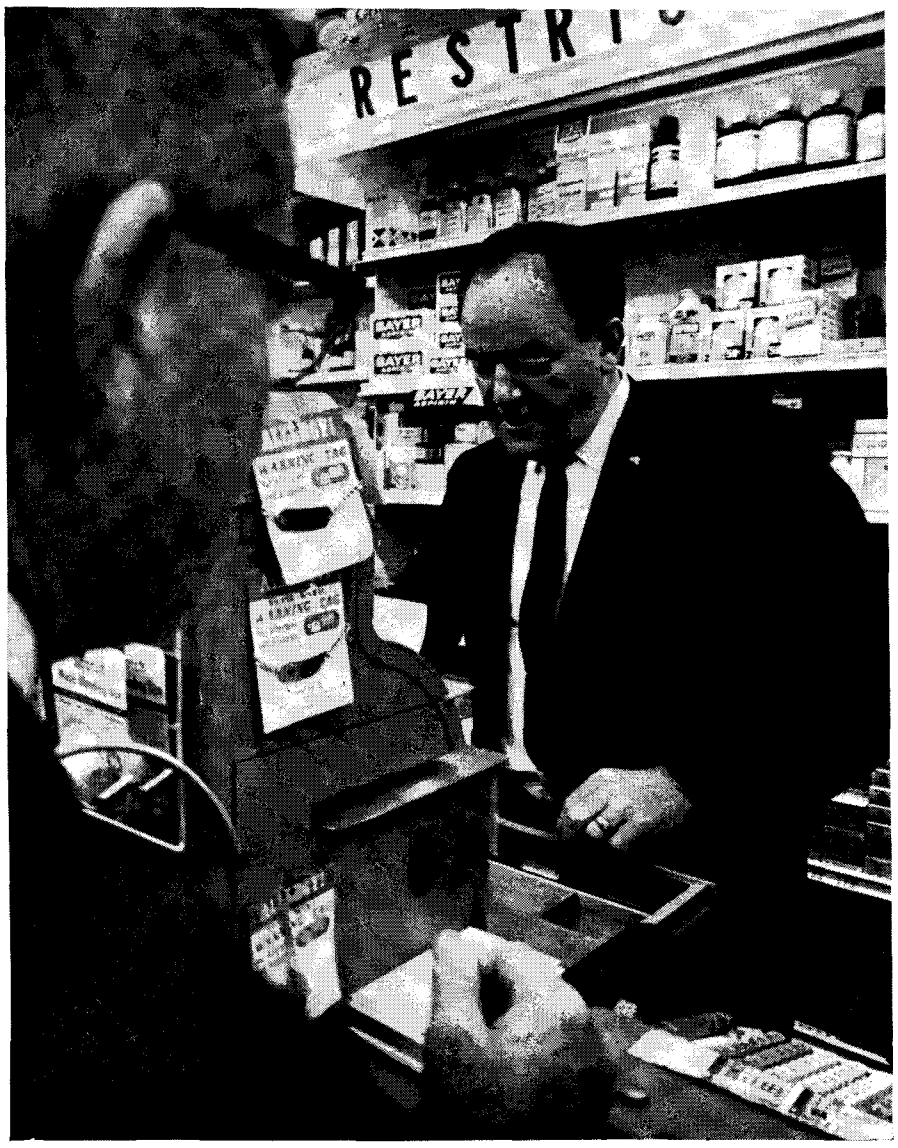
CRITICS POINT TO HUMPHREY'S A.D.A. MEMBERSHIP, LACK OF WARTIME SERVICE.



Humphrey helps customer in family drugstore in Huron, S. Dak., where he once worked.

"Politics Is My Life"

on the conservative Sen. Harry Byrd of Virginia, and the medievalists froze him out of the Senate's inner councils. It is an indication of how far Hubert Humphrey has come since then, and of how much he has matured, that by the time he was chosen as Lyndon Johnson's running mate, he had become one of the most influential men in the Senate.

"Humphrey was a young man," he now says of his past. "He learned that you accomplish things in the Senate through good manners. It's not necessary to sacrifice convictions for manners, but you cannot operate on those convictions without manners." (Humphrey, like Charles de Gaulle and Jimmy Hoffa, often speaks of himself in the third person, an affectation which his wife claims he picked up "after finding himself amazed at some of the things this public person named Humphrey has done.")

Since learning Bismarck's lesson that politics is the art of the possible, Humphrey has seen many of his ideas become fact. The Peace Corps, the Wilderness Bill, the nuclear-test-ban treaty, federal aid to education—all were Humphrey causes before the Kennedy-Johnson Administration took them up. And he has certainly been one of the most successful proponents of civil rights in the Senate in the present century.

As Senate Majority Whip, and floor manager of the 1964 Civil Rights Bill, the onetime bomb thrower had acquired enough patience and political savvy to outwait filibustering Southerners for 83 days—and then saw the bulk of the credit for the bill's passage go to the minority leader, Everett Dirksen of Illinois. But credit mattered far less to Humphrey than the fact that the bill had passed.

"He is the most professional of the professionals," Dirksen said of him recently. "This political life is meat and drink for Hubert. He lives to the full every liberal attitude to which he is committed. And he is *the* modern liberal."

Two forces shaped Humphrey more than any others—his father and the depression. "Dad lived every waking hour of his life," Humphrey said, sitting in his shirtsleeves on board *The Happy Warrior* one afternoon. "We had drugstores in Wallace, Doland and Huron, and it was always the same. Every night the place would be filled with people arguing politics. He had me reading Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine, and he would rile up the customers in the drugstores by spouting Bob Ingersoll, or William Jennings Bryan or Bob La Follette at them. The talk would go on into the night, and he would tell Mother, 'You go to bed for all of us; we're gonna talk politics.' I loved my father very much. He lived for ideas, for politics, for people."

And he gave young Hubert the capacity for anger and moral indignation. Humphrey's attitude on civil rights, for example, traces back to the shock and anger he felt at the way he saw Negroes treated while he was working on a Master's degree in political science at Louisiana State University in 1939–1940.

But the depression helped form him too. He learned as a young man what poverty can do to people—his father's customers, for instance. To make matters worse, South Dakota was in the nation's great, eroded dust bowl and, says Humphrey, "I learned more about economics in one dust storm than in any college course I ever took." One result of these early experiences is that most of Humphrey's politicking in Washington has been on behalf of the bottom layer of American society, and when he stumps the countryside, he is one of the few politicians in the country who can speak about the poor without sounding as if he is patronizing them.

For all his sincerity, however, anyone following Humphrey on the campaign trail is quickly struck by the one-note sameness of his speeches. These speeches say that we never had it so good, that America is enjoying unprecedented prosperity, and that you "shouldn't change quarterbacks in the middle of a winning game" (it is almost impossible for American politicians to talk of political subjects without using the language of sports). And his accolades to Lyndon Johnson ("The greatest President in the history of the United States") stop just short of being ludicrous.

Critics have also noted a too-good-to-be-true quality about him. Muriel feels that "Humphrey is a happy man today because he's never done anything he's been ashamed of"; Washington reporters, taking note of his relatively modest assets, have jokingly described him as "Mr. Clean." And with his air of openness, chattiness and hail-fellow-well-met, he often seems a sort of cornball Jack Armstrong running for the vice presidency of the senior class at Hudson High.

Many political observers feel that it is

No picture of Humphrey adorned platform in Santa Fe, N. Mex., from which he spoke.

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just this quality that has held Humphrey back in his past attempts at high political office. In 1956, after being led to believe that he was Adlai Stevenson's choice for the Vice Presidency, Humphrey was left in the cold when Stevenson threw the nomination open to the convention. And Jack Kennedy apparently finished him as a figure of national importance with humiliating defeats in the 1960 Wisconsin and West Virginia presidential primaries. There has been some feeling in high political councils that Americans want a President whose manner is a bit aloof, even majestic. Hubert Humphrey is about as aloof as an octopus.

Would he make a good President, in the event that circumstance elevated him to that office? Most politicians think so. He is intelligent, knows foreign and domestic affairs the way some men know batting averages, and has come to understand the uses of power. He is not an intellectual in the same sense that Kennedy was (the only novel he has read in the past 10 years is *Seven Days in May*), but he has attracted the support of intellectuals. And when he talks about this country, he does not mean only Minnesota, or the Midwest, or—for the moment—Middlesex County, N.J. He means the entire country, and he manages to charge the phrase "United States of America" with a unique fervor.

There is no doubt that he is dedicated, sometimes even above and beyond the call of duty. When the Civil Rights debate was in its last week, he was notified that his son Robert, 20, was dangerously—perhaps hopelessly—ill with cancer of the lymph gland. Humphrey could not leave Washington, and the boy was taken to the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn., and operated on. Physicians say that the condition has been arrested, but cancer of the lymph gland is not a simple matter. The day after the operation Robert called his father in Washington.

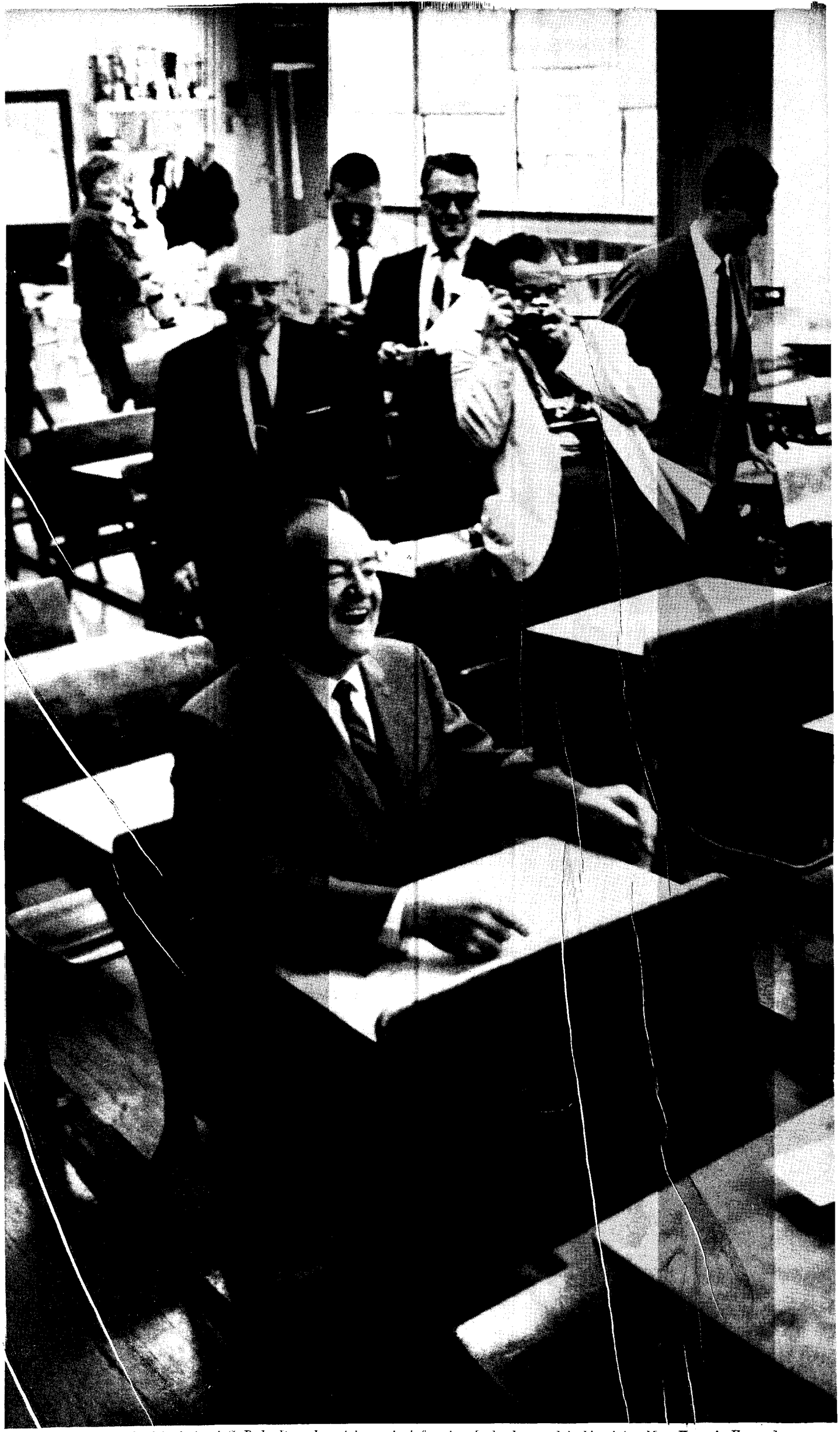
"Dad," he said quietly, "I guess I've had it."

"Don't be silly," Hubert Humphrey said. "I've talked with the doctors, and everything is going to be all right."

But when he hung up, a friend says, Humphrey cried.

Until November 3, Humphrey will have little time for family crises. He will be almost constantly on the road. When he is not, he will spend as much time as possible in his home in Chevy Chase talking by telephone with his daughter Nancy (now Mrs. C. Bruce Solomonson), 25, his sons Hubert III (Skip), 22, Robert, and Douglas, 16. There will be no time for skeet shooting or boating on the lake at Waverly, Minn. where the Humphreys have a summer home. There will be no time for shooting baskets in the backyard with Douglas, or swapping small talk in the Senate cloakroom, or having a quiet dinner with reporter friends. The name of the game is politics, and Hubert Humphrey is moving toward the second-most-important political prize in this country. And he's enjoying every exhausting minute of it.

"Politics is my life," he said recently, as *The Happy Warrior* prepared to take off from Washington on still another voter-hunt. "And I love life. Dad taught me that. And it was the most important thing I ever learned." THE END



Revisiting his old school in Doland, S. Dak., Humphrey tries a desk for size. In background is his sister, Mrs. Francis Howard.

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Those politicking departments of Defense and State

Lyndon B. Johnson has always been a great exponent of national unity, bipartisanship and responsibility. When he was in the Senate, he prided himself on his nonpartisan approach to foreign-policy and national-security matters. In his first address to Congress as President, on November 27, 1963, he said, "We will serve all the nation, not one section or one sector, or one group, but all Americans. These are the United States—a united people with a united purpose."

In the current campaign, Republicans have claimed with considerable justification that President Johnson has shown a tendency to ignore this resolve. Foreign affairs and matters involving the national defense are the best tests of the G.O.P. charge. The people have a right to expect that decisions affecting foreign policy and the security of the nation will not be shaped by partisan political considerations. Every effort should be made to insulate the departments of State and Defense from the stresses of campaign politics. Yet the Administration has repeatedly injected both of these departments—and other diplomatic and national-security agencies—into the campaign. Items:

- Preceding the Democratic convention, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, Secretary of State Dean Rusk, United Nations Ambassador Adlai Stevenson and Disarmament Director William C. Foster appeared before the Platform Committee to denounce the Republican candidate's views and the G.O.P. platform.
- Senator Goldwater charged at a news conference at Hershey, Pa., August 12, that President Johnson had authorized the use of nuclear weapons in the Gulf of Tonkin. The State Department issued a statement in the names of Secretary Rusk and Secretary McNamara proclaiming that Senator Goldwater's charge was "both unjustified and irresponsible."
- Senator Goldwater pledged in his kickoff speech at Prescott, Ariz., September 3, that he would end the draft. The Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs, Nils Lennartson, issued a statement saying that "more than four months ago President Johnson directed a study to reach this result."
- On September 11 the respected and able John G. Norris of the Washington *Post* reported, "Gen. Curtis E. LeMay dutifully delivered a speech here yesterday which had been censored by the Defense Department to eliminate any comments that might reflect his policy differences with the Administration." That same day the Norfolk, Va., *Ledger-Star* carried an interview with Adm. Harold Page Smith, NATO's Supreme Allied Commander in the Atlantic, in which the admiral was quoted as saying, "Any decision to use any nuclear weapon should remain with the elected civilian head of government," an obvious attempt to rebut Senator Goldwater's nuclear pronouncements. The test, it seems, is not whether a general or an admiral should be involved in a political campaign, but whether he agrees with the Johnson Administration.
- At Sacramento, Calif., Mr. Johnson stood before a political audience at the Capitol to announce the existence of two weapons systems designed to intercept nuclear-armed satellites. The President also "disclosed" the production of "over-the-horizon" radar that can "look around the curve of the earth." Actually, highly authoritative sources say privately that the technique is not operational and will not be for a long time. The President's announcement, an obvious riposte to Senator Goldwater's charge that the Johnson Administration had failed to develop critically needed weapons systems, was an example of the disclosure of highly classified information for political purposes.

When the opposition is as reckless and irresponsible as Senator Goldwater, the provocation is very great. But if the people are to retain their confidence in the departments of State and Defense—an essential condition of effective government—these departments should not be involved in a political campaign. The replies to Senator Goldwater's charges should come from the Democratic National Committee, the White House or the Democratic candidate himself.

Mr. Johnson has it in his power to be a very outstanding President. But he will have to learn some restraint. He will have to show that when he talks about such high-sounding resolves as national unity, bipartisanship and responsibility, he means what he says.

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